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H. T. Hildeth,
Cambridge,

D. IUNII IUVENALIS SATIRAE.

Ballantyne Press
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JHC

D. IUNII IUVENALIS
S A T I R A E

WITH

A LITERAL ENGLISH PROSE TRANSLATION
AND NOTES

BY

JOHN DELAWARE LEWIS, M.A.
TRIN. COLL. CAMB.

Second Edition, Revised

VOL. I.

NEW YORK
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1882

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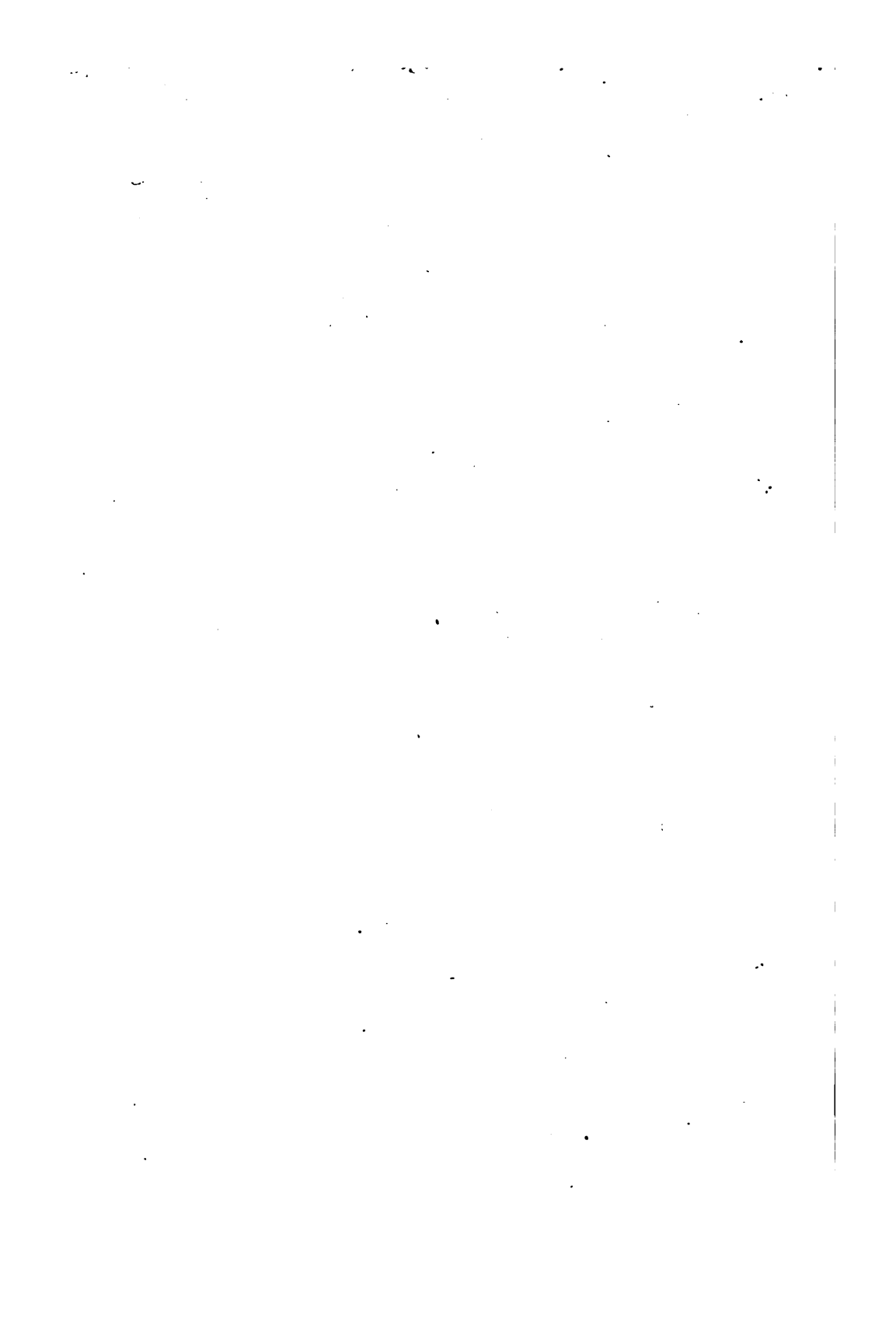
ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

IN this edition, the Notes have been considerably enlarged, and some errors have been corrected. George Long somewhere says that the greatest scholar in Europe will occasionally be guilty of mistakes, which a schoolboy will be able to point out. If this be true, as I believe it to be, Editors of modest pretensions have some excuse to offer for their lapses.

At any rate, I must confess to having discovered a few blunders in my first edition, which will not disfigure this one. Those which are left are not, I hope, very numerous or very serious.

I have also subjoined the most important of the "various readings."

April 1882.



PREFACE.

THE accompanying translation of Juvenal, originally made for my own amusement, and which has been lying by me in manuscript for some years, is not sent to press without a certain degree of hesitation. I have been induced to publish it, principally from the belief that there is not in the English language any literal prose translation of the great Satirist of a character to be entirely satisfactory to the scholar. Madan's is literal enough, but almost unintelligible to any one who is unable to read Latin. That of Mr. Evans, in "Bohn's Classical Library," is an excellent and spirited rendering, well adapted to the series of which it forms a volume—that is to say, well qualified to convey the general meaning of Juvenal to the English reader. Perhaps a still higher character, from the scholar's point of view, might fairly be assigned to it. But, at any rate, I differ from Mr. Evans so frequently that I do not think his performance any bar to my attempt.* These two are the only

* For example, in the first page (14) at which I open by chance—it is only a half-page, containing a version of twenty lines of the original, at the end of Satire ii—there are three considerable differences between Mr. Evans and myself. He translates *Sed tu vera puta*, "but do thou believe them true;" *Hic fiunt homines*, "here they learn to be men;" *Sic prae-textatos referunt Artaxata mores*, "thus it is the vices of our young nobles

prose versions in English, as far as I know, which have any pretensions to be called literal ones.

Whatever may be the shortcomings and faults of this version (and I am conscious that they may be many), I have endeavoured, throughout, to give, as nearly as possible, the exact sense of the original, as it was understood by me. Whenever the choice presented itself to me—as it necessarily did, at almost every line—between a literal, and, it may be thought, a somewhat tame and bald version, and what is called “a spirited rendering,” I have deliberately preferred the former; my object being to translate, as a help to those who wish to make acquaintance with the original, not to paraphrase for the benefit of what is called “the English reader.”

I have added some Notes—they should perhaps rather be described as the materials and memoranda for notes—which were collected by me with the view of carrying out a project which occurred to me, on the completion of the translation, that of attempting a completely new edition (as I understand the word “edition”) of this poet. But circumstances compelled me to abandon this project shortly after it was conceived, without much hope of being able at any future time to take it seriously in hand. I have accordingly printed my Notes as they stand; and it is my hope that, even in their present state, they may be found to contain some useful hints and helps towards a correct understanding of a difficult author.

are aped even at Artaxata.” Often, *ex gr.*, . . . iii 61 186 319, iv 57, vi 153 413 426 454 (450), &c. &c., he seems to me to commit serious errors in translating.

Every illustrative passage quoted by me has been collected in the course of my own reading; or, in the few cases where I have taken from another editor, he is scrupulously named. But where so many have been over the ground before me, it must of course follow that a great number of these passages have appeared in previous editions. I have selected these illustrations almost exclusively from the books of Roman authors, and in preference from such as flourished in or near the time of Juvenal, as Martial and the younger Pliny; and I hope they will generally be found pertinent. By bringing together everything which might be forced into a connection, however remote, with our author, from every one who ever wrote in Greek as well as in Latin—down to Fulgentius, Johannes Sarisburensis, and, possibly, Erasmus—it would have been easy to swell these Notes into twelve times their present dimensions. My only fear, however, is that I may have quoted too much, as it is.

Much that will be found in the Notes will be A B C to scholars. But I was anxious to make them sufficient for the student, and the ordinary reader. The course I have adopted with regard to well-known subjects is simply to give a few words of explanation,—*ex gr.*, . . . *Chrysippus*, the Stoic philosopher; *Electra*, the sister of Orestes; *Infamia* imposed certain legal disabilities . . . referring to the generally accessible Dictionaries of Dr. Smith for fuller information. To go more into detail would be mere book-making: on the other hand, it is not agreeable to a reader, who merely wants enough explanation to

help him on, to be driven off straightway to a book of reference.

The English editions of Juvenal which have come under my notice are that of Mr. Macleane, and three school-books by Messrs. Escott, Prior, and Simcox, respectively. Macleane is an editor of masculine judgment, hardly inferior to that of Heinrich, whose commentary he with justice admires. I have sometimes, in my translation, borrowed a word or a turn of expression from him, owing to the fact that it lingered in my memory, and that I could not find anything better to replace it. His failing is in being at times too dogmatic. Mr. Escott and Mr. Prior have published two excellent school-books. Mr. Simcox, whose Juvenal forms part of the "*Catena Classicorum*," offers some acute suggestions: but his vice is precisely over-acuteness, a perpetual straining after some meaning, other than the apparent one, of a word or a passage, which at times makes his notes very misleading to the school-boy, or else absolute nonsense.*

Mr. Mayor's Juvenal I have not had the advantage of seeing, except the text and the notes to *Satire i* and *Satire iii 1-9*. I have frequently inquired for the entire work, and have always been told that it was out of print,

* *Ex gr.*, Notes to *i 59-62*, *iii 34-36* (*quemlibet*, "the most expensive gladiators"), *221*, *iv 48 104*, *v 5 33 104*, *vii 193 194*, *viii 162*, *x 18 21*, *xi 6 203*, *xiii 28*, *xiv 2-9 102 133 217 253-254 257 298*, *xv 117*, and the exquisitely ridiculous note at *xvi 46*. Mr. Simcox's Introduction commences in these words, "About the life of Juvenal, only three things can be said to be known: that he was the heir of a freedman, that he practised declamation, and that he was banished for affronting an actor." This is not a proper way of introducing the Author to the school-boy's notice. None of these things are *known*.

and that a second edition would shortly appear. The portion just alluded to is Part I of this second edition. Sheridan, if I remember rightly, speaks somewhere of a rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin. If this part be a fair specimen of the whole work, it might be described as a thin stream of commentary on Juvenal running under the surface of a vast sea of citations and excursuses. Thus, for instance, on *hortos*, i 75, we have an essay of more than two closely-printed pages, and with over one hundred and fifty citations on the subject, bringing in almost everything that every ancient author has said about gardens, from Naboth's vineyard downwards. On iii 9, we have an excursus of several pages—how many, I do not know; Part I ends with the fourth—on recitations. In other places, *ex gr.*, i 74 *laudatur*, 75 *debent*, 77 *dormire*, we have passages quoted apparently for no other reason than because they contain the same word. All this, which is very well in its proper place, is not to edit an author, but to smother him; to put not his meaning but one's own erudition before the world; to make him not the editor's chief consideration, but merely a peg on which to hang the signs of the editor's learning. Mr. Mayor has edited only thirteen of Juvenal's Satires, the sixth (the longest and, in many respects, the most important) not being included in his work.

In the text, I have not followed any editor exclusively, but, where different readings occur, have selected that which seemed to me the best. I had thought of saying something about the MSS. of Juvenal, but to do so hardly seems within the scope of this volume, which has already

reached to larger limits than I had expected. The most important of the "various readings" are given in Jahn's edition. One MS. only is alluded to in these Notes, the Codex Pitheaeus, under the usual abbreviation (P). It is generally considered the most ancient and valuable extant (if it be still extant)* MS. of Juvenal, but its readings are often hopelessly corrupt, and some editors seem to me not to have evinced sound judgment in relying, as they have done, almost exclusively upon it.

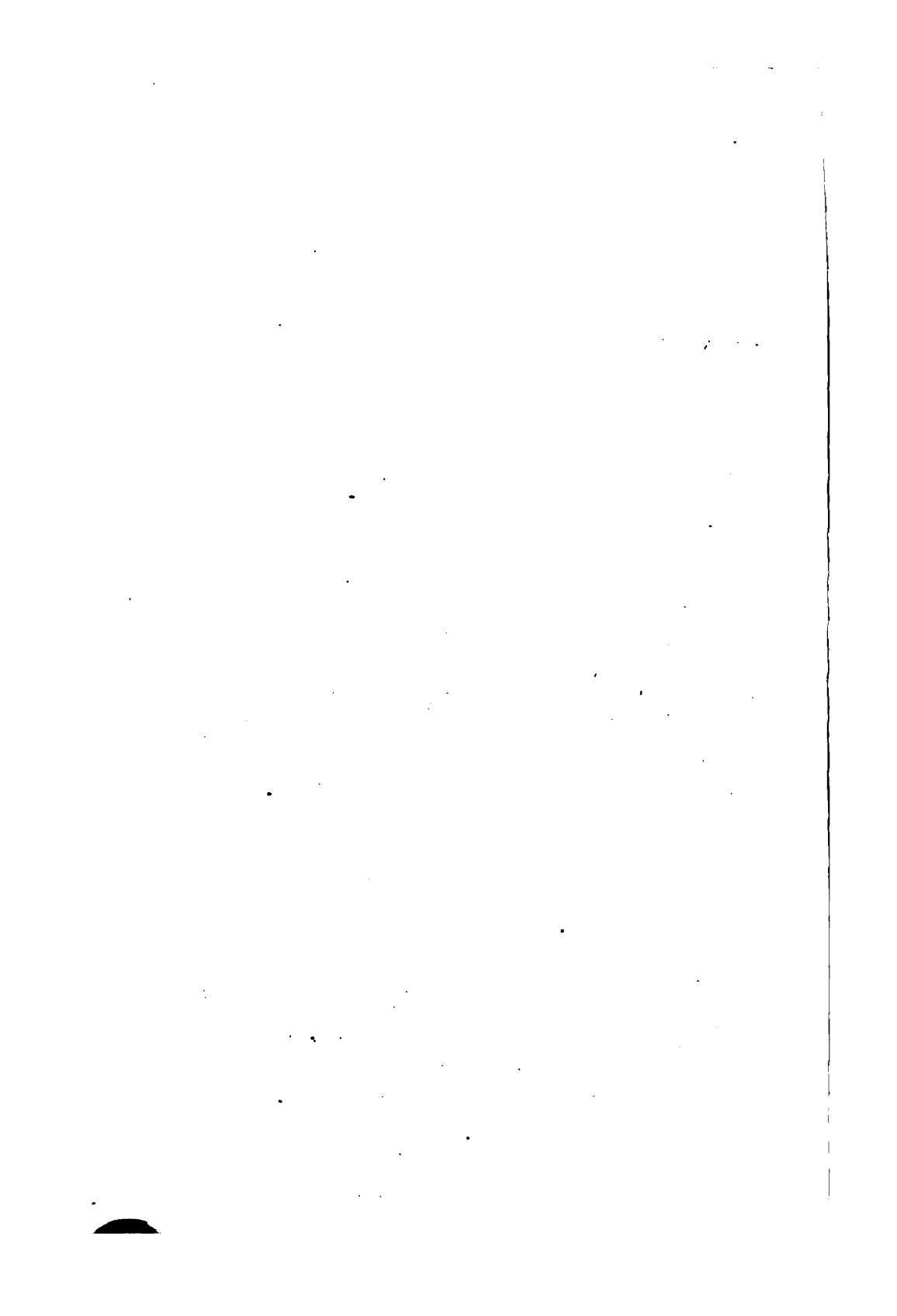
WESTBURY HOUSE, PETERSFIELD,
April 1873.

* It is, I believe, in the Library of Montpellier.

CORRIGENDA.

VOL. I.

- Page 19, last line but one (translation), for "*have better arranged,*"
read "*have better arranged.*"
- „ 45, line 10 (translation), for "the pallor of a wretched, exalted
friendship," read "the pallor of a friendship, distin-
guished and miserable."
- „ 88, lines 12, 13 (translation), for "her female secretary is un-
done," read "it is all up with her female secretary."



D. IUNII IUVENALIS
S A T I R A E.

SATIRA I.

SEMPER ego auditor tantum? numquamne reponam,
vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?
impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas,
hic elegos? impune diem consumpserit ingens
Telephus, aut summi plena iam margine libri 5
scriptus et in tergo nec dum finitus Orestes?
nota magis nulli domus est sua, quam mihi lucus
Martis et Aeoliis vicinum rupibus antrum
Vulcani. quid agant venti, quas torqueat umbras
Aeacus, unde alius furtivae devehat aurum 10

2. Cordi.

3. cantaverit.

10. furtive.

SATIRE I.

AM I always to be a hearer only? Shall I never retaliate, though tormented so often by the "Theseis" of husky Codrus? Shall one, then, have recited to me his comedies, and another his elegies, with impunity? Shall huge "Telephus" with impunity have consumed a whole day, or—with the margin to the end of the book already filled—"Orestes" written on the very back, and yet not concluded? To no one is his own house more familiar than are to me "the grove of Mars" and "the cave of Vulcan neighbouring on the Aeolian rocks." What the winds are about, what shades Aeacus is torturing, from what

pelliculae, quantas iaculetur Monychus ornos,
 Frontonis platani convulsaque marmora clamant
 semper et assiduo ruptae lectore columnae:
 exspectes eadem a summo minimoque poeta.
 et nos ergo manum ferulae subduximus, et nos 15
 consilium dedimus Sullae, privatus ut altum
 dormiret; stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique
 vatibus occurras, periturae parcere chartae.
 cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo,
 per quem magnus equos Auruncae flexit alumnus, 20
 si vacat ac placidi rationem admittitis, edam.

Cum tener uxorem ducat spado, Mevia Tuscum
 figat aprum et nuda teneat venabula mamma,
 patricios omnes opibus cum provocet unus,
 quo tondente gravis iuveni mihi barba sonabat, 25
 cum pars Niliacae plebis, cum verna Canopi

25. juvenis.

quarter another *character* carries off the gold of the stolen little
 fleece, what vast mountain-ashes Monychus hurls, *all this* the
 plane-trees and the quivering marbles of Fronto are for ever
 echoing, and the columns riven by the eternal reader. You
 may look for the same things from the greatest and the smallest
 poet. Well, then, I too have slipped away my hand from under
 the *schoolmaster's* ferule; I too have given advice to Sulla to
 sleep soundly in a private station. It is a foolish act of
 clemency, when you run up against so many bards in all direc-
 tions, to spare paper which is sure to be wasted. Why, how-
 ever, I choose rather to run my course on the same plain as that
 along which the great foster-son of Aurunca drove his steeds, if
 you are at leisure, and can lend a quiet ear to the reason, I will
 tell you.

When an effeminate eunuch marries a wife, when Mevia
 transfixes a Tuscan boar, and with naked breasts grasps the
 hunting-spears, when a single individual vies with the whole
 body of patricians in wealth, under whose razor my heavy beard
 used to sound when I was a young man, when Crispinus, one

Crispinus, Tyrias humero revocante lacernas,
 ventilet aestivum digitis sudantibus aurum,
 nec sufferre queat maioris pondera gemmae,
 difficile est satiram non scribere. nam quis iniquae 30
 tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se,
 causicidi nova cum veniat lectica Mathonis
 plena ipso, post hunc magni delator amici
 et cito rapturus de nobilitate comesa
 quod superest, quem Massa timet, quem munere palpat 35
 Carus et a trepido Thymele summissa Latino;
 cum te summoveant qui testamenta merentur
 noctibus, in coelum quos evehit optima summi
 nunc via processus, vetulae vésica beatae?
 unciolam Proculeius habet, sed Gillo deuncem, 40
 partes quisque suas ad mensuram inguinis heres.
 accipiat sane mercedem sanguinis et sic
 palleat, ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem,
 aut Lugdunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram.

of the rabble of the Nile, the born slave of Canopus, with his shoulder hitching up his Tyrian cloak, airs his summer gold ring on his sweaty fingers, and is unable to support the weight of a heavier gem, it is difficult not to write Satire. For who so tolerant of the injustices of the town, so steeled, as to contain himself when the new litter of Matho the lawyer comes up, filled by the great man, *and* after him he that informed upon his powerful friend, and who will soon clutch all that remains of the devoured nobility, whom Massa *himself* fears, whom Carus tries to wheedle with a bribe, and Thymele sent privately by the trembling Latinus; when men elbow you out of the way who earn legacies by night work, who are raised to the skies by what is now the best road to the highest advancement—the letch of some rich old hag? Proculeius gets a paltry twelfth *of the property*, but Gillo eleven-twelfths; each inherits his share in proportion to his powers. Let him receive, for what I care, the price of his life-blood, and be just as pale as one who has trodden bare-footed on a snake, or a rhetorician about to speak

quid referam quanta siccum iecur ardeat ira, 45
 cum populum gregibus comitum premit hic spoliator
 pupilli prostantis, et hic damnatus inani
 iudicio (quid enim salvis infamia nummis?)
 exsul ab octava Marius bibit et fruitur dis
 iratis, at tu victrix provincia ploras? 50
 haec ego non credam Venusina digna lucerna?
 haec ego non agitem? sed quid magis Heracleas
 aut Diomedes aut mugitum labyrinthi
 et mare percussum puero fabrumque volantem,
 cum leno accipiat moechi bona, si capiendi 55
 ius nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,
 doctus et ad calicem vigilantibus stertere naso;
 cum fas esse putet curam sperare cohortis,
 qui bona donavit praesepibus et caret omni
 maiorum censu, dum pervolat axe citato 60
 Flaminiam puer? Automedon nam lora tenebat,

46. premat.

58. spectare.

60. rotato.

at the altar of Lyons. Why relate with what ire my parched
 entrails burn when here the plunderer of his ward, reduced to
 prostitution, presses on the people with his crowds of hangers-
 on, and here, condemned by an empty sentence (for what
 matters infamy when the money is safe?) Marius in exile drinks
 from the eighth hour and enjoys the anger of the gods; but
 thou, O Province! victorious *in the suit*, art in tears? Shall I
 not deem such things worthy of the lamp of Venusia? Shall I
 not assail these things? But why rather *treat of fables* about
 Hercules, or Diomed, or the bellowing of the Labyrinth, and
 the sea struck by the boy *Icarus* and the flying artificer, when
 the pander inherits the adulterer's fortune (if there be no legal
 right to take, in the wife), practised in gazing at the ceiling, and
 practised in snoring over his cups, with a wide-awake nose;
 when that man thinks he is entitled to look for the command
 of a cohort who has spent his fortune on his stables, and has
 lost all his ancestral property, while yet a boy, flying along the
 Flaminian Way with rapid chariot—for he held the reins as

ipse lacernatae cum se iactaret amicae.
 / nonne libet medio ceras implere capaces
 quadrivio, cum iam sexta cervice feratur
 hinc atque inde patens ac nuda paene cathedra 65
 et multum referens de Maecenate supino
 signator falso, qui se lautum atque beatum
 exiguis tabulis et gemma fecerat uda?
 occurrit matrona potens, quae molle Calenum
 porrectura viro miscet sitiante rubetam, 70
 instituitque rudes melior Locusta propinquas
 per famam et populum nigros efferre maritos.
 / aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum,
 si vis esse aliquis. probitas laudatur et alget.
 criminibus debent hortos praetoria mensas 75
 argentum vetus et stantem extra pocula caprum.
 quem patitur dormire nurū corruptor avarae,
 quem sponsae turpes et praetextatus adulter?

74. aliquid.

Automedon when the great man was showing himself off to his
 cloaked *boy-mistress*. Does not one feel inclined to fill one's
 capacious tablets in the very middle of the cross-ways, when
 there comes, borne on the shoulders of positively *six slaves*,
 exposed to view on both sides, and with litter almost uncovered,
 and reminding one a good deal of the listless Maecenas, the
 forger who has made himself genteel and wealthy by *a few*
 small tablets and a moistened seal? *Then* there meets you the
 imperious matron, who, when her husband is thirsty, will hand
 him the mellow wine of Cales, in which she mixes the toad's
 poison, who, improving on Locusta, has taught her simpler
 kinswomen to carry out to burial their livid husbands in defiance
 of rumour and the public *gaze*. Dare something deserving of
 small Gyarus and the gaol, if you wish to be somebody; honesty
 is praised and starves. To their crimes they are indebted for
 their gardens, palaces, *costly* tables, old plate, and the goat
 standing out in relief from the cup. Whom does the seducer
 of his own daughter-in-law, greedy *for gold*, permit to sleep?

si natura negat, facit indignatio versum
qualemcumque potest, quales ego vel Cluvienus. 80

Ex quo Deucalion nimbis tollentibus aequor
navigio montem ascendit sortesque poposcit,
paulatimque anima caluerunt mollia saxa,
et maribus nudas ostendit Pyrrha puellas,
quidquid agunt homines, votum timor ira voluptas 85
gaudia discursus nostri est farrago libelli. *W. S. H. 1856*
et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
maior avaritiae patuit sinus? alea quando
hos animos? neque enim loculis comitantibus itur
ad casum tabulae, posita sed luditur arca. 90
proelia quanta illic dispensatore videbis
armigero? simplexne furor sestertia centum
perdere et horrenti tunicam non reddere servo?
quis totidem erexit villas, quis fercula septem
secreto coenavit avus? nunc sportula primo 95

whom the unnatural brides and the stripling adulterer? If nature denies the power, indignation produces verse, of whatever kind it is capable, such as I or Cluvienus *make*.

From the time when Deucalion, while the storms upheaved the sea, ascended the mountain in his ship and consulted the oracle, the softening stones warming by degrees into life, as Pyrrha showed to the males the naked virgins, whatever men are engaged in, their wishes, fears, anger, pleasures, joys, runnings to and fro, form the medley of my book. And when was the supply of vices more fruitful? When did the pocket of avarice gape wider? When had gambling such vitality as now? For, indeed, not with their purses about them do people go to the chances of the gaming-table, but they play with their cash-box for a stake. How sharp the battles you will see there, with the steward for arm-bearer! Is it not something more than madness to lose a hundred sestertia and not restore his tunic to the shivering slave? Which of our forefathers erected so many villas? which of them supped by himself on seven courses? Nowadays the tiny "dole" occupies a place on the

limine parva sedet turbae rapienda togatae.
 ille tamen faciem prius inspicit et trepidat, ne
suppositus venias ac falso nomine poscas. *substitute*
 agnitus accipies; iubet a praecone vocari
 ipsos Troiugenas; nam vexant limen et ipsi 100
 nobiscum. "da praetori, da deinde tribuno."
 sed libertinus prior est. "prior," inquit, "ego adsum.
 cur timeam, dubitemve locum defendere, quamvis
 natus ad Euphraten, molles quod in aure fenestrae
 arguerint, licet ipse negem? sed quinque tabernae 105
 quadringenta parant. quid confert purpura maior
 optandum, si Laurenti custodit in agro
hire conductas Corvinus oves? ego possideo plus
 Pallante et Licinis." expectent ergo tribuni,
 vincant divitiae, sacro nec cedat honori, 110
 nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui venerat albis,
 quandoquidem inter nos sanctissima divitiarum

106. majus.

outer threshold, to be pounced upon by the toga-clad crowd.
 Yet the master looks into your face beforehand and is alarmed
 lest you come in the place of some one else, and apply under a
 false name. When you are identified you will be served; he
 orders the Trojугenae themselves to be summoned by his crier;
 for even such as they infest the threshold with us. "Help the
 Praetor, then help the Tribune." But a freedman has the pre-
 cedence. "I am the first-comer," he says; "why should I
 fear, or hesitate, to stand up for my turn, although born near
 the Euphrates, which the effeminate openings in my ears would
 attest, though I denied the fact myself? But *for all that* the
 five tabernae are worth four hundred sester tia *to me*. What so
 desirable does the Laticlave confer, if Corvinus keeps sheep for
 hire in the Laurentine country? I possess more than Pallas
 and the Licini." Let the Tribunes wait then; let riches carry
 the day, nor let him give place to the inviolable magistrate,
 who not long ago came into this city with whitened feet, since
 among us the most sacred majesty is that of riches, although,

maiestas, etsi funesta pecunia templo
 nondum habitas, nullas nummorum ereximus aras,
 ut colitur Pax atque Fides Victoria Virtus 115
 quaeque salutato crepitat Concordia nido. *clatter*
 sed cum summus honor finito computet anno,
 sportula quid referat, quantum rationibus addat,
 quid facient comites, quibus hinc toga, calceus hinc est
 et panis fumusque domi? densissima centum 120
quadrantes lectica petit, sequiturque maritum
 languida vel praegnans et circumducitur uxor.
 hic petit absenti nota iam callidus arte,
 ostendens vacuum et clausam pro coniuge sellam.
 "Galla mea est," inquit, "citius dimitte. moraris." 125
 "profer Galla caput!" "noli vexare, quiescit."

Ipse dies pulchro distinguitur ordine rerum:
 sportula, deinde forum iurisque peritus Apollo
 atque triumphales, inter quas ausus habere

as yet, pernicious money, you do not dwell in a temple of *your own*, nor have we erected altars to coin, in the same way as Peace is worshipped, and Faith, Victory, Virtue, and Concord, which twitters when the nest of *her sacred birds* is saluted. But when the highest magistrate computes at the end of the year what the "dole" brings in, how much it adds to his income, what will the dependants do who derive from this source their toga, their shoes, and bread, and firing for their households? A dense crowd of litters comes in search of the hundred quadrantes; and the wife, though sick, or in the family way, follows her husband, and is carried the round. One, grown cunning at an old trick, asks for *the share* of his wife, though absent, exhibiting an empty and closed *sedan-chair* in the place of his spouse. "It is my Galla," he says; "dismiss us as soon as you can; you are detaining us." "Put out your head, Galla." "Don't disturb her, she's asleep."

The day itself is portioned out with a beautiful ordering of events: the "dole," then the Forum and Apollo learned in the law, and the triumphal statues, among which I know not what

nescio quis titulos Aegyptius atque Arabarches, 130
 cuius ad effigiem non tantum meiere fas est.
 vestibulis abeunt veteres lassique clientes,
 votaue deponunt, quanquam longissima coenae
 spes homini: caulis miseris atque ignis emendus. *collage*
 optima silvarum interea pelagique vorabit 135
 rex horum, vacuisque toris tantum ipse iacebit.
 nam de tot pulchris et latis orbibus et tam
 antiquis una comedunt patrimonia mensa.
 nullus iam parasitus erit. sed quis ferat istas
 luxuriae sordes? quanta est gula, quae sibi totos 140
 ponit apros, animal propter convivium natum!
 poena tamen praesens, cum tu deponis amictus
 turgidus et crudum pavonem in balnea portas.
 hinc subitae mortes atque intestata senectus;
 it nova nec tristis per cunctas fabula coenas, 145
 ducitur iratis plaudendum funus amicis.

143. crudus.

"Aegyptius and Arabarches" has dared to place his titles of honour, at whose image one may, without sacrilege, commit more than one kind of nuisance. The old and wearied clients leave the porch and give up their hopes, though the expectation of a dinner is the most long-lived of *all* in man: the poor fellows must buy their pot-herbs and firing. In the meanwhile their patron will devour the choicest produce of forests and sea, and will recline in solitary state on the couches empty of *all but himself*; for off so many beautiful and broad and antique round tables these people devour their patrimonies at a single course. Soon there will be no parasite; but who will bear such sordid luxury as this? What gluttony is that which serves up for itself whole boars, an animal created for banquets! Yet the penalty is at hand when you lay aside your clothes, gorged with food, and carry an undigested peacock to the bath. Hence, sudden deaths and intestate old age. The new but not sorrowful tidings go the round of all the dinner-tables, and your funeral comes forth amidst the applause of disappointed friends.

Nil erit ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat
 posteritas; eadem cupient facientque minores;
 omne in praecipiti vitium stetit, utere velis,
 totos pande sinus. dicas hic forsitan "unde 150
 ingenium par materiae? unde illa priorum
 scribendi, quodcumque animo flagrante liberet,
 simplicitas, cuius non audeo dicere nomen?
 quid refert dictis ignoscat Mucius an non?
 pone Tigellinum, taeda lucebis in illa, 155
 qua stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant,
 et latum media sulcum deducis arena."
 qui dedit ergo tribus patruis aconita, vehatur
hug pensilibus plumis, atque illinc despiciat nos? *push*
 "cum veniet contra, digito compesce labellum. 160
 accusator erit, qui verbum dixerit 'hic est.'
 securus licet Aeneam Rutulumque ferocem
 committas, nulli gravis est percussus Achilles

156. pectore.

157. diducit.

There will be nothing further for posterity to add to our
 manners; our descendants will wish for and do the same things;
 every vice has reached its culminating point. Take to your
 sails. Crowd all canvas. Perhaps you will say at this point,
 "Whence *is to come* the talent equal to the subject? Whence
 that straightforwardness of the ancients in writing whatever
 their burning impulses inclined them to, the *very* name of which
 I dare not utter? What does it matter whether a Mucius for-
 give your words or not? Portray Tigellinus: you will shine
 in the midst of those faggots in which they blaze, standing, who
 smoke with throat fixed *to the stake*, and you will draw a broad
 furrow in the midst of the sand." He, then, who has given
 aconite to his three uncles is to be carried on suspended down-
cushions, and thence look down on us? "When he comes in
 your way, close your lip with your finger. He who *simply* says
 the words, 'That's he,' will be *looked upon as* his accuser. You
 may safely pit together Aeneas and the fierce Rutulian: Achilles,
 though struck down, will harm no one; nor Hylas, long sought

aut multum quaesitus Hylas urnamque secutus;
 ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens 165
 infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est
 criminibus, tacita sudant praecordia culpa:
 inde irae et lacrimae. tecum prius ergo voluta
 haec animo ante tubas. galeatum sero duelli
 poenitet." experiar quid concedatur in illos, 170
 quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.

SATIRA II.

ULTRA Sauromatas fugere hinc libet et glaciale
 Oceanum, quoties aliquid de moribus audent
 qui Curios simulant et Bacchanalia vivunt.
 indocti primum: quamquam plena omnia gypso *plaster here*
 Chrysippi invenies; nam perfectissimus horum est, 5

5. invenias.

for and gone after his pitcher. *But* as often as Lucilius has
 raged in his fury, as though with drawn sword, the hearer grows
 red whose conscience is chilled with the sense of crime, his
 innermost parts are clammy with concealed guilt. Hence rage
 and tears. Turn over, therefore, first these things in your mind
 before the *sound of the trumpet*: when the helmet is on, it is
 too late to repent of the fight." I will try, *then*, what I may
 be permitted to do against those whose ashes are covered by the
 Flaminian and the Latin roads.

SATIRE II.

ONE feels inclined to fly from here beyond the Sarmatians and
 the Frozen Ocean, whenever those *fellows* dare to say anything
 about morals who ape the Curii and live like Bacchanals.
 Ignoramuses, to begin with, though you will find all their pre-
 mises full of plaster-casts of Chrysippus; for the most accom-

065 si quis Aristotelem similem vel Pittacon emit,
 et iubet archetypos pluteum servare Cleanthas. *bookcase*
 fronti nulla fides; quis enim non vicus abundat *alley*
 tristibus obscenis? castigas turpia, cum sis
 inter Socraticos notissima fossa cinaedos. *broth* 10
 hispida membra quidem et durae per brachia setae
 promittunt atrocem animum, sed podice levi *soft*
 caeduntur tumidae medico ridente mariscae; *pile*
 rarus sermo illis et magna libido tacendi
 atque supercilio brevior coma. verius ergo 15
 et magis ingenue Peribomius. hunc ego fatis
 imputo, qui vultu morbum incessuque fatetur.
 horum simplicitas miserabilis, his furor ipse
 dat veniam: sed peiores, qui talia verbis
 Herculis invadunt et de virtute locuti 20
 clunem agitant. "ego te ceventem, Sexte, verebor?"

8. frontis.

plished of these is he that has bought a likeness of Aristotle or Pittacus, and bids his bookcase hold originals of Cleanthes. There is no trusting the outside; for what street is there that does not abound in debauchees of severe aspect? You rebuke abominations, while you *yourself* are the most notorious sink among the unnatural creatures *who call themselves* followers of Socrates. The shaggy limbs, indeed, and the stiff bristles on the arms give promise of an intrepid soul: but on the hairless posteriors, the surgeon, with a smile, lances the swollen piles. These fellows speak but seldom, they have a great fancy for holding their tongues, and their hair is *cut* shorter than their eyebrows. Peribomius, then, *acts* more truthfully and more ingenuously: I lay that man to the account of the Fates who by his look and gait avows his diseased tastes. The frankness of such persons is *simply* pitiable: to such their very madness furnishes an excuse. But they are worse who attack such vices in the words of a Hercules, and act the wanton after talking of virtue. "Shall I stand in awe of you, Sextus, who exhibit your lewdness?" says the notorious Varillus. "In what am I

infamis Varillus ait, "quo deterior te?
 loripedem rectus derideat, Aethiopem albus." *(satyric)*
 quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?
 quis coelum terris non misceat et mare coelo, 25
 si fur displiceat Verri, homicida Miloni,
 Clodius accuset moechos, Catilina Cethegum,
 in tabulam Sullae si dicant discipuli tres? *(in list of proscription)*
 qualis erat nuper tragico pollutus adulter
 concubitu, qui tunc leges revocabat amaras 30
 omnibus atque ipsis Veneri Martique timendas,
 cum tot abortivis fecundam Iulia vulvam
 solveret et patruo similes effunderet offas. *(hms)*
 nonne igitur iure ac merito vitia ultima fictos
 contemnunt Scauros et castigata remordent? 35
 Non tulit ex illis torvum Lauronia quemdam *grim*
 clamantem toties "ubi nunc lex Iulia? dormis?"
 ad quem subridens "felicia tempora, quae te
 moribus opponunt! habeat iam Roma pudorem.

worse than you? Let a straight-limbed man jeer at one who is club-footed, a white man at a blackamoor." Who would stand the Gracchi complaining of sedition? Who would not confound heaven with earth and sea with heaven, if a thief were displeasing to Verres, a murderer to Milo, if Clodius were to impeach adulterers, or Cataline Cethegus, if Sulla's proscription-list were inveighed against by his three disciples? Of such a kind was the adulterer, lately defiled by a tragical amour, who, at that very time, was reviving bitter laws, which all might tremble at, even Venus and Mars themselves, while Julia was opening her fruitful womb by so many abortives, and giving vent to embryos resembling her uncle. Is it not then lawfully and deservedly that *even* the most vicious despise these sham Scauri, and, when rebuked, return the bite?

Lauronia would not suffer a certain grim-looking fellow of this class, continually crying out, "Where are you now, Julian law? Are you asleep?" To whom, with a smile, "Happy the times," *said she*, "which oppose you to our manners! Let

tertius e coelo cecidit Cato. sed tamen unde 40
 haec emis, hirsuto spirant opobalsama collo part - e
 quae tibi? ne pudeat dominum monstrare tabernae. shop
 quod si vexantur leges ac iura, citari over
 ante omnes debet Scantinia. respice primum
 et scrutare viros. faciunt hi plura, sed illos 45
 defendit numerus iunctaeque umbone phalanges: phalanges, son
 magna inter molles concordia. non erit ullum
 exemplum in nostro tam detestabile sexu.
 Tedia non lambit Cluviam nec Flora Catullam,
 Hispo subit iuvenes et morbo pallet utroque. 50
 numquid nos agimus causas, civilia iura
 novimus, aut ullo strepitu fora vestra movemus?
 luctantur paucae, comedunt coliphia paucae. first - phalanges
 vos lanam trahitis calathisque peracta refertis 6 - 5 - 11
 vellera, vos tenui praegnantem stamine fusum 55
 Penelope melius, levius torquetis Arachne,

43. ac jure : at jure (Jahn).

Rome begin to have a sense of shame : a third Cato has fallen from the sky. But, nevertheless, where do you buy these perfumes of yours, which exhale from your hairy neck? Don't be ashamed to name the owner of the shop. Now, if laws and statutes are to be disturbed *from their sleep*, before all others the Scantinian ought to be called up. First look to the men and observe them; they do worse *than we*; but *as to* these, their number protects them, and their phalanxes closed up shield to shield. Great is the concord between effeminates. There will not be *found* any such execrable example in our sex. Tedia does not caress Cluvia, nor Flora Catulla : Hispo submits himself to young men, and is pale with a doubly unnatural taste. Pray, do we plead causes, are we acquainted with the laws of the state, or do we disturb your courts with any clamour *of ours*? There are few women who wrestle, few who eat the food of athletes : *while* you card wool, and bear back in baskets the completed fleeces : you twist the distaff pregnant with slender thread better than Penelope, more nimbly than Arachne,

horrida quale facit residens in codice pellex *trunk, concubine*
 notum est, cur solo tabulas impleverit Hister
 liberto, dederit vivus cur multa puellae. *(virg. v. 1)*
 dives erit magno quae dormit tertia lecto. 60
 tu nube atque tace, donant arcana cylindros. *secret*,
 de nobis post haec tristis sententia fertur;
 dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas." *consequence*

Fugerunt trepidi (vera ac manifesta canentem)
 stoicidae; quid enim falsi Lauronia? sed quid 65
 non facient alii, cum tu multicia sumas, *soft goods*
 Cretice, et hanc vestem populo mirante perores *bring proceeds*,
 in Proculus et Pollitas? est moecha Fabulla; *right*
 damnetur, si vis, etiam Carfinia, talem
 non sumet damnata togam. "sed Iulius ardet, 70
 aestuo." nudus agas, minus est insania turpis.
 en habitum, quo te leges ac iura ferentem *clothes*
 fulneribus crudis populus modo victor let illud
black 71. infamia.

work such as a dirty slave-concubine has to do, sitting on the log she is tied to. It is notorious why Hister filled up his will in favour of his freedman alone, why, during his life, he gave so many presents to his virgin-wife. She will be rich who sleeps third in a large bed. Do you get married and hold your tongue: secrets confer cut jewels. Yet after this, a harsh verdict is passed upon us women. Judgment pardons the ravens and harasses the doves."

The Stoicidae fled in confusion from her as she gave utterance to these true and palpable things. For what had Lauronia said that was false? But what will not others do, when you, Creticus, put on gauze dresses, and, with the people astonished at such attire, hold forth against the Proculus and the Pollitae? Fabulla is an adulteress; let Carfinia be condemned, if you please, into the bargain: yet, though condemned, she will not put on such a toga as that. "But July rages; I am on fire." Plead stark naked, then; insanity would be less disgraceful. A pretty dress for the people, but recently victorious, with their

montanum positis audiret vulgus aratris! *put asid*
 quid non proclames, in corpore iudicis ista *7. 5. 6* 75
 si videas? quaero an deceant multicia testem?
 acer et indomitus libertatisque magister,
 Cretice, perluces. dedit hanc contagio labem *see note, 5. 1. 1.*
 et dabit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris
 unius scabie cadit et porrigine porci, *mange* 80
 uvaque conspecta livorem ducit ab uva. *spot*
 (foedius hoc aliquid) quandoque audebis amictu, *de, 4. 1. 1.*
 nemo repente fuit turpissimus; accipient te
 paulatim, qui longa domi redimicula sumunt *bind*
 frontibus et toto posuere monilia collo *neck* 85
 atque bonam tenerae placant abdomine porcae
 et magno cratere deam; sed more sinistro
 exagitata procul non intrat femina limen,
 solis ara deae maribus patet. "ite profanae!"

81. contacta.

83. venit.

wounds yet green; and that *old* mountain populace, after laying down their ploughs, to hear you proposing laws and statutes in! What would you not exclaim if you saw such clothes on the person of a Judex! I ask whether gauze dresses would become *even* a witness? *And yet* you, stern unbending man, master of your freedom, *you*, Creticus, are showing your nakedness. Contagion has given *us* this plague-spot, and will pass it on to many more, just as a whole herd in the fields perishes through the mange and scurf of a single pig, and one grape acquires a taint from the *mere* sight of *another* grape. You will, one day or other, venture on something yet more disgraceful than this dress. No one reaches the height of infamy at a step: by degrees, people will take you into their company, who, in their houses, wear long fillets on their brows, and put chains all over their necks, and propitiate Bona Dea with the belly of a young sow and a huge bowl; but, by a perverted usage, woman, driven far away, does not cross the threshold. To males alone is the altar of the goddess open. "Hence, ye profane fair!" is the cry. "Here no female piper sounds her plaintive horn instrument."

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liberto, dederit vivus cur multa puellae. *(v.g. wife)*
 dives erit magno quae dormit tertia lecto. 60

tu nube atque tace, donant arcana cylindros. *secret*,
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quod nec in Assyrio pharetrata Semiramis orbe,
 maesta nec Actiaca fecit Cleopatra carina.
 hic nullus verbis pudor aut reverentia mensae, 110
 hic turpis Cybeles et fracta voce loquendi
 libertas, et crine senex fanaticus albo
 sacrorum antistes, rarum ac memorabile magni *overses*
 gutturis exemplum conducendusque magister.
 quid tamen expectant, Phrygio quos tempus erat iam 115
 more supervacuum cultris abrumpere carnem?
 quadringenta dedit Gracchus sestertia dotem
 cornicini, sive hic recto cantaverat aere: *front*
 signatae tabulae, dictum "feliciter!" ingens
 coena sedet, gremio iacuit nova nupta mariti. 120
 o proceres, censore opus est an haruspice nobis?
 scilicet horreter maioraque monstra putares,
 si mulier vitulum vel si bos ederet agnum?
flores segmenta et longos habitus et flammea sumit, *brill*
velis

116. abscindere.

118. cantaverit.

in the Assyrian world, nor sorrowing Cleopatra in her Actian ship. Here is no shame in their language, nor respect for the *decorum of the table*. Here is the foul license of Cybele, and of speaking in effeminate tones, and the phrenzied old man, with white hair, the chief priest of the rites, a rare and notable example of monstrous gluttony, who might be engaged to teach *the science*. Yet what are they waiting for, since the time has long since come for them to cut off with knives, after the Phrygian fashion, their superfluous parts? Gracchus has brought a dowry of four hundred sestertia to a cornet-player—or it may have been on a straight horn that he had performed: the contract has been signed; felicitations offered; a dinner on a large scale is set out; the new-made bride has reclined on the bosom of his husband. O nobles! is it a censor we need, or an aruspex? Would you, forsooth, be *more* horrified, would you deem it a greater prodigy, if a woman gave birth to a calf or an ox to a lamb? That man puts on flounces and long dresses and bridal-veils who has borne the sacred *emblems* swinging from

arcano qui sacra ferens nutantia loro 125
 sudavit clipeis ancilibus. o pater urbis, *sheld*
 unde nefas tantum Latiis pastoribus? unde
 haec tetigit, Gradiue, tuos urtica nepotes? *netter, desin*
 traditur ecce viro clarus genere atque opibus vir
 nec galeam quassas, nec terram cuspide pulsas, 130
 nec quereris patri? vade ergo et cede severi *re h. e.*
 iugeribus campi, quem negligis. "officium cras
 primo sole mihi peragendum in valle Quirini."
 quae causa officii? "quid quaeris? nubit amicus,
 nec multos adhibet." liceat modo vivere, fient, *coll.* 135
 fient ista palam, cupient et in acta referri.
 interea tormentum ingens nubentibus haeret,
 quod nequeunt parere et partu retinere maritos.
 Di melius, quod nil animis in corpora iurjs
 natura indulget; steriles moriuntur, et illis 140

139. sed melius.

140. moriuntur.

the mystic thong, who has sweated beneath the shields of Mars!
 O father of the city! whence *has come* such monstrous impiety
 to the shepherds of Latium? Whence, O Gradivus! has this
 stinging itch seized your descendants? See now, a man illus-
 trious in family and fortune is handed over *in marriage* to
 another man; and you do not shake your helmet, nor strike the
 earth with your spear, nor complain to your father. Be off,
 then, and retire from the soil of that stern field which you
 neglect. "I have a visit of ceremony to go through at sunrise
 to-morrow, in the valley of Quirinus." "What is the occasion
 of the visit?" "Why ask? A male friend is to be taken to
 wife. He invites but a small party." Let us only live *a little*
longer; these sort of things will be done, yes, will be done
 openly, and will be for getting themselves recorded in the
 gazette. Meanwhile, there is one great cause of torment which
 sticks to these male brides—that they are unable to bear, and
 by means of offspring to retain *the affections of* their husbands.
 But the gods *have better* arranged, that nature should vouchsafe
 to their wills no power over their bodies. They die barren, and

turgida non prodest condita pyxide Lyde, *rich*
 nec prodest agili palmas praeberere Luperco.
 vicit et hoc monstrum tunicati fuscina Gracchi, *trident*
 lustravitque fuga mediam gladiator arenam
 et Capitolinis generosior et Marcellis 145
 et Catulis Paulique minoribus et Fabiis et
 omnibus ad podium spectantibus, his licet ipsum *balance*
 admoveas, cuius tunc mynera retia misit. *show*
 Esse aliquos manes et subterranea regna,
 et contum et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras, *pole* 150
 atque una transire vadum tot millia cymba,
 nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum aere lavantur,
 sed tu vera puta: Curius quid sentit et ambo
 Scipiadae, quid Fabricius, manesque Camilli,
 quid Cremerae legio et Cannis consumpta iuventus, 155
 tot bellorum animae, quoties hinc talis ad illos
 umbra venit? cuperent lustrari, si qua darentur

149. aliquid. *pr. n. l. d.*

to them bloated Lyde is of no help with her medicated box,
 nor does it help them to hold out their hands to the nimble
 Luperus. Yet even this monstrosity was surpassed by the
 trident of Gracchus, clad in a tunic, when a gladiator traversed
 in flight the middle of the arena, who was more nobly born
 than the Capitolini, and the Marcelli, and the Catuli, and the
 descendants of Paulus, and the Fabii, and all the spectators in
 the front seats, even though you add to these the man himself
 at whose show he then threw the nets.

That there exist certain Manes and underground kingdoms,
 and a punt-pole and black frogs in the Stygian whirlpool, and
 that so many thousands pass over the waters in a single bark,
 not even boys believe, unless it be those who are not yet washed
 for money at *the baths*. But suppose these things to be true.
 What must Curius feel, and the two Scipiones? What Fabricius
 and the Manes of Camillus? What the legion of Cremera and
 the youth exterminated at Cannae, souls from so many wars,
 when such a shade as this reaches them from here? They

sulfura cum taedis et si foret humida laurus.
 illuc heu miseri traducimur! arma quidem ultra
 litora Iuvernæ promovimus et modo captas 160
 Orcadas ac minima contentos nocte Britannos,
 sed quae nunc populi fiunt victoris in urbe,
 non facient illi quos vicimus. "et tamen unus
 Armenius Zalates (cunctis narratur ephebis)
 mollior ardenti sese indulsisse tribuno." 165
 aspice quid faciant commercia: venerat obses
 hic fiunt homines! nam si mora longior urbem
 indulsit pueris, non umquam deerit amator,
 mittentur braccæ cultelli frena flagellum; 170
 sic praetextatos referunt Artaxata mores.

159. illie.

would wish to be purified, if sulphur could be anyhow procured, with pine-torches, or if there were any moistened laurel there. To such an exhibition of ourselves, alas, are we poor wretches brought! Our arms, indeed, we have advanced beyond the shores of Iuerna and the lately conquered Orcades, and the Britons contented with very short nights: but the things which are now done in the city of the victorious people, those whom we have vanquished will not do. "And yet one of them, the Armenian Zalates, more effeminate than all the young men *his companions*, is said to have yielded his person to the burning Tribune." See what the intercourse of *nations* can do. He had come as a hostage; here it is that men are made! For if a longer stay in the city be permitted the boys, they will never be in want of a lover. Their trousers, their knives, their bridles, their whips will be cast aside; thus it is that they carry back to Artaxata the manners of the young Romans.

SATIRA III.

QUAMVIS digressu veteris confusus amici
 laudo tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
 destinet atque unum civem donare Sibyllae.
 ianua Baiarum est et gratum litus amoeni
 secessūs. ego vel Prochyta praepono Suburae. 5
 nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
 deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
 tectorum assiduos ac mille pericula saevae
 urbis et Augusto recitantes mense poetas?
 sed dum tota domus reda componitur una, *canis* 10
 substitit ad veteres arcus madidamque Capenam.
 hic, ubi nocturnae Numa constituebat amicae,
 nunc sacri fontis nemus et delubra locantur
 Iudaeis, quorum cophinus foenumque supellex;
 omnis enim populo mercedem pendere iussa est 15

SATIRE III.

ALTHOUGH distressed at the departure of my old friend, yet I commend him for determining to fix his abode at unfrequented Cumae, and to give one citizen to the Sibyl. It is the way of approach to Baiae, and a pleasant sea-shore agreeable to retire to. I prefer even Prochyta to the Suburra. For what *place* have we seen so wretched, so lonely, that you would not think it worse to be in dread of fires, the perpetual falling-in of houses, the thousand dangers of the cruel city,—and poets reciting in the month of August? But while all his household was being stowed in a single carriage, he (*i.e., my friend Umbricius*) halted at the old triumphal arches and the wet *gate* of Capena. Here, where Numa used to make assignations with his nocturnal mistress, nowadays the grove of the holy fountain and the sacred precincts are let out to the Jews, whose furniture is a basket and *some* hay; for every tree is bidden to pay rent to

arbor, et eiectis mendicat silva Camenis.
 in vallem Egeriae descendimus et speluncas
 dissimiles veris. quanto praesentius esset
 numen aquae, viridi si margine clauderet undas
 herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum! 20
 hic tunc Umbricius, "quando artibus" inquit "honestis
 nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum, *per se*
 res hodie minor est, here quam fuit, atque eadem cras
 deteret exiguis aliquid, proponimus illuc
 ire, fatigatas ubi Daedalus exuit alas, 25
 dum nova canities, dum prima et recta senectus,
 dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat, et pedibus me
 porto meis nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.
 cedamus patriā. / vivant Artorius istic
 et Catulus, maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt, 30
 quis facile est aedem conducere flumina portus,
 siccandam eluviam, portandum ad busta cadaver,

18. praestantius.

the people, and the Camenae having been turned out, the wood
 is a mass of beggars. We descend into the valley of Egeria
 and the grottoes unlike natural ones. How much more present
 to us would the divinity of the spring be, if turf enclosed the
 waters with its margin of green, and marble did not do violence
 to the native tufa-stone! Here, then, Umbricius—"Since,"
 said he, "there is no place in the city for honest employments,
 no return for industry, *since* to-day my means are smaller than
 they were yesterday, and those same means will to-morrow wear
 away somewhat from their scanty residue, I propose to go to
 the spot where Daedalus put off his wearied wings, while my
 hair is *but* recently grizzled, while my old age is *but* beginning
 and *still* erect, while there remains something for Lachesis to
 spin, and I bear myself on my own feet with no staff supporting
 my right hand. I must leave my country: let Artorius and
 Catulus live there; let those remain who turn black into white,
 to whom it comes easy to take contracts about temples, rivers,
 harbours, cleansing a sewer, carrying a corpse to the funeral-

tertius e coelo cecidit Cato. sed tamen unde ⁴⁰
 haec emis, hirsuto spirant opobalsama collo ^{part}
 quae tibi? ne pudeat dominum monstrare tabernae. ^{shop}
 quod si vexantur leges ac iura, citari ^{conv}
 ante omnes debet Scantinia. respice primum
 et scrutare viros. faciunt hi plura, sed illos ⁴⁵
 defendit numerus iunctaeque umbone phalanges: ^{phalanx, sn}
 magna inter molles concordia. non erit ullum
 exemplum in nostro tam detestabile sexu.
 Tedia non lambit Cluviam nec Flora Catullam,
 Hispo subit iuvenes et morbo pallet utroque. ⁵⁰
 numquid nos agimus causas, civilia iura
 novimus, aut ullo strepitu fora vestra movemus?
 luctantur paucae, comedunt coliphia paucae. ^{first phallex}
 vos lanam trahitis calathisque peracta refertis ^{6-8 w}
 vellera, vos tenui praegnantem stamine fusum ⁵⁵
 Penelope melius, levius torquetis Arachne,

43. ac jure : at jure (Jahn).

Rome begin to have a sense of shame: a third Cato has fallen from the sky. But, nevertheless, where do you buy these perfumes of yours, which exhale from your hairy neck? Don't be ashamed to name the owner of the shop. Now, if laws and statutes are to be disturbed *from their sleep*, before all others the Scantinian ought to be called up. First look to the men and observe them; they do worse *than we*; but *as to* these, their number protects them, and their phalanxes closed up shield to shield. Great is the concord between effeminates. There will not be *found* any such execrable example in our sex. Tedia does not caress Cluvia, nor Flora Catulla: Hispo submits himself to young men, and is pale with a doubly unnatural taste. Pray, do we plead causes, are we acquainted with the laws of the state, or do we disturb your courts with any clamour *of ours*? There are few women who wrestle, few who eat the food of athletes: *while* you card wool, and bear back in baskets the completed fleeces: you twist the distaff pregnant with slender thread better than Penelope, more nimbly than Arachne,

horrida quale facit residens in codice pellex. *trunk, concubine*
 notum est, cur solo tabulas impleverit Hister
liberto, dederit vivus cur multa puellae. *(v.g. vif)*
 dives erit magno quae dormit tertia lecto. 60

tu nube atque tace, donant arcana cylindros. *secreti*,
 de nobis post haec tristis sententia fertur;
 dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas." *Gen 54*

Fugerunt trepidi (fera ac manifesta canentem)
 stoicidae; quid enim falsi Lauronia? sed quid 65
 non facient alii, cum tu multicia sumas, *s. t. t. g. r. h.*
Cretice, et hanc vestem populo mirante perores *ban. p. u. e. d. i. s.*
 in Proculus et Pollitas? est moecha Fabulla;
 damnetur, si vis, etiam Carfinia, talem
 non sumet damnata togam. "sed Iulius ardet, 70
 aestuo." nudus agas, minus est insania turpis.
 en habitum, quo te leges ac iura ferentem *cl. h. s.*
fulneribus crudis populus modo victor et illud

66. h. y. 71. infamia.

work such as a dirty slave-concubine has to do, sitting on the log she is tied to. It is notorious why Hister filled up his will in favour of his freedman alone, why, during his life, he gave so many presents to his virgin-wife. She will be rich who sleeps third in a large bed. Do you get married and hold your tongue: secrets confer cut jewels. Yet, after this, a harsh verdict is passed upon us women. Judgment pardons the ravens and harasses the doves."

The Stoicidae fled in confusion from her as she gave utterance to these true and palpable things. For what had Lauronia said that was false? But what will not others do, when you, Creticus, put on gauze dresses, and, with the people astonished at such attire, hold forth against the Proculus and the Pollitae? Fabulla is an adulteress; let Carfinia be condemned, if you please, into the bargain: yet, though condemned, she will not put on such a toga as that. "But July rages; I am on fire." Plead stark naked, then; insanity would be less disgraceful. A pretty dress for the people, but recently victorious, with their

montanum positis audiret vulgas agraris! *put as. h*
 quid non proclames, in corpore iudicis ista *75*
 si videas? quaero an deceant multicia testem?
 acer et indomitus libertatisque magister,
 Cretice, perluces. dedit hanc contagio labem *in r. am, str.*
 et dabit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris
 unius scabie cadit et porrigne porci, *m. p. e* *80*
 utraque conspecta livorem ducit ab uva. *s. s. t*
 foedius hoc aliquid, quandoque audetis amictu, *se, s. s. t*
 nemo repente fuit turpissimus; accipient te
 paulatim, qui longa domi redimicula sumunt *6. m. d*
 frontibus et toto posuere monilia collo *85*
 atque bonam tenerae piacant abdomine porcae
 et magno cratere deam; sed more sinistro
 exagitata procul non intrat femina limen,
 solis ara deae maribus patet. "ite profanae!"

81. contacta.

83. venit.

wounds yet green, and that old mountain populace, after laying
 down their ploughs, to hear you proposing laws and statutes in!
 What would you not exclaim if you saw such clothes on the
 person of a Judex! I ask whether gauze dresses would become
 even a witness! And yet you, stern unbending man, master
 of your freedom, you, Creticus, are showing your nakedness.
 Contagion has given us this plague-spot, and will pass it on to
 many more, just as a whole herd in the fields perishes through
 the mange and scurf of a single pig, and one grape acquires a
 taint from the mere sight of another grape. You will, one day
 or other, venture on something yet more disgraceful than this
 dress. No one reaches the height of infamy at a step: by
 degrees, people will take you into their company, who, in their
 houses, wear long fillets on their brows, and put chains all over
 their necks, and propitiate Bona Dea with the belly of a young
 sow and a huge bowl; but, by a perverted usage, woman, driven
 far away, does not cross the threshold. To males alone is the
 altar of the goddess open. "Hence, ye profane fair!" is the cry.
 "Here no female piper sounds her plaintive horn instrument."

clamatur, "nullo gemit hic tibicina cornu." *scinde his plz*
 talia secreta coluerunt, orgia taeda
 Cecropiam soliti Baptae lassare Cotytto. *Athenian*
 ille supercilium madida fuligine tactum *soot*
 obliqua producit acu pingitque trementes *lengths read*
 attollens oculos, vitreo bibit ille Priapo 95
 reticulumque comis auratum ingentibus implet
 caerulea indutus scutulata aut galbina rasa, *checkd, yellow*
 et per Iunonem domini iurante ministro. *Abi Abs.*
 ille tenet speculum, pathici gestamen Othonis, *mirror.*
 Actoris Aurunci spoliū, quō se ille videbat 100
 armatum, cum iam tolli vexilla iuberet. *figs.*
 res memoranda novis annalibus atque recenti
 historia, speculum civilis sarcina belli. *baggage, (apparel)*
 nimirum summi ducis est occidere Galbam
 et curare cutem, summi constantia civis 105
 Bebriaci campo spoliū affectare Palati *storehouse*
 et pressum in faciem digitis extendere panem,

93. tinctum.

Such orgies as these the Baptae celebrated with secret torch, who were wont to weary out even the Athenian Cotytto. One, with slanted needle, lengthens his eyebrows, touched with damp soot, and raising *the lids*, paints his quivering eyes: another drinks out of a Priapus-shaped glass, and fills a net of gold thread with his bushy hair, dressed in blue checks, or pale green stuffs, shorn of their pile, while the servant too swears by the Juno of his master. Another holds a mirror, the object wielded by pathic Otho, "the spoil of Auruncan Actor," in which he used to behold himself accoutred at the moment of ordering the standards to be taken up. A thing to be commemorated in our new annals and recent history, a mirror, the baggage of a civil war! Doubtless it showed a consummate general to slaughter Galba, and to pamper his own skin: the energy of a great citizen to aim at the spoils of the Palace on the field of Bebriacum, and to spread with his fingers the bread-poultice pressed upon his face: an act which neither the quivered Semiramis perpetrated

quod nec in Assyrio pharetrata Semiramis orbe,
 maesta nec Actiaca fecit Cleopatra carina.
 hic nullus verbis pudor aut reverentia mensae, 110
 hic turpis Cybeles et fracta voce loquendi
 libertas, et crine senex fanaticus albo
 sacrorum antistes, rarum ac memorabile magni *orvis*
 gutturis exemplum conducendusque magister.
 quid tamen expectant, Phrygia quos tempus erat iam 115
 more supervacuum cultris abrumpere carnem?
 quadringenta dedit Gracchus sestertia dotem
 cornicini, sive hic recto cantaverat aere: *front*
 signatae tabulae, dictum "feliciter!" ingens
 coena sedet, gremio iacuit nova nupta mariti. 120
 o proceres, censore opus est an haruspice nobis?
 scilicet horreret maioraque monstra putares,
 si mulier vitulum vel si bos ederet agnum?
 segmenta et longos habitus et flammea sumit, *brides*
velis

116. abscindere.

118. cantaverit.

in the Assyrian world, nor sorrowing Cleopatra in her Actian ship. Here is no shame in their language, nor respect for the *decorum of the table*. Here is the foul license of Cybele, and of speaking in effeminate tones, and the phrenzied old man, with white hair, the chief priest of the rites, a rare and notable example of monstrous gluttony, who might be engaged to teach *the science*. Yet what are they waiting for, since the time has long since come for them to cut off with knives, after the Phrygian fashion, their superfluous parts? Gracchus has brought a dowry of four hundred sestertia to a cornet-player—or it may have been on a straight horn that he had performed: the contract has been signed; felicitations offered; a dinner on a large scale is set out; the new-made bride has reclined on the bosom of his husband. O nobles! is it a censor we need, or an aruspex? Would you, forsooth, be *more* horrified, would you deem it a greater prodigy, if a woman gave birth to a calf or an ox to a lamb? That man puts on flounces and long dresses and bridal-veils who has borne the sacred *emblems* swinging from

arcano qui sacra ferens nutantia loro 125
 sudavit clipeis ancilibus. o pater urbis, *thel*,
 unde nefas tantum Latiis pastoribus? unde
 haec tetigit, Gradiue, tuos urtica nepotes? *netter, desiri*
 traditur ecce viro clarus genere atque opibus vir
 nec galeam quassas, nec terram cuspide pulsas, 130
 nec quereris patri? vade ergo et cede severi *netter*.
 iugeribus campi, quem negligis. "officium cras
 primo sole mihi peragendum in valle Quirini."
 quae causa officii? "quid quaeris? nubit amicus,
 nec multos adhibet." liceat modo vivere, fient, *colld* 135
 fient ista palam, cupient et in acta referri.
 interea tormentum ingens nubentibus haeret,
 quod nequeunt parere et partu retinere maritos.
 Di melius, quod nil animis in corpora iurjs
 natura indulget; steriles moriuntur, et illis 140

139. sed melius.

140. moriuntur.

the mystic thong, who has sweated beneath the shields of Mars!
 O father of the city! whence *has come* such monstrous impiety
 to the shepherds of Latium? Whence, O Gradius! has this
 stinging itch seized your descendants? See now, a man illus-
 trious in family and fortune is handed over *in marriage* to
 another man; and you do not shake your helmet, nor strike the
 earth with your spear, nor complain to your father. Be off,
 then, and retire from the soil of that stern field which you
 neglect. "I have a visit of ceremony to go through at sunrise
 to-morrow, in the valley of Quirinus." "What is the occasion
 of the visit?" "Why ask? A male friend is to be taken to
 wife. He invites but a small party." Let us only live *a little*
longer; these sort of things will be done, yes, will be done
 openly, and will be for getting themselves recorded in the
 gazette. Meanwhile, there is one great cause of torment which
 sticks to these male brides—that they are unable to bear, and
 by means of offspring to retain *the affections* of their husbands.
 But the gods *have better* arranged, that nature should vouchsafe
 to their wills no power over their bodies. They die barren, and

turgida non prodest condita pyxide Lyde, *rich*
 nec prodest agili palmas praeberere Luperco.
 vicit et hoc monstrum tunicati fuscina Gracchi, *trident*
 lustravitque fuga mediam gladiator arenam
 et Capitolinis generosior et Marcellis 145
 et Catulis Paulique minoribus et Fabiis et
 omnibus ad podium spectantibus, his licet ipsum *balance*
 admoveas, cuius tunc munere retia misit. *show*
 Esse aliquos manes et subterranea regna,
 et contum et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras, *pole* 150
 atque una transire vadum tot millia cymba,
 nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum aere lavantur,
 sed tu vera puta: Curius quid sentit et ambo
 Scipiadae, quid Fabricius, manesque Camilli,
 quid Cremerae legio et Cannis consumpta iuventus, 155
 tot bellorum animae, quoties hinc talis ad illos
 umbra venit? cuperent lustrari, si qua darentur
 149. aliquid. *pr. 154*

to them bloated Lyde is of no help with her medicated box, nor does it help them to hold out their hands to the nimble Luperus. Yet even this monstrosity was surpassed by the trident of Gracchus, clad in a tunic, when a gladiator traversed in flight the middle of the arena, who was more nobly born than the Capitolini, and the Marcelli, and the Catuli, and the descendants of Paulus, and the Fabii, and all the spectators in the front seats, even though you add to these the man himself at whose show he then threw the nets.

That there exist certain Manes and underground kingdoms, and a punt-pole and black frogs in the Stygian whirlpool, and that so many thousands pass over the waters in a single bark, not even boys believe, unless it be those who are not yet washed for money at the baths. But suppose these things to be true. What must Curius feel, and the two Scipiones? What Fabricius and the Manes of Camillus? What the legion of Cremera and the youth exterminated at Cannae, souls from so many wars, when such a shade as this reaches them from here? They

sulfura cum taedis et si foret humida laurus.
 illuc heu miseri traducimur! arma quidem ultra
 litora Iuvernæ promovimus et modo captas 160
 Orcadas ac minima contentos nocte Britannos,
 sed quae nunc populi fiunt victoris in urbe,
 non facient illi quos vicimus. "et tamen unus
 Armenius Zalates (cunctis narratur ephebis)
 mollior ardenti sese indulsisse tribuno." 165
 aspice quid faciant commercia: venerat obses
 hic fiunt homines! nam si mora longior urbem
 indulsit pueris, non umquam deerit amator,
 mittentur braccæ cultelli frena flagellum; 170
 sic praetextatos referunt Artaxata mores.

159. illis.

would wish to be purified, if sulphur could be anyhow procured, with pine-torches, or if there were any moistened laurel there. To such an exhibition of ourselves, alas, are we poor wretches brought! Our arms, indeed, we have advanced beyond the shores of Iuerna and the lately conquered Orcades, and the Britons contented with very short nights: but the things which are now done in the city of the victorious people, those whom we have vanquished will not do. "And yet one of them, the Armenian Zalates, more effeminate than all the young men *his companions*, is said to have yielded his person to the burning Tribune." See what the intercourse of *nations* can do. He had come as a hostage; here it is that men are made! For if a longer stay in the city be permitted the boys, they will never be in want of a lover. Their trousers, their knives, their bridles, their whips will be cast aside; thus it is that they carry back to Artaxata the manners of the young Romans.

SATIRA III.

QUAMVIS digressu veteris confusus amici
 laudo tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
 destinet atque unum civem donare Sibyllae.
 ianna Baiarum est et gratum litus amoeni
 secessus. ego vel Prochyta praepono Suburae. 5
 nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
 deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
 tectorum assiduos ac mille pericula saevae
 urbis et Augusto recitantes mense poetas?
 sed dum tota domus reda componitur una, 10
 substitit ad veteres arcus madidamque Capenam.
 hic, ubi nocturnae Numa constituebat amicae,
 nunc sacri fontis nemus et delubra locantur
 Iudaeis, quorum cophinus foenumque supellex;
 omnis enim populo mercedem pendere iussa est 15

SATIRE III.

ALTHOUGH distressed at the departure of my old friend, yet I commend him for determining to fix his abode at unfrequented Cumae, and to give one citizen to the Sibyl. It is the way of approach to Baiae, and a pleasant sea-shore agreeable to retire to. I prefer even Prochyta to the Suburra. For what *place* have we seen so wretched, so lonely, that you would not think it worse to be in dread of fires, the perpetual falling-in of houses, the thousand dangers of the cruel city,—and poets reciting in the month of August? But while all his household was being stowed in a single carriage, he (*i.e., my friend Umbricius*) halted at the old triumphal arches and the wet *gate of Capena*. Here, where Numa used to make assignations with his nocturnal mistress, nowadays the grove of the holy fountain and the sacred precincts are let out to the Jews, whose furniture is a basket and *some* hay; for every tree is bidden to pay rent to

arbor, et eiectis mendicat silva Camenis.
 in vallem Egeriae descendimus et speluncas
 dissimiles veris. quanto praesentius esset
 numen aquae, viridi si margine clauderet undas
 herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum! 20
 hic tunc Umbricius, "quando artibus" inquit "honestis
 nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum, *proinde*
 res hodie minor est, here quam fuit, atque eadem cras
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 dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat, et pedibus me
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 the spot where Daedalus put off his wearied wings, while my
 hair is *but* recently grizzled, while my old age is *but* beginning
 and *still* erect, while there remains something for Lachesis to
 spin, and I bear myself on my own feet with no staff supporting
 my right hand. I must leave my country: let Artorius and
 Catulus live there; let those remain who turn black into white,
 to whom it comes easy to take contracts about temples, rivers,
 harbours, cleansing a sewer, carrying a corpse to the funeral-

et praebere caput domina venale sub hasta.
 quondam hi cornicines et municipalis arenae
 perpetui comites notaeque per oppida buccae 35
 munera nunc edunt, et verso pollice vulgi
 quem libet occidunt populariter, inde reversi
 conducunt foricas, et cur non omnia? cum sint
 quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
 extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna iocari. 40
 quid Romae faciam? mentiri nescio, librum,
 si malus est, nequeo laudare et poscere, motus
 astrorum ignoro, funus promittere patris
 nec volo nec possum, ranarum viscera numquam
 inspexi, ferre ad nuptam quae mittit adulter, 45
 quae mandat, norint alii, me nemo ministro
 fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo, tamquam
mancus et exstinctae corpus non utile dextrae.
 quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius, et cui fervens

37. cum libet.

pile, and to put up a man for sale under the mistress-spear. These men, who were formerly horn-blowers, and constant attendants at the amphitheatres of country places, *with their* puffed-out cheeks well-known from town to town, now give shows of gladiators, and, when the vulgar turn up their thumbs, kill off any one you like to please the people: returned thence, they farm the public privies, and why not everything, since they are men such as Fortune raises up from obscurity to the highest summits of affairs, whenever she chooses to be sportive? What should I do in Rome? I know not how to lie; if a book is a bad one, I cannot praise it and ask for a copy; I am ignorant of the motions of the stars; I neither will nor can promise the death of a father; I never inspected the entrails of frogs; let others know how to carry to a married woman the presents and the messages of her lover—nobody shall be a thief by my aid, and therefore I am not going out in the suite of any one, as though I were maimed and a useless trunk with right hand destroyed. Who nowadays is cherished except the

aestuat occultis animus semperque tacendis ? 50
 nil tibi se debere putat, nil conferet umquam,
 participem qui te secreti fecit honesti ;
 carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore quo vult
 accusare potest. tanti tibi non sit opaci
 omnis arena Tagi quodque in mare volvitur aurum, 55
 ut somno careas ponendaque praemia sumas
 tristis et a magno semper timearis amico !

Quae nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris
 et quos praecipue fugiam, properabo fateri,
 nec pudor obstabit. non possum ferre, Quirites, 60
 Graecam urbem. quamvis quota portio faccis Aethaei !
 iam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes,
 et linguam et mores et cum tibicine chordas
 obliquas, nec non gentilia tympana secum
 vexit, et ad circum iussas prostare puellas : 65
 ite quibus grata est picta lupa barbara mitra !

accomplice, he whose raging mind boils with hidden things which must ever be kept unrevealed ? Nothing does that man think he owes you, nothing will he ever bestow *on you*, who has made you the sharer in an honourable secret. He will be dear to Verres who can accuse Verres at any time he pleases. Let not all the sands of shady Tagus, and all the gold that is rolled into the sea, be of such account to you as that you should lose your sleep, and sorrowfully take bribes which will have to be disgorged, and always be feared by your powerful friend.

What race is now most in favour with our rich men, and what people I would particularly shun, I will hasten to tell you, nor shall shame prevent me. I cannot bear, Romans, a Greek city ; and yet, how small a portion of our dregs is from Greece ! Long since, Syrian Orontes has flowed into the Tiber, and has brought with it its language and manners, and with the piper the oblique chords, and the national tambourines, and the girls made to stand for hire at the circus. Hie thither, ye who have a fancy for a foreign harlot in an embroidered turban ! That

rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
 et ceromatico fert niceteria collo!
 hic alta Sicyone, ast hic Amydone relictā,
 hic Andro, ille Samo, hic Trallibus aut Alabandis 70
 Esquilias dictumque petunt a vimine collem,
 viscera magnarum domuum dominique futuri.
 ingenium velox, audacia perditā, sermo
 promptus et Isaeo torrentior. ede, quid illum
 esse putes? quem vis hominem secum attulit ad nos, 75
 grammaticus rhetor geometres pictor aliptes
 augur schoenobates medicus magus, omnia novit.
 Graeculus esuriens, in coelum, iusseris, ibit;
 ad summam, non Maurus erat neque Sarmata nec Thrax,
 qui sumpsit pennas, mediis sed natus Athenis. 80
 horum ego non fugiam conchylia? me prior ille
 signabit fultusque toro meliore recumbet,
 advectus Romam quo pruna et cottana vento?

79. in summa.

once rustic son of yours, Quirinus, adopts Greek slippers and wears Greek prizes of victory on his neck anointed with Ceroma. This one who has left steep Sicyon, and this Amydon, this one from Andros, and that from Samos, another from Tralles or Alabanda, seek the Esquiline and the hill named from its osiers, the vitals of great houses and their future masters. Their wit is quick, their impudence desperate, their speech ready, and more fluent than *that of* Isaeus. Tell us what you take one of these fellows to be? He has brought us a Jack-of-all-trades in his person—grammarian, rhetorician, geometrician, painter, anointer, augur, tight-rope dancer, physician, magician: he knows everything. Bid the hungry Greekling go to heaven, he will go. In short, it was not a Moor, nor a Sarmatian, nor a Thracian who put on wings, but one born in the heart of Athens. Shall I not shun the purple robes of these fellows? Shall such an one sign his name before me, and recline at table propped on a more honourable couch, though imported to Rome by the same wind as plums and figs? Is it then so absolutely

usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia coelum
 hausit Aventini bacca nutrita Sabina? *oliva* 85
 quid quod adulandi gens prudentissima laudat *skull*
 sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici,
 et longum invalidi collum cervicibus aequat
 Herculis Antaeum procul a tellure tenentis,
 miratur vocem angustam, qua deterius nec 90
 ille sonat, quo mordetur gallina marito.
 haec eadem licet et nobis laudare, sed illis
 creditur. an melior, cum Thaida sustinet, aut cum
 uxorem comoedus agit vel Dorida nullo
 cultam palliolo? mulier nempe ipsa videtur, 95
 non persona loqui, vacua et plana omnia dicas
 infra ventriculum et tenui distantia rima. *velly, dylf*
 nec tamen Antiochus, nec erit mirabilis illic
 aut Stratocles aut cum molli Demetrius Haemo,
 natio comoeda est. rides, maiore cachinno
 concutitur; flet, si lacrimas conspexit amici, *hypocomy* 100

nothing that my infancy drank in the air of the Aventine,
 nourished on the Sabine olive? Why add that the race so
 cunning in flattery praises the conversation of an ignorant and
 the face of a hideous friend, and compares the long throat of
 a puny fellow to the neck of a Hercules holding Antaeus far
 from the earth, or admires the squeaking voice than which
 nothing worse comes even from the male bird which pecks at
 the hen? We too have it in our power to praise these same
 things, but then they are believed. Can any one be better than
 he when he sustains the part of Thais, or when he acts the wife
 in a comedy, or Doris unattired in a mantle? To be sure a
 woman in person seems to speak, and not a mask *merely*: you
 would declare it was a woman perfect in all respects. And yet
 Antiochus, or Stratocles, or Demetrius, and the effeminate
 Haemus, would be no marvels in their own country. The
 nation is one of comedians. Do you laugh, he is convulsed
 with a louder guffaw; he weeps if he has seen the tears of a
 friend, without feeling any grief; if you should ask for a trifle

nec dolet; igniculum brumae si tempore poscas,
 accipit endromidem; si dixeris 'aestuo,' sudat. *W 2P*
 non sumus ergo pares: melior, qui semper et omni
 nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum, 105
 a facie iactare manus, laudare paratus,
 si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus,
 si frulla inverso crepitum dedit aurea fundo. *bnr*
 praeterea sanctum nihil est nec ab inguine tutum,
 non matrona laris, non filia virgo, neque ipse 110
 sponsus levis adhuc, non filius ante pudicus;
 horum si nihil est, aviam resupinat amici.
 [scire volunt secreta domus atque inde timeri.] *perhaps glos*
 Et quoniam coepit Graecorum mentio, transi
 gymnasia atque audi facinus maioris abollae. 115
 stoicus occidit Baream, delator amicum,
 discipulumque senex, ripa nutritus in illa,
 ad quam Gorgonei delapsa est pinna caballi.
 non est Romano cuiquam locus hic, ubi regnat

105. aliena.

107. lectum.

118. penna.

of fire in winter time, he accepts a wrapper; if you say, 'I am hot,' he sweats. We are not equally matched, then; he has the advantage of me, who, at all times, and every day and night, is able to assume a countenance which is not his own, to wave his hands from his face, prepared to express his approval if his friend has belched freely, or successfully performed other natural acts. Moreover, nothing is sacred to him or safe from his lust: not the mistress of the house, not the virgin daughter, nor the betrothed bridegroom himself, still beardless, nor the son, hitherto chaste. If there be none of these, he lays hold of his friend's grandmother. They seek to know the secrets of the house, and so to be feared.

And since we have begun to mention the Greeks, pass by their training-schools, and hear a crime of the larger cloak. A stoic killed Bareas, the informer his friend, an old man brought up on that shore on which the pinion of the Gorgonean steed lighted, his own disciple. There is not place for any Roman

Protogenes aliquis vel Diphilus aut Erimarchus, 120
 qui gentis vitio numquam partitur amicum,
 solus habet; nam cum facilem stillavit in aurem
 exiguum de naturae patriaeque veneno,
 limine summoveor, perierunt tempora longi
 servitii; nusquam minor est iactura clientis. 125
 / Quod porro officium, ne nobis blandiar, aut quod
 pauperis hic meritum, si curet nocte togatus
 currere, cum praetor lictorem impellat et ire
 praecipitem iubeat, dudum vigilantibus orbis,
 ne prior Albinam et Modiam collega salutet? 130
 divitis hic servi claudit latus ingenuorum
 filius; alter enim quantum in legione tribuni
 accipiunt donat Calvinae vel Catienae,
 ut semel atque iterum super illam palpitet, at tu,
 cum tibi vestiti facies scorti placet, haeres 135
 et dubitas alta Chionem deducere sella.

here, where reign some Protogenes or Diphilus or Erimarchus, who, with the vicious propensity of his race, never shares a friend, *but* keeps him to himself; for when he has instilled into his ready ear a particle of the poison of his own nature and country, I am elbowed away from the threshold, my long period of servitude has been thrown away. Nowhere is the pitching overboard of a client of less account.

What, moreover, are the services of the poor man—to speak plain truth—what are his good turns *worth* here, if he makes it his business to hurry in his toga before daybreak, when the praetor *himself* is urging on his lictor, and bidding him go with all speed, since the childless matrons have been long awake, for fear his colleague be beforehand in paying his respects to Albina and Modia? Here the son of free-born parents gives the wall to the wealthy man of servile birth; for the latter gives to Calvina or Catiena, to enjoy her favours once and again, as much as the tribunes in the legion receive; but you, when the face of a dressed-up harlot pleases you, hesitate and are doubtful about handing down Chione from her lofty seat. Produce at

da testem Romae tam sanctum, quam fuit hospes
 numinis Idaei, procedat vel Numa vel qui
 servavit trepidam flagranti ex aede Minervam :
 protinus ad censum, de moribus ultima fiet 140
 quaestio, 'quot pascit servos? quot possidet agri
 iugera? quam multa magnaue paropside coenat?'
 quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca,
 tantum habet et fidei. iures licet et Samothracum
 et nostrorum aras, contemnere fulmina pauper 145
 creditur atque deos, dis ignoscentibus ipsis.
 quid quod materiam praebet causasque iocorum
 omnibus hic idem, si foeda et scissa lacerna,
 si toga sordidula est et rupta calceus alter
 pelle patet, vel si consuto vulnere crassum 150
 atque recens linum ostendit non una cicatrix.
 nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
 quam quod ridiculos homines facit. 'exeat,' inquit,

Rome a witness as virtuous as was the host of the Idaean deity ;
 let Numa stand forth, or he who saved the trembling Minerva
 from the burning temple, forthwith the inquiry will be as to
 his property, and last of all as to his character. 'How many
 slaves does he keep? How many acres of land does he possess?
 How numerous and how large the dishes at his dinners?' In
 proportion to the amount of money each man keeps in his
 strong-box, so much belief does he obtain. Though you swear
 by the altars of the Samothracian and our own *divinities*, the
 poor man is supposed to contemn thunderbolts and gods, with
 the connivance of the gods themselves. Why add that this
 same *poor man* furnishes everybody with material and subjects
 for jests, if his cloak is dirty and torn, if his toga is a trifle
 shabby and one of his shoes shows an opening with a slit in
 the leather, or if more than one seam exhibits the coarse and
 recently applied thread, where the rent has been sewn together?
 There is nothing which unhappy poverty has in itself harder
 than this, that it makes men ridiculous. 'Let him be off,'
 says *the usher*, 'if he has any shame, and rise from the cushions

' si pudor est, et de pulvino surgat equestri,
 cuius res legi non sufficit, et sedeant hic'— 155
 lenonum pueri quocumque in fornice nati,
 hic plaudat nitidi praeconis filius inter
 pinnirapi cultos iuvenes iuvenesque lanistae;
 sic libitum vano, qui nos distinxit, Othoni.
 quis gener hic placuit censu minor atque puellae 160
 sarcinulis impar? quis pauper scribitur heres?
 quando in consilio est aedilibus? agmine facto
 debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites!
 haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
 res angusta domi, sed Romae durior illis 165
 conatus, magno hospitium miserabile, magno
 servorum ventres et frugi coenula magno.
 fictilibus coenare pudet, quod turpe negavit
 translatus subito ad Marsos mensamque Sabellam
 contentusque illic veneto duroque cucullo. 170

170. culullo (Ruperti).

of the knights, whose property does not satisfy the law, and let
 there sit here'—the sons of pimps, in whatever brothel born;
 here let the son of the sleek crier applaud among the gladiator's
 dandy youths and the youths of the trainer. Such was the
 fancy of idle Otho, who made the distinction between us.
 Who is acceptable here as a son-in-law whose means are inferior,
 and who is unequal to *furnishing* a trousseau for the young
 lady? What poor man is put down for a legacy? When is
 he called into counsel *even* by the aediles? The poor among
 the Romans ought long ago to have emigrated in a body. Not
 easily do those emerge from obscurity whose noble qualities are
 cramped by domestic poverty: but at Rome the attempt is still
 harder for them; a great price *must be paid* for a wretched
 lodging, a great price for slaves' keep, a great price for a modest
 little dinner. A man is ashamed to dine off earthenware, which
 he would not think discreditable if he were suddenly transported
 to the Marsians and a Sabine repast, and contented there with
 wearing a sea-green and thick capote.

Pars magna Italiae est, si verum admittimus, in qua
 nemo togam sumit nisi mortuus. ipsa dierum
 festorum herboso colitur si quando theatro
 maiestas, tandemque redit ad pulpita notum
 exodium, cum personae pallentis hiatum 175
 in gremio matris formidat rusticus infans,
 aequales habitus illic similesque videbis
 orchestram et populum, clari velamen honoris
 sufficiunt tunicae summis aedilibus albae.
 hic ultra vires habitus nitor, hic aliquid plus 180
 quam satis est interdum aliena sumitur arca.
 commune id vitium est, hic vivimus ambitiosa
 paupertate omnes. quid te moror? omnia Romae
 cum pretio. quid das, ut Cossum aliquando salutes,
 ut te respiciat clauso Veiento labello? 185
 ille metit barbam, crinem hic deponit amati,
 plena domus libis venalibus. accipe et istud

177. *similemque.*

There is a great part of Italy, if we accept the truth, in which
 no one wears a toga but the dead. Whenever even the majesty
 of festive days is celebrated in a grassy theatre, and at length
 the well-known interlude reappears on the stage, when the
 rustic infant in its mother's lap is frightened at the gaping of
 the ghastly mask, there you will see an equality in dress,
 the orchestra-stalls and the people alike; and, as the garb of
 their high office, white tunics are sufficient for the highest
 aediles. Here splendour of dress is *carried* beyond people's
 means; here something more than is enough is occasionally
 taken out of another man's strong-box. This vice is common
 to us all; here all of us live in a *state of* pretentious poverty.
 Why detain you further? In Rome, everything costs a price.
 What *fee* do you give to be able to pay your respects sometimes
 to Cossus? for Veiento to bestow a look on you, without
 opening his lips? One *patron* shaves the beard, another cuts
 off the hair of a favourite; the house is full of cakes for sale.
 Take this and let it stir up your bile; we clients are obliged to

fermentum tibi habe: praestare tributa clientes
cogimur et cultis augere peculia servis.

Quis timet aut timuit gelida Praeneste ruinam, 190
aut positis nemorosa inter iuga Volsiniis, aut
simplicibus Gabiis, aut proni Tiburis arce?
nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine fultam
magna parte sui; nam sic labentibus obstat
villicus, et veteris rimae cum textit hiatus, 195
securos pendente iubet dormire ruina.
vivendum est illic, ubi nulla incendia, nulli
nocte metus. iam poscit aquam, iam frivola transfert
Ucalegon, tabulata tibi iam tertia fumant,
tu nescis; nam si gradibus trepidatur ab imis, 200
ultimus ardebit, quem tegula sola tuetur
a pluvia, molles ubi reddunt ova columbae.
lectus erat Codro Procula minor, urceoli sex,
ornamentum abaci, nec non et parvulus infra

195. contextit.

pay tribute and to increase the perquisites of *these* dandified slaves.

Who fears, or *ever* has feared, the falling of a house at cool Praeneste, or at Volsinii seated among the wooded hills, or at primitive Gabii, or on the heights of sloping Tibur? We inhabit a city propped up to a great extent by thin buttresses; for in this way the steward prevents the houses from falling; and when he has plastered over the gaping of an old crack, he bids us sleep secure, with ruin overhanging *us*. The place to live in is where there are no fires, no nocturnal alarms. Already Ucalegon is calling for water, already he is removing his chattels, already your third story is smoking: you yourself know nothing about it; for if the alarm begins from the bottom of the stairs, he will be the last to burn whom the tiling alone protects from the rain, where the soft doves lay their eggs. Codrus had a couch too small for *his* Procula, six little jugs, the ornament of his sideboard, and a tiny drinking-cup beneath it into the bargain, and a *figure* of Chiron reclining under the same marble:

cantharus et recubans sub eodem marmore Chiron, 205
 iamque vetus Graecos servabat cista libellos,
 et divina opici rodebant carmina mures.
 nil habuit Codrus, quis enim negat? et tamen illud *ne*
 perdidit infelix totum nihil; ultimus autem
crowning point aerumnae est cumulus, quod nudum et frusta rogantem 210
 nemo cibo, nemo hospitio tectoque iuvabit.
mourning / si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
 pullati proceres, differt vadimonia praetor; *girl, disperse*
 tunc gemimus casus urbis, tunc odimus ignem.
 ardet adhuc, et iam accurrit qui marmora donet, 215
 conferat impensas; hic nuda et candida *signa*, *expense*
 hic aliquid praeclarum Euphranoris et Polycleti,
 haec Asianorum vetera ornamenta deorum,
 hic libros dabit et forulos mediamque Minervam, *bookcase*
 hic modium argenti: meliora ac plura reponit
 Persicus orborum lautissimus et merito iam *child* 220
 suspectus, tamquam ipse suas incenderit aedes.

214. geminus.

215. occurrit.

218. Phaeasianorum.

a chest, old by this time, contained some Greek books, and barbarians of mice were gnawing the divine poems. Codrus had nothing: who indeed denies this? and yet the wretched man lost all that nothing: but the crowning point of his misery is, that though naked and begging for broken scraps, no one will help him with food, no one with shelter or a roof. If the great house of Asturicus has been destroyed, *we have* the matrons dishevelled, the nobles in mourning, the praetor adjourns his court; then we groan over the accidents of the town, then we detest fire. The fire is still burning, and already some one runs up to make a present of marbles, and share in the expenses of rebuilding. One will contribute nude and white statues, another some masterpiece of Euphranor or Polycletus; some lady will give antique ornaments of Asiatic gods, another man books and bookcases and a bust of Minerva, another a bushel of silver: Persicus replaces *what is lost by* choicer and more numerous objects, most sumptuous of childless men, and sus-

si potes avelli circensibus, optima Sorae
aut Fabrateriae domus aut Frusinone paratur,
quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum. ²²⁵
hortulus hic, puteusque brevis nec reste movendus ^{well, one}
in tenues plantas facili diffunditur haustu. ^{drunk}
vive bidentis amans et culti villicus horti, ^{we know}
unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis:
est aliquid, quocumque loco, quocumque recessu ²³⁰
unius sese dominum fecisse lacertae.

Plurimus hic aeger moritur vigilando; sed ipsum
languorem peperit cibus imperfectus et haerens
ardenti stomacho; nam quae meritoria somnum
admittunt? magnis opibus dormitur in urbe; ²³⁵
inde caput morbi; redarum transitus arcto
vicorum in flexu et stantis convicia mandrae
eripient somnum Druso vitulisque marinis.

232. illum.

238. eripiunt.

pected with reason of having himself set fire to his own house. If you are capable of being torn away from the games of the Circus, an excellent house can be procured at Sora, or Fabrateria, or Frusino, for the same price at which you now hire a dark hole for a single year. There *you have* a little garden, and a shallow well, that does not require to be worked with a rope, irrigates your tender plants with easy draught. Live enamoured of your hoe, and the overseer of your own trim garden, from which you could furnish a banquet for a hundred Pythagoreans. It is something, in whatever place, in whatever retreat, to have made one's self owner of a single lizard.

Many a sick man dies here from want of sleep, the indisposition itself having been produced by food undigested, and clinging to the fevered stomach. For what hired lodgings allow of sleep? Rich men *alone* can sleep in the city. Hence the origin of the disease. The passage of carriages in the narrow windings of the streets, and the abuse of the drovers from the herds brought to a stand, would rob of sleep *even* Drusus and sea-calves.

Si vocat officium, turba cedente vehetur
 dives et ingenti curret super ora Liburno 240
 atque obiter leget aut scribet vel dormiet intus,
 namque facit somnum clausa lectica fenestra.
 ante tamen veniet; nobis properantibus obstat
 unda prior, magno populus premit agmine lumbos
 qui sequitur, ferit hic cubito, ferit assere duro 245
 alter, at hic tignum capiti incutit, ille metretam;
 pingua crura luto, planta mox undique magna
 calcor, et in digito clavus mihi militis haeret.

Nonne vides, quanto celebretur sportula fumo?
 centum convivae, sequitur sua quemque culina. 250
 Corbulo vix ferret tot vasa ingentia, tot res
 impositas capiti, quot recto vertice portat
 servulus infelix et cursu ventilat ignem.
 scinduntur tunicae sartae modo, longa coruscat

246. lignum.

If a complimentary attendance calls him, the rich man will be carried through the yielding crowd, and will speed over their heads on his huge Liburnian *bearers*, and will read on his way, or write, or even sleep inside; for a litter with closed windows is productive of sleep. Yet he will arrive before us: we, in our hurry, are impeded by the wave in front, *while* the multitude which follows us presses on our loins in dense array; one strikes *me* with his elbow, another with a hard pole, one knocks a beam against my head, another a wine-jar. My legs are sticky with mud; before long I am trodden on upon all sides by large feet, and the hobnails of a soldier stick into my toe.

Do you not see with how great an *accompaniment* of smoke the Sportula is frequented? A hundred guests: every one is followed by his own *portable* kitchen. Corbulo could scarcely bear so many huge vessels, so many things placed on his head, as the unfortunate little slave carries with upright summit, while he fans the fire by his rapid motion. Tunics that have only just been patched are torn; the long fir-trunk vibrates in the approaching waggon, and other carts convey the pine-tree; they

sarraco veniente abies, atque altera pinum 255
 plaustra vehunt, nutant alte populoque minantur.
 nam si procubuit qui saxa Ligustica portat
 axis et eversum fudit super agmina montem,
 quid superest de corporibus? quis membra, quis ossa
 invenit? obtritum vulgi perit omne cadaver 260
 more animae. domus interea secura patellas
 iam lavat et bucca foculum excitat et sonat unctis
 strigilibus et pleno componit lintea gutto.
 haec inter pueros varie properantur, at ille
 iam sedet in ripa tetrumque novicius horret 265
 porthmea, nec sperat coenosi gurgitis alnum
 infelix, nec habet quem porrigat ore trientem.

Respice nunc alia ac diversa pericula noctis,
 quod spatium tectis sublimibus, unde cerebrum
 testa ferit, quoties rimosa et curta fenestris 270
 vasa cadunt; quanto percussum pondere signent

256. altae.

261. morte.

oscillate on high, and threaten the people; for if the vehicle which carries Ligurian stone blocks has *once* upset, and poured its overturned mountain-load upon the troops of *passers-by*, what will remain of their bodies? who will find their limbs, who their bones? All the carcasses of the vulgar, crushed to atoms, will perish like a breath. The unsuspecting household, in the meanwhile, are by this time washing the dishes, and blowing up the fire with their mouths, and resounding with the oiled scrapers, and arranging the towels, with the full oil-flask. These are the bustling occupations of the slaves, in their various ways: but he (*the victim*) is already seated on the banks of the *Styx*, and, novice as he is, dreads the grim ferryman, nor does he hope for the boat to make the *passage* of the muddy abyss, nor has he a triens in his mouth to offer, as a fee.

Observe now the different and distinct dangers of the night; what a height it is to the lofty house-tops, from which a potsherd strikes your pate as often as cracked and broken utensils fall from the windows; with what a weight they dint and damage

et laedant silicem. possis ignavus haberi
et subiti casus improvidus, ad coenam si
intestatus eas: adeo tot fata, quot illa
nocte patent vigiles te praetereunte fenestras. 275
ergo optes votumque feras miserabile tecum,
ut sint contentae patulas defundere pelves.
ebrius ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
dat poenas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Pelidae, cubat in faciem, mox deinde supinus. 280
ergo non aliter poterit dormire? quibusdam
somnum rixa facit; sed quamvis improbus annis
atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina laena
vitari iubet et comitum longissimus ordo,
multum praeterea flammularum et aenea lampas. 285
[me, quem luna solet deducere vel breve lumen
candelae, cuius dispenso et tempero filum,
contemnit. miserae cognosce prooemia rixae,

277. diffundere, effundere.

the flint-pavement when they strike it. You may *well* be accounted remiss and improvident about a sudden accident, if you go out to supper without having made a will. Just so many fatal chances there are, as there are wakeful windows open on the night when you are passing by. Hope then, and bear this pitiable prayer about with you, that they may be content to empty out flat-pans *over you*. The drunken and insolent fellow, who has not chanced to pummel anybody, suffers tortures; he undergoes a night like that of Achilles mourning for his friend; he lies *first* on his face, and directly afterwards on his back. Won't he then be able to sleep otherwise? *No*; it is a quarrel that makes some people sleep: but though wanton from his years and heated with wine, he keeps clear of him whom the scarlet cloak and the very long train of attendants, and moreover the multitude of torches and the bronzed candelabrum, point out as one to be avoided: me, whom the moon is wont to escort home, or the brief light of a candle, whose wick I regulate and husband, he despises. Mark the preliminaries of the

si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.
 stat contra starique iubet. parere necesse est, 290
 nam quid agas, cum te furiosus cogat et idem
 fortior? 'unde venis?' exclamat 'cuius aceto,
 cuius conche tumes? quis tecum sectile porrum
 sutor et elixi vervecis labra comedit?
 nil mihi respondes? aut dic, aut accipe calcem! 295
 ede, ubi consistas! in qua te quaero proseucha?'
 dicere si tentes aliquid tacitusve recedas,
 tantumdem est, feriunt pariter, vadimonia deinde
 irati faciunt. Libertas pauperis haec est:
 pulsatus rogat et pugnīs concisus adorat, 300
 ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.
 nec tamen haec tantum metuas, nam qui spoliēt te
 non deerit, clausis domibus, postquam omnis ubique
 fixa catenatae siluit compago tabernae;
 interdum et ferro subitus grassator agit rem, 305

wretched brawl, if brawl it be, where you strike and I am
 beaten only. He stands facing you, and orders you to stand;
 you must needs obey, for what are you to do when a madman
 forces you, and he too stronger than yourself? 'Whence do
 you come?' he exclaims. 'With whose vinegar, with whose
 beans are you gorged? What cobbler has been devouring with
 you cut leeks or soddēn sheep's-head? Do you answer me
 nothing? Speak or be kicked! Tell me where you take up
 your begging-stand: in what synagogue am I to look for you?'
 It is all one whether you try to say anything, or draw back in
 silence; they beat you just the same; then, *as if* in a passion,
 they are for making you give bail. This is the liberty of a poor
 man; after being beaten, he prays, and after being thrashed
 with fisty-cuffs, he entreats, to be allowed to retire from the
 scene with a few teeth *left him*. Nor yet are such things all
 you have to fear: for there will not be wanting he who will
 plunder you after the houses are closed, and in all directions the
 fastenings of the chained-up shops are fixed and at rest. Some-
 times, too, the swift footpad plies his business with the steel, as

armato quoties tutae custode tenentur
 et Pomptina palus et Gallinaria pinus ;
 sic inde huc omnes tamquam ad vivaria currunt.
 qua fornace graves, qua non incude, catenae ?
 maximus in vinclis ferri modus, ut timeas, ne 310
 vomer deficiat, ne marrae et sarcula desint.
 felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
 secula, quae quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
 viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

His alias poteram et plures subnectere causas, 315
 sed iumenta vocant, et sol inclinatur, eundem est ;
 nam mihi commota iamdudum mulio virga
 annuit. ergo vale nostri memor, et quoties te
 Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
 me quoque ad Helvinam Cererem vestramque Dianam 320
 convelle a Cumis ; satirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
 adiutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros."

321. converte.

322. auditor.

often as the Pomptine marshes and the Gallinarian forest are kept safe by an armed guard : all these fellows run from there to this place just as to a game-preserve. What forge is there, what anvil, on which chains are not *lying* heavy ? The greatest proportion of iron is *used* in *making* fetters, so that one may well fear that ploughs will fail, that mattocks and hoes will run short. Happy our remote ancestors ! happy one may call the ages which of yore, under kings and tribunes, beheld Rome contented with a single prison.

To these I had it in my power to add other and many reasons ; but my steeds summon me, and the sun is declining. I must be off. For the muleteer has been signalling to me for some time by a movement of his whip. Good-bye, then, and remember me, and as often as Rome shall restore you, eager to recruit yourself, to your *favourite* Aquinum, do you tear me away too from Cumae to Helvine Ceres and your Diana. I will come, in my hobnailed shoes, to that cool country to assist you in your Satires, if they be not ashamed of my aid."

SATIRA IV.

ECCCE iterum Crispinus, et est mihi saepe vocandus
 ad partes, monstrum nulla virtute redemptum
 a vitiis, aegrae solaque libidine fortes
 deliciae; viduas tantum aspernatur adulter.
 quid refert igitur, quantis iumenta fatiget 5
 porticibus, quanta nemorum vectetur in umbra,
 iugera quot vicina foro, quas emerit aedes?
 nemo malus felix, minime corruptor et idem
 incestus, cum quo nuper vittata iacebat
 sanguine adhuc vivo terram subitura sacerdos. 10
 sed nunc de factis levioribus; et tamen alter
 si fecisset idem, caderet sub iudice morum.
 nam quod turpe bonis, Titio Seioque, decebat
 Crispinum; quid agas, cum dira et foedior omni

3. aeger; fortis.

4. delicias; viduae; spernatur.

9. vitiata.

SATIRE IV.

WHAT, Crispinus again! and I shall often have to summon him
 to play his part; a monster redeemed by no one virtue from his
 vices; a minion, feeble *in all else*, and strong in his lusts alone.
 It is only single women that this adulterer turns up his nose at.
 What matters it then in what vast colonnades he wearies his
 steeds, in what vast shade of groves he is carried, how many
 acres in the neighbourhood of the Forum, what houses he has
 bought? No bad man is happy, least of all a seducer who is at
 the same time incestuous, with whom not long ago there lay a
 filleted priestess, destined to be put under the ground with her
 life-blood still warm. But now of lighter deeds: and yet
 another, if he had done the same, would have been condemned
 by *our* censor. For what would be disgraceful for good men,
 for Titius and Seius, was becoming to Crispinus. What are you

crimine persona est? mullum sex millibus emit, 15
 aequantem sane paribus sestertia libris,
 ut perhibent qui de magnis maiora loquuntur.
 consilium laudo artificis, si munere tanto
 praecipuam in tabulis ceram senis abstulit orbi;
 est ratio ulterior, magnae si misit amicae, 20
 quae vehitur clauso latis specularibus antro.
 nil tale exspectes, emit sibi. multa videmus,
 quae miser et frugi non fecit Apicius. hoc tu
 succinctus patria quondam, Crispine, papyro,
 hoc pretio squamae! potuit fortasse minoris 25
 piscator, quam piscis, emi; provincia tanti
 vendit agros, sed maiores Appulia vendit.

Quales tunc epulas ipsum glutisse putemus
 induperatorem, cum tot sestertia partem
 exiguam et modicae sumptam de margine coenae 30

28. nunc; putamus.

to do when the person himself is *more* loathsome and more foul than any accusation *can represent him*? He bought a mullet for six thousand sesterces, equalling, forsooth, the sestertia by as many pounds in weight, as they relate, who, about big things, talk still bigger. I praise the design of the contriver, if by a present of such value he carried off the principal place in the will of some childless old man. There is a further way of accounting for it, if he sent it to some mistress of rank who is carried about in her closed-up den, with its broad windows. Don't anticipate anything of the kind; he bought it for himself. We see many things such as Apicius, poor frugal man, never did. Did you *do* this, Crispinus, when girt about in days of yore with the papyrus of your country? Were fish scales *sold* at this price? The fisherman himself might, perhaps, have been bought for less than your fish. The provinces sell estates for this sum; and Apulia still larger ones.

What sort of banquets must we suppose the Emperor himself to have gorged at that time, when so many sestertia, *representing* but a small portion, and one taken from among the side-dishes

purpureus magni ructarit scurra Palati,
 iam princeps equitum, magna qui voce solebat
 vendere municipes fracta de merce siluros!
 incipe Calliope! licet et considerare; non est
 cantandum, res vera agitur. narrate puellae 35
 Pierides; prosit mihi vos dixisse puellas!

Cum iam semianimum laceraret Flavius orbem
 ultimus, et calvo serviret Roma Neroni,
 incidit Adriaci spatium admirabile rhombi
 ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica sustinet Ancon, 40
 implevitque sinus; nec enim minor haeserat illis,
 quos operit glacies Maeotica, ruptaque tandem
 solibus effundit torpentis ad ostia Ponti,
 desidia tardos et longo frigore pingues.
 destinat hoc monstrum cymbae linique magister 45
 pontifici summo. quis enim proponere talem
 aut emere auderet, cum plena et litora multo

33. pacta, facta, fricta, Pharia.

43. effudit.

of an ordinary dinner, were belched forth by this purple-clad buffoon of the great palace, now at the head of the knights, but who used with loud voice to sell his compatriot shad-fish, part of his damaged wares! Begin Calliope; you may sit down too; it is not a case for singing; we are dealing with a real occurrence. Narrate, maiden Pierides; and may I have the benefit of having called you "maidens."

While the last of the Flavii was mangling the world, half dead by this time, and Rome was in slavery to a bald Nero, a wonderful-sized Adriatic turbot fell *into the net* before the temple of Venus which Doric Ancon supports, and filled its folds; nor, indeed, when it stuck there, was it smaller than those which the ice of the Maeotis encloses, and which, when it is at length broken up by the sun's rays, it pours forth to the outlets of the sluggish Euxine, heavy from rest, and fat from the long cold. This prodigy the owner of the boat and net destines for the chief pontiff. For who would dare set up for sale or buy such a fish, when even the shores were full of a crowd of informers?

delatore forent? dispersi protinus algae
 inquisitores agerent cum remige nudo,
 non dubitaturi fugitivum dicere piscem 50
 depastumque diu vivaria Caesaris, inde
 elapsum veterem ad dominum debere reverti.
 si quid Palfurio, si credimus Armillato,
 quidquid conspicuum pulchrumque est aequore toto,
 res fisci est, ubicumque natat; donabitur ergo, 55
 ne pereat. iam letifero cedente pruinis
 autumno, iam quartanam sperantibus aegris,
 stridebat deformis hiems praedamque recentem
 servabat; tamen hic properat, velut urgeat auster.
 utque lacus suberant, ubi quamquam diruta servat 60
 ignem Troianum et Vestam colit Alba minorem,
 obstitit intranti miratrix turba parumper;
 ut cessit, facili patuerunt cardine valvae,
 exclusi spectant admissa opsonia patres.
 itur ad Atriden. tum Picens "accipe," dixit, 65

64. expectant.

These inspectors of seaweed, dispersed about, would forthwith have called the helpless boatman to account, and would not have hesitated to declare the fish a stray, and one that had long been fed in the preserves of Caesar, *and*, that having escaped thence, it ought to return to its old master. If we give any credence to Palfurius or Armillatus, whatever is remarkable or fine in the whole sea is the property of the privy-purse, wherever it swims. It must be made a present of, therefore, lest it be wasted. With deadly autumn already giving place to the hoar-frosts, and sick people already hoping for the quartan, grim winter was raging and preserving the recent capture; yet our man hurries on as if the south wind impelled him; and when the lakes were near at hand, where Alba, although in ruins, still preserves the Trojan fire and worships the lesser Vesta, the wondering crowd prevented his entrance for a short time. As it gave way, the folding-doors opened with ready hinge. The senators, shut out, behold the dainty admitted. He makes his way to Atrides. Then says

"privatis maiora focis, genialis agatur
 iste dies, propera stomachum laxare saginis
 et tua servatum consume in secula rhombum.
 ipse capi voluit." quid apertius? et tamen illi
 surgebant cristae; nihil est quod credere de se 70
 non possit, cum laudatur dis aequa potestas.
 sed deerat pisci patinae mensura. vocantur
 ergo in consilium procures, quos oderat ille,
 in quorum facie miserae magnaeque sedebat
 pallor amicitiae. primus, clamante Liburno, 75
 "currite, iam sedit!" rapta properabat abolla
 Pegasus, attonitae positus modo villicus urbi.
 anne aliud tunc praefecti? quorum optimus atque
 interpres legum sanctissimus, omnia quamquam
 temporibus diris tractanda putabat inermi 80
 iustitia. venit et Crispi iucunda senectus,
 cuius erant mores qualis facundia, mite

the Picenian, "Accept what is too great for a private kitchen; let this day be devoted to your genius; hasten to distend your stomach with good things, and consume a turbot reserved for your epoch. The fish got himself caught of his own accord." What could be more glaring? And yet his (*the Emperor's*) crest was rising. There is nothing which power is not able to believe of itself when it is extolled as being equal to the gods. But there was wanting a dish to the measure of the fish. So the chiefs are called into counsel, whom he hated, on whose faces sat the pallor of a wretched, exalted friendship. First of all, at the cry of the Liburnian *slave*, "Make haste; he is already seated!" there hurried along, snatching up his cloak, Pegasus, who had recently been set as bailiff over the awestruck city—were the Praefects anything else at that period? of whom he was the best and the most righteous interpreter of the laws, although, in *such* dreadful times, he thought everything was to be administered by justice unarmed. There came, too, pleasant old Crispus, whose moral character was of the same kind as his eloquence, a gentle nature. Who *could have been* a more useful

ingenium. maria ac terras populosque regenti
 quis comes utilior, si clade et peste sub illa
 saevitiam damnare et honestum afferre liceret 85
 consilium? sed quid violentius aure tyranni,
 cum quo de pluviis aut aestibus aut nimbo
 vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici?
 ille igitur numquam direxit brachia contra
 torrentem, nec civis erat, qui libera posset 90
 verba animi proferre et vitam impendere vero:
 sic multas hiemes atque octogesima vidit
 solstitia, his armis illa quoque tutus in aula.
 proximus eiusdem properabat Acilius aevi
 cum iuvene, indigno quem mors tam saeva maneret 95
 et domini gladiis tam festinata; sed olim
 prodigio par est cum nobilitate senectus,
 unde fit ut malim fraterculus esse gigantis.
 profuit ergo nihil misero, quod cominus ursos
 figebat Numidas Albana nudus arena 100

96. jam destinata.

97. in nobilitate.

minister to one ruling over seas and lands and peoples, if, under that scourge and pest, he had been allowed to condemn his violence, and to offer honest advice? But what more ruthless than the ear of a tyrant, with whom hung suspended the fate of a friend, about to talk *merely* of the showers, or the heats, or the rainy spring? He, then, never directed his arms against the torrent, nor was he a citizen who could give utterance to the free sentiments of his soul, and stake his life on the truth. In this way he saw many winters and eighty summers; with such armour, safe even in that court. Next to him hurried Acilius, of the same age, with a young man who did not deserve that a death so cruel should await him, and one so prematurely inflicted by the despot's swords: but for a long time past, old age, coupled with nobility, is as good as a prodigy; whence it happens that I would prefer to be the small brother of a giant. It availed the wretched man nothing, then, that he used to transfix Numidian bears in hand-to-hand fight, a naked huntsman on the arena of

venator. quis enim iam non intelligat artes
 patricias? quis priscum illud miratur acumen,
 Brute, tuum? facile est barbato imponere regi.
 nec melior vultu, quamvis ignobilis, ibat
 Rubrius, offensae veteris reus atque tacendae, 105
 et tamen improbior satiram scribente cinaedo.
 Montani quoque venter adest abdomine tardus,
 et matutino sudans Crispinus amomo,
 quantum vix redolent duo funera, saevior illo
 Pompeius tenui iugulos aperire susurro, 110
 et qui vulturibus servabat viscera Dacis
 Fuscus, marmorea meditatus proelia villa,
 et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,
 qui numquam visae flagrabat amore puellae;
 grande et conspicuum nostro quoque tempore monstrum, 115
 caecus adulator dirusque a ponte satelles,
 dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes
 blandaque devexae iactaret basia rodæ.

101. intelligit.

102. miretur.

Alba. For who by this time does not understand the artifices of the patricians? Who marvels at that old-world craftiness of yours, Brutus? It is easy to impose on a king with a beard. Nor, with more cheerful looks, though not one of the nobility, went Rubrius, guilty of an old offence, and one not to be spoken of, and yet more impudent than the pathic satirist. Fat-bellied Montanus is present, too, unwieldy with his paunch; and Crispinus, reeking with his morning perfume to a degree that two funerals would hardly smell of; and Pompeius, still more ruthless than he at slitting throats by a gentle whisper; and he who was preserving his entrails for the Dacian vultures, Fuscus, who had studied battles in his marble villa; and wary Veiento, with the deadly Catullus, who was burning with lust for a girl whom he could not see, a great and conspicuous prodigy even in our time, a blind flatterer, and horrible satellite of the bridge *kind*, worthy to beg beside the vehicles on the Arician *hill*, and to throw sweet kisses to the carriage on its way down. No one

nemo magis rhombum stupuit, nam plurima dixit
in laevum conversus, at illi dextra iacebat 120
bellua. sic pugnas Cilicis laudabat et ictus
et pegma et pueros inde ad velaria raptos.
non cedit Veiento, sed ut fanaticus oestro
percussus Bellona tuo, divinat et "ingens
omen habes," inquit, "magni clarique triumphi. 125
regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
excidet Arviragus. peregrina est bellua, cernis
erectas in terga sudes?" hoc defuit unum
Fabricio, patriam ut rhombi memoraret et annos.
"quidnam igitur censes? conciditur?" "absit ab illo 130
dedecus hoc!" Montanus ait, "testa alta paretur,
quae tenui muro spatiosum colligat orbem;
debetur magnus patinae subitusque Prometheus.
argillam atque rotam citius properate! sed ex hoc
tempore iam, Caesar, figuli tua castra sequantur." 135

was more struck with the turbot; for he made many remarks turning to the left, whereas the monster was lying to his right. In the same way he used to praise the fighting of the Cilician *gladiator*, and his thrusts, and the stage-machine, and the boys caught up by it to the awnings. Veiento is not to be outdone, but, like one frenzied and stung by thy gadfly, Bellona, he bursts into prophecy, and, "You have *there* a mighty omen," he says, "of a great and glorious triumph: you will capture some king, or Arviragus will tumble out of his Britannic chariot: the monster is a foreigner; do you perceive the bristles erect on his back?" In one thing alone was Fabricius at fault, in mentioning the country and age of the turbot. "What then do you opine for? Is it to be cut up?" "Far from it be such a disgrace as this," says Montanus; "let a deep vessel be prepared to contain the spacious circumference between its thin sides. Some great Prometheus, and a speedy one, is required for the dish. Quick with the clay and the wheel; but now from this time forth, Caesar, let potters follow your camp." This proposal, worthy of the man, carried the day; he was versed in

vicit digna viro sententia ; noverat ille
luxuriam imperii veterem noctesque Neronis
iam medias aliamque famem, cum pulmo Falerno
arderet. nulli maior fuit usus edendi
tempestate mea ; Circeis nata forent an 140
Lucrinum ad saxum Rutupinove edita fundo
ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu,
et semel aspecti litus dicebat echini.
surgitur, et misso procures exire iubentur
consilio, quos Albanam dux magnus in arcem 145
traxerat attonitos et festinare coactos,
tamquam de Cattis aliquid torvisque Sicambris
dicturus, tamquam diversis partibus orbis
anxia praecipiti venisset epistola penna.

Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset 150
tempora saevitiae, claras quibus abstulit urbi
illustresque animas impune et vindice nullo !

the old debauchery of the imperial court, and Nero's midnights, and that second appetite when the lungs were fired by Falernian wine. No one had greater experience in eating in my time : he was skilled in detecting at the first bite whether oysters were natives of Circeii or the Lucrine rocks, or produced from the depths of Rutupiae ; and he could tell the shore a sea-urchin came from the moment he saw him. They rise, and, the council dismissed, the nobles are ordered to retire, whom the great chief had dragged to his Alban citadel, bewildered and forced to hurry, as though he had been about to make some communication to them concerning the Catti or the fierce Sicambri, as though from the opposite end of the world an anxious express had come with dashing wing.

And yet, I would that he had rather devoted *even* to such trifles as *these* the whole of that period of violence in which he deprived the city of noble and illustrious spirits with impunity, and with none to avenge them. But he perished as soon as he had begun to be an object of fear to the rabble. This it

sed periit, postquam cerdonibus esse timendus
coeperat; hoc nocuit Lamiarum caede madenti.

SATIRA V.

SI te propositi nondum pudet atque eadem est mens,
ut bona summa putes aliena vivere quadra,
si potes illa pati, quae nec Sarmentus iniquas
Caesaris ad mensas nec vilis Galba tulisset,
quamvis iurato metuum tibi credere testi. 5
ventre nihil novi frugalius. hoc tamen ipsum
defecisse puta, quod inani sufficit alvo;
nulla crepido vacat? nusquam pons et tegetis pars
dimidia brevior? tantine iniuria coenae?
tam ieiuna fames, cum possit honestius illic 10
et tremere et sordes farris mordere canini?

10. cum Pol sit; possis cum.

was that was fatal to one reeking with the slaughter of the
Lamiae.

SATIRE V.

If you are not yet ashamed of your course of life, and are of
the same mind, so as to think it the chief good to live on
another man's crumbs, if you can put up with such things as
not even Sarmentus at the unequal board of Caesar, nor vile
Galba, would have borne, I should be afraid to believe your
evidence, even though you were on oath. I know of nothing
more frugal than the belly. Suppose, however, even that *little*
to be wanting which suffices to an empty stomach, is there no
raised footpath vacant? is there nowhere a bridge or a bit of
mat, short of its half, *to beg on*? Is the insult of a dinner
worth such a price? Is your hunger so craving, when it might
more honourably be shivering there and gnawing dirty scraps of
dog-biscuit?

Primo fige loco, quod tu discumbere iussus
 mercedem solidam veterum capis officiorum.
 fructus amicitiae magnae cibus, imputat hunc rex,
 et quamvis rarum tamen imputat. ergo duos post 15
 si libuit menses neglectum adhibere clientem,
 tertia ne vacuo cessaret culcita lecto,
 "una simus" ait. votorum summa, quid ultra
 quaeris? habet Trebius, propter quod rumpere somnum
 debeat et ligulas dimittere, sollicitus ne 20
 tota salutatrix iam turba peregerit orbem,
 sideribus dubiis, aut illo tempore, quo se
 frigida circumagunt pigri sarraca Bootae.
 qualis coena tamen! vinum, quod sucida nolit
 lana pati; de conviva Corybanta videbis. 25
 iurgia proludunt, sed mox et pocula torques
 saucius et rubra deterges vulnere mappa,

12. finge.

Impress this on yourself in the first place, that you, when
 bidden to recline at table, are receiving payment in a lump for
 your old services. The return for this lofty connection is food;
 this the great man sets down to your account, and, rare though
 it be, still he sets it down. If, therefore, after the lapse of two
 months, it has pleased him to invite his neglected client, that a
 third cushion might not go a-begging on some couch not yet
 filled up, "Let us dine together," he says. The summit of your
 wishes *is attained*: what more do you ask for? Trebius has
 got that for the sake of which he is bound to break his sleep,
 and to leave his shoes untied, in his solicitude lest the whole
 crowd of visitors should already have accomplished their round,
 while the stars are growing dim or *even* at the time when the
 cold wain of sluggish Bootes is wheeling round. Yet what a
 dinner it is! Wine, which newly-shorn wool would not imbibe:
 you will see the guest turn into one of the Corybantes. Wrang-
 lings form the prelude: but soon you hurl even your cups when
 you have been struck, and wipe your wounds with reddened

inter vos quoties libertorumque cohortem
 pugna Saguntina fervet commissa lagena.
 ipse capillato diffusum consule potat 30
 calcitamque tenet bellis socialibus uvam,
 cardiaco numquam cyathum missurus amico;
 cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
 Setinis, cuius patriam titulumque senectus
 delevit multa veteris fuligine testae; 35
 quale coronati Thrasea Helvidiusque bibebant
 Brutorum et Cassi natalibus. ipse capaces
 Heliadum crustas et inaequales beryllo
 Virro tenet phialas; tibi non committitur aurum,
 vel si quando datur, custos affixus ibidem, 40
 qui numeret gemmas, unguis observet acutos.
 "da veniam, praeclara illic laudatur iaspis."
 nam Virro, ut multi, gemmas ad pocula transfert
 a digitis, quas in vaginae fronte solebat
 ponere zelotypo iuvenis praelatus Iarbae. 45

towel, as often as between you and the cohort of freedmen
 rages a fight waged with Saguntine pitchers. The host swills
wine bottled under some long-haired Consul, and keeps to him-
 self *the juice* of the grape trodden during the social wars, of
 which he will never send even a small cup to a friend with the
 cardiac disease. To-morrow he will drink something from the
 Alban or Setine hills, whose country and label old age has
 effaced by the quantity of smoke undergone by the ancient
 wine-jar,—such *wine* as Thrasea and Helvidius, with chaplets
 on their heads, used to drink on the birthdays of the Bruti and
 Cassius. Virro himself retains the capacious embossed cups of
 amber, and the drinking vessels rough with beryl; the gold is
 not entrusted to you, or, if at any time it is handed you, a
 guardian is attached to its company to count the gems and
 observe your sharp nails. "Pray excuse me; there is a splendid
 jasper there which is *much* admired!" For Virro, like many,
 transfers from his fingers to his drinking cups the gems which
 the youth preferred to jealous Iarbas was wont to set at the top

tu Beneventani sutoris nomen habentem
 siccabis calicem nasorum quatuor ac iam
 quassatum et rupto poscentem sulfura vitro.
 si stomachus domini feryet vinoque ciboque,
 frigidior Geticis petitur decocta pruinis; 50
 non eadem vobis poni modo vina querebar,
 vos aliam potatis aquam. tibi pocula cursor
 Gaetulus dabit, aut nigri manus ossea Mauri,
 et cui per mediam nolis occurrere noctem,
 clivosae veheris dum per monumenta Latinae. 55
 flos Asiae ante ipsum pretio maiore paratus,
 quam fuit et Tulli census pugnacis et Anci
 et, ne te teneam, Romanorum omnia regum
 frivola. quod cum ita sit, tu Gaetulum Ganymedem
 respice, cum sities. nescit tot millibus emptus 60
 pauperibus miscere puer, sed forma, sed aetas
 digna supercilio. quando ad te pervenit ille?

of his scabbard. You will drain a beaker bearing the name
 of the cobbler of Beneventum, with four spouts, and already
 cracked, and calling for sulphur-matches in exchange for broken
 glass. If the stomach of my lord is heated with wine and food,
 he calls for water, boiled down, and cooled with the snow of
 Scythia. Was I complaining just now that the same wines are
 not set before you? You drink a different water. Your cups
 will be served to you by a Gaetulian lackey, or the bony hand
 of a black Moor, one whom you would not like to run against
 in the middle of the night, while you are being conveyed
 through the tombs on the steep Latin way. Before the master
stands the flower of Asia, purchased at a price larger than made
 up the fortune of either warlike Tullus or Ancus; and, in
 short, all the goods and chattels of the Roman kings. Such
 being the case, do you look to your Gaetulian Ganymede
 when you are thirsty. A boy bought for so many thousands is
 incapable of mixing for poor people: yet his beauty, his age,
 justify his pride. When does the former reach you? When

quando vocatus adest calidae gelidaeque minister?
 quippe indignatur veteri parere clienti,
 quodque aliquid poscas, et quod se stante recumbas. 65
 maxima quaeque domus servis est plena superbis.
 ecce, alius quanto porrexit murmure panem
 vix fractum, solidae iam mucida frusta farinae,
 quae genuinum agitent, non admittentia morsum;
 sed tener et niveus mollique siligine factus 70
 servatur domino. dextram cohibere memento,
 salva sit artoptae reverentia! finge tamen te
 improbulum, superest illic qui ponere cogat.
 "vis tu consuetis audax conviva canistris
 impleri, panisque tui novisse colorem?" 75
 "scilicet hoc fuerat, propter quod saepe relicta
 coniuge per montem adversum gelidasque cucurri
 Esquilias, fremeret saeva cum grandine vernus
 Iuppiter et multo stillaret paenula nimbo!"
 aspice, quam longo distendat pectore lancem, 80
 63. rogatus. 72. artocopi.

does he come at your call to serve hot and cold water? He is indignant forsooth at *the idea* of obeying an old client, and at your asking for anything, and at your reclining while he stands. Every great house is full of supercilious slaves. See with what grumbling another fellow has handed you the bread, broken with difficulty, scraps of solid flour, mouldy by this time, so as to irritate your grinders by not admitting of a bite. But *bread* tender and snow-white and made of soft grain is kept for my lord. Be sure you restrain your right hand: respect for the bread-pan must be maintained. Imagine yourself, however, to be a trifle impudent, there is one standing above you there to make you hand over. "Will you, you audacious guest, fill yourself from your usual basket, and know the colour of your own bread?" "Forsooth, this it was for the sake of which I often left my wife and ran up the opposite hill, the cold Esquiline, when the vernal sky sounded with the pitiless hail, and my cloak dripped with the frequent showers!" See with how long a breast the lobster which is

quae fertur domino squilla, et quibus undique septa
 asparagis, qua despiciat convivium cauda,
 dum venit excelsi manibus sublata ministri.
 sed tibi dimidio constrictus cammarus ovo
 ponitur exigua feralis coena patella. 85
 ipse Venafrano piscem perfundit, at hic, qui
 pallidus affertur misero tibi caulis, olebit
 laternam; illud enim vestris datur alveolis, quod
 canna Micipsarum prora subvexit acuta,
 propter quod Romae cum Bocchare nemo lavatur, 90
 quod tutos etiam facit a serpentibus Afros.
 nullus erit domino, quem misit Corsica vel quem
 Tauromenitanae rupes, quando omne peractum est
 et iam defecit nostrum mare, dum gula sacvit,
 retibus assiduis penitus scrutante macello 95
 proxima, nec patimur Tyrrhenum crescere piscem.
 instruit ergo focum provincia, sumitur illinc

91. Afria, atris.

92. domini.

96. patitur.

carried to my lord distends, *as it were*, the dish, and with what
 asparagus it is fenced in on all sides, with what a tail it looks
 down upon the company, while it comes borne aloft by the
 hands of a tall attendant! But to you a common crab, scantily
 garnished with half an egg, is served,—a funereal supper on a
 tiny dish. The host pours over his fish oil from Venafrum;
 but this sickly cabbage which is brought to you, poor man!
 will smell of the lamp: for that *oil* is served in your sauce-boats
 which the canoe of the Micipsae has imported with its sharp
 prow, for fear of which no one in Rome bathes with Bocchar,
 which even makes the Africans safe from serpents. There will
 be a mullet for my lord, which Corsica has sent, or the rocks of
 Tauromenium, since all our seas have been ransacked and have
 failed by this time, while gluttony rages, the market with un-
 ceasing nets searching to the bottom the neighbouring *seas*, and
 we do not even allow the Tyrrhenian fish to grow. So the pro-
 vinces supply our kitchen; thence we are furnished with what

quod captator emat Laenas, Aurelia vendat.
 Virroni muraena datur, quae maxima venit
 gurgite de Siculo; nam dum se continet Auster, 100
 dum sedet et siccat madidas in carcere pennas,
 contemnunt mediam temeraria lina Charybdim.
 vos anguilla manet longae cognata colubrae,
 aut glacie aspersus maculis Tiberinus, et ipse
 vernula riparum, pinguis torrente cloaca, 105
 et solitus mediae cryptam penetrare Suburae.

Ipsi pauca velim, facilem si praebeat aurem.
 nemo petit, modicis quae mittebantur amicis
 a Seneca, quae Piso bonus, quae Cotta solebat
 largiri (namque et titulis et fascibus olim 110
 maior habebatur donandi gloria), solum
 poscimus ut coenes civiliter; hoc face et esto,
 esto, ut nunc multi, dives tibi, pauper amicis.

Anseris ante ipsum magni iecur, anseribus par

101. pinnae.

105. torpente.

the fortune-hunter Laenas may buy, and Aurelia sell *again*. To Virro a lamprey is served, of huge size, which has come from the Sicilian whirlpool; for while Auster contains himself, while he sits and dries his humid pinions in prison, the adventurous fishing-nets make light of the very centre of Charybdis. An eel awaits you folks, a relative of the long snake, or a Tiburine *pike*, sprinkled with frost-spots, and even the low native of the river banks, fattened by the gushing sewer, and wont to penetrate the drains under the very middle of the Suburra.

I should like a few words with the host, if he would lend me a favourable ear. Nobody asks for the gifts which used to be sent to his humble friends by Seneca, which worthy Piso, which Cotta was in the habit of dispensing: for in old times the glory of giving was held to be greater than even inscriptions of nobility or fasces: all we ask is that you dine with common courtesy. Do this and be—be, as many are nowadays—a rich man for yourself, a poor man for your friends.

Before the host, the liver of a huge goose, fatted poultry the

altilis, et flavi dignus ferro Meleagri 115
 fumat aper, post hunc tradentur tubera, si ver
 tunc erit et facient optata tonitrua coenas
 maiores. "tibi habe frumentum" Allidius inquit,
 "o Libye, disiunge boves, dum tubera mittas."
 structorem interea, ne qua indignatio desit, 120
 saltantem spectas et chironomunta volanti
 cultello, donec peragat dictata magistri
 omnia; nec minimo sane discrimine refert,
 quo gestu lepores et quo gallina secetur.
 duceri planta velut ictus ab Hercule Cacus, 125
 et ponere foris, si quid tentaveris umquam
 hiscere, tamquam habeas tria nomina. quando propinat
 Virro tibi sumitque tuis contacta labellis
 pocula? quis vestrum temerarius usque adeo, quis
 perditus, ut dicat regi "bibe"? plurima sunt, quae 130
 non audent homines pertusa dicere laena.

116. *spumat; radentur.*

size of geese, and a boar smokes worthy of the steel of yellow-haired Meleager; after which truffles will be served, if it should then be spring-time, and the wished-for thunder increases the bill of fare. "Keep your corn to yourself, O Libya!" says Allidius; "unyoke your oxen, provided you send us truffles." Meanwhile, that no *cause for* indignation may be wanting, you behold the carver skipping and waving his hands with flourishes of the knife, until he has gone through all the directions of his professor. Nor, in truth, does it make a trifling difference with what gestures hares, and with what fowls, are cut up. You will be dragged by the heels, like a Cacus knocked on the head by Hercules, and thrust out of doors, if you should ever attempt to open your mouth about anything, as though you had three names! When does Virro drink with you, or take the cup contaminated by your lips? Which of you is so utterly foolhardy, or so lost to shame, as to say to the great man, "Drink"? There are very many things which men dare not say when their

quadringenta tibi si quis deus aut similis dis
 et melior fatis donaret homuncio, quantus
 ex nihilo fieres, quantus Virronis amicus!
 "da Trebio! pone ad Trebium! vis, frater, ab ipsis 135
 ilibus?" o nummi, vobis hunc praestat honorem,
 vos estis fratres. dominus tamen et domini rex
 si vis tu fieri, nullus tibi parvulus aula
 luserit Aeneas nec filia dulcior illo.
 iucundum et carum sterilis facit uxor amicum. 140
 sed tua nunc Migale pariat licet et pueros tres
 in gremium patris fundat simul, ipse loquaci
 gaudebit nido, viridem thoraca iubebit
 afferri minimasque nuces assemque rogatum,
 ad mensam quoties parasitus venerit infans. 145
 vilibus ancipites fungi ponentur amicis,
 boletus domino, sed quales Claudius edit
 ante illum uxoris, post quem nil amplius edit.

142. semel.

146. portentur.

cloaks have got holes in them. If some god, or some little man like to the gods, and better than the Fates, were to give you four hundred *sestertia*—from a nobody, what a great man you would become, what a great friend of Virro's. "Serve Trebius! Set before Trebius! May I help you, *dear* brother, to some of the *tit-bits* of the inside?" O money! it is to you he pays this honour; it is you who are his brother. If, however, you wish to become the lord and king of your lord, let no little Aeneas play in your halls, nor a daughter yet more endearing than he: a barren wife makes an agreeable and valued friend. But, now, though your Migale should bring forth, and pour three boys at a birth into the lap of their father, your patron himself will rejoice in the twittering nest, and will order the green doublet to be brought in, and the filberts, and the small coin begged for, as often as the infant parasite shall come to the table. To his friends of small account, doubtful-looking funguses will be served,—a mushroom to my lord; aye, such as Claudius ate before that one of his wife's, after which he ate nothing more.

Virro sibi et reliquis Virronibus illa iubebit
 poma dari, quorum solo pascaris odore, 150
 qualia perpetuus Phaeacum autumnus habebat,
 credere quae possis surrepta sororibus Afris;
 tu scabie frueris mali, quod in aggere rodit
 qui tegitur parma et galea metuensque flagelli
 discit ab hirsuta iaculum torquere capella. 155
 forsitan impensae Virronem parcere credas;
 hoc agit, ut doleas; nam quae comoedia, mimus
 quis melior plorante gula? ergo omnia fiunt,
 si nescis, ut per lacrimas effundere bilem
 cogaris pressoque diu stridere molari. 160
 tu tibi liber homo et regis conviva videris;
 captum te nidore suae putat ille culinae,
 nec male coniectat. quis enim tam nudus, ut illum
 bis ferat, Etruscum puero si contigit aurum
 vel nodus tantum et signum de paupere loro? 165
 spes bene coenandi vos decipit. "ecce dabit iam

Virro will order such apples to be handed to himself and the rest of the Virros as will feast you with their odour alone, such as the eternal autumn of the Phaeacians possessed, which you might believe to have been pilfered from the African sisters. You will enjoy a scabby apple, such as on the rampart he (*the monkey*) gnaws who is dressed up with a shield and helmet, and, in dread of the whip, is taught to throw his dart from *the back* of a shaggy goat. Perhaps you believe Virro to be practising economy. *No*; he is acting on purpose to annoy you; for what comedy, what farce is better than disappointed gluttony? So everything is done, if you do not know it, to compel you to give vent to your bile by tears, and gnash long with compressed teeth. You appear to yourself to be a free man, and the great lord's guest. He thinks you are caught by the savour of his kitchen; nor does he conjecture amiss; for who so destitute as to put up with the man a second time if the Etruscan gold *bullæ* has fallen to his lot in boyhood, or even a knot merely, and a symbol of freedom made of humble leather? The hope of

semesum leporem atque aliquid de clunibus apri;
 ad nos iam veniet minor altilis." inde parato
 intactoque omnes et stricto pane tacetis.
 ille sapit, qui te sic utitur. omnia ferre
 si potes, et debes; pulsandum vertice raso
 praebebis quandoque caput, nec dura timebis
 flagra pati his epulis et tali dignus amico.

170

SATIRA VI.

CREDO Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
 in terris visamque diu, cum frigida parvas
 praeberet spelunca domos, ignemque laremque
 et pecus et dominos communi clauderet umbra,
 silvestrem montana torum cum sterneret uxor

5

168. vos.

dining well deceives you. "See, he is just going to give us a half-eaten hare and a trifle from the haunch of a boar; some of the inferior poultry will be coming to us directly." For this reason you are all silent, with your bread ready and untasted, and grasped *in your hands*. He is wise who so uses you. If you are able to bear everything, you ought to *bear everything*. Some day or other you will be holding out your head with shaven crown to be thumped, and won't hesitate to submit to the sharp whip, *showing yourself* worthy of such a banquet and of such a friend!

SATIRE VI.

I CAN believe that chastity tarried on earth, and was long seen in the time of King Saturn; when the cool cave furnished a small dwelling, and enclosed fire and household gods, the herd and its masters in a common shade; when the mountain wife spread a rustic couch with leaves and straw, and the skins of

frondibus et culmo vicinarumque ferarum
 pellibus, haud similis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cuius
 turbavit nitidos exstinctus passer ocellos,
 sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis
 et saepe horridior glandem ructante marito. 10
 quippe aliter tunc orbe novo coeloque recenti
 vivebant homines, qui rupto robore nati
 compositive luto nullos habuere parentes.
 multa pudicitiae veteris vestigia forsân
 aut aliqua exstiterint et sub Iove, sed Iove nondum 15
 barbato, nondum Graecis iurare paratis
 per caput alterius, cum furem nemo timeret
 caulibus et pomis, et aperto viveret horto.
 paulatim deinde ad superos Astraea recessit
 hac comite, atque duae pariter fugere sorores. 20
 antiquum et vetus est alienum, Postume, lectum
 concutere atque sacri genium contemnere fuleri;
 omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit aetas,
 viderunt primos argentea secula moechos.

wild beasts of the neighbourhood; not like to you, Cynthia,
 nor to you whose bright eyes the death of a sparrow clouded;
 but bearing breasts to be quaffed by her huge infants, and often
 more uncouth than her acorn-belching husband. For indeed
 men were living differently then, with a new world and sky
 fresh-made, who, born from the riven oak or compounded of
 clay, had no parents. Many vestiges of old-world chastity, or
 some *at least*, may perhaps have existed even under Jove, but
 Jove not yet bearded, when Greeks were not yet prepared to
 swear by another's head, when no one feared a thief for his
 cabbages and apples, and *every one* lived with an unenclosed
 garden. By degrees afterwards Astraea withdrew to the gods
 above, with her for a companion, and the two sisters fled at the
 same time. It is *an* ancient and old-world *practice*, Postumus,
 to trespass on another's bed, and to contemn the genius of the
 sacred couch. Every other crime the period of iron soon pro-
 duced; the silver age beheld the first adulterers.

Conventum tamen et pactum et sponsalia nostra 25
 tempestate paras, iamque a tonsore magistro
 pectoris et digito pignus fortasse dedisti.
 certe sanus cras. uxorem, Postume, ducis ?
 dic, qua Tisiphone, quibus exagitare colubris ?
 ferre potes dominam salvis tot restibus ullam, 30
 cum pateant altae caligantesque fenestrae,
 cum tibi vicinum se praebeat Aemilius pons ?
 aut si de multis nullus placet exitus, illud
 nonne putas melius, quod tecum pusio dormit,
 pusio, qui noctu non litigat, exigit a te 35
 nulla iacens illic munuscula, nec queritur quod
 et lateri parcas nec quantum iussit anheles ?
 sed placet Ursidio lex Iulia, tollere dulcem
 cogitat heredem, cariturus turture magno
 mullorumque iubis et captatore macello. 40
 quid fieri non possé putes, si iungitur ulla
 Ursidio, si moechorum notissimus olim
 stulta maritali iam porrigit ora capistro,

Yet you are preparing a marriage covenant and settlements and a betrothal in our time, and are already having your hair dressed by a master barber, and have perhaps given a pledge for her finger. Assuredly you used to be sane. Are you taking to yourself a wife, Postumus? Say by what Tisiphone, by what snakes are you driven wild? Are you able to bear any lady paramount when there are so many ropes still in existence; when high and dizzy windows are open; when the Aemilian bridge offers itself close at hand to you? Or if, out of so many modes of exit, none pleases you, do you not think this preferable that a boy sleeps with you; a boy who does not dispute at night, exacts from you, as he lies there, no little presents, and does not complain that you neglect him? But the Julian law pleases Ursidius; he thinks to rear a sweet heir, though he will lose the fine turtle-dove, and the bearded mullets, and the *produce* of the fortune-hunting market. What can you suppose impossible, if any woman is coupled to Ursidius, if that once

quem toties texit perituri cista Latini?
 quid, quod et antiquis uxor de moribus illi 45
 quaeritur. o medici, mediam pertundite venam!
 delicias hominis! Tarpeium limen adora
 pronus et auratam Iunoni caede iuencam,
 si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.
 paucae adeo Cereris vittas contingere dignae, 50
 quarum non timeat pater oscula. necte coronam
 postibus et densos per limina tende corymbos!
 unus Hiberinae vir sufficit! ocus illud
 extorquebis, ut haec oculo contenta sit uno.
 magna tamen fama est cuiusdam rure paterno 55
 viventis. vivat Gabiis, ut vixit in agro,
 vivat Fidenis, et agello cedo paterno.
 quis tamen affirmat nil actum in montibus aut in
 speluncis? adeo senuerunt Iuppiter et Mars?

46. nimiam.

most notorious of adulterers, whom the chest of Latinus in danger of his life has so often concealed, is now offering his foolish head to the matrimonial halter? Nay, more, he is looking out for a wife of even antique morality. Oh! doctors, lance him through the middle vein! A pretty fellow! Adore, prostrate, the Tarpeian threshold, and sacrifice a gilded-horned heifer to Juno, if a matron of modest person has fallen to your happy lot. So few there are worthy to handle the fillets of Ceres, whose own fathers do not shrink from their kisses. Bind the garland to your doorposts, and hang thick bunches of flowers across your gateways. A single husband satisfies Hiberina! You will more readily extort this from her, that she should be content with a single eye. However, great is the reputation of a certain some one living on her father's estate. Let her live at Gabii as she has lived in the country, let her live at Fidenae, and I give up the paternal farm. And yet who assures us that nothing has taken place on the hills or in the caves? Have Jupiter and Mars grown so old?

Porticibusne tibi monstratur femina voto 60
digna tuo, cuneis an habent spectacula totis
quod securus ames quodque inde excerpere possis?
chironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo,
Tuccia vesicae non imperat, Appula gannit
sicut in amplexu subitum et miserabile longum, 65
attendit Thymele; Thymele tunc rustica discit.
ast aliae, quoties aulaea recondita cessant,
et vacuo clausoque sonant fora sola theatro,
atque a plebeiis longe Megalesia, tristes
personam thyrsusque tenent et subligar Acci. 70
Urbicus exodio risum movet Atellanae
gestibus Autonoes, hunc diligit Aelia pauper.
solvitur his magno comoedi fibula, sunt quae
Chrysogonum cantare vetent, Hispulla tragoedo
gaudet: an exspectas ut Quintilianus ametur? 75

75. exspectes.

In *all* the piazzas can a woman be shown you who comes up to your wishes, or do the public shows contain in all their compartments of seats a being whom you might love in security and thence select? While the effeminate Bathyllus is dancing *the part of* the pantomimic Leda, Tuccia cannot command her passions; Appula gives a gasp, as though in a sexual embrace, sudden and pitiable and long; Thymele watches her, then it is that Thymele *herself*, rustic that she is *in comparison*, learns something. But other ladies, whenever the drop-scene is packed away and at rest, and the law-courts alone resound, while the theatre is empty and closed, and the Megalesia are *still* a long way from the Plebeian games, in their dulness handle the mask and thyrsus and drawers of Accius. Urbicus raises a laugh in the interlude by the gesticulations of Autonoe of the Atellan farce; and the poor Aelia is in love with him. For others, the fibula of the comedian is loosened at a great price: there are some who prevent Chrysogonus from singing: Hispulla delights in a tragedian. Do you suppose that Quintilian will be fallen

accipis uxorem, de qua citharoedus Echion
aut Glaphyrus fiat pater Ambrosiusque choraules.
longa per angustos figamus pulpita vicos,
ornentur postes et grandi ianua lauro,
ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo
nobilis Euryalum mirmillonem exprimat infans.

80

Nupta senatori comitata est Hippiā ludium
ad Pharon et Nilum famosaque moenia Lagi,
prodigia et mores urbis damnante Canopo.
immemor illa domus et coniugis atque sororis
nil patriae indulsit, plorantesque improba natos,
utque magis stupeas, ludos Paridemque reliquit.
sed quamquam in magnis opibus plumaque paterna
et segmentatis dormisset parvula cunis,
contempsit pelagus; famam contempserat olim,
cuius apud molles minima est iactura cathedras.
Tyrrenos igitur fluctus lateque sonantem

85

90

in love with? You receive a wife, by whom the harper Echion, or Glaphyrus, and Ambrosius, the choral flute-player, may become a father. Let us erect long scaffoldings along the narrow streets, let the doorposts and gate be adorned with a huge bay, in order that, in your bed inlaid with tortoise-shell, O Lentulus! your noble infant may present the image of Euryalus, the gladiator!

Hippiā, married to a senator, accompanied a gladiator to Pharos and the Nile, and the infamous walls of Lagos,—Canopus *itself* condemning the portentous exhibitions, and manners of our city. This woman, unmindful of her home and her husband and her sister, showed no regard for her country, and shamelessly deserted her weeping children, and, to amaze you still more, Paris and the public games. But though, as a child, she had slept in great luxury, on the soft down of her father's house, and in a cradle decked with fringes, she made light of the sea; her reputation she had long made light of, the loss of which is *held to be* very trifling among the soft litters of the ladies. So then she bore up against the Tuscan waves and the wide-sounding Ionian,

pertulit Ionium constanti pectore, quamvis
 mutandum toties esset mare. iusta pericli
 si ratio est et honesta, timent pavidoque gelantur 95
 pectore, nec tremulis possunt insistere plantis:
 fortem animum praestant rebus, quas turpiter audent.
 si iubeat coniux, durum est conscendere navem;
 tunc sentina gravis, tunc summus vertitur aer:
 quae moechum sequitur, stomacho valet. illa maritum 100
 convomit, haec inter nautas et prandet et errat
 per puppem et duos gaudet tractare rudentes.
 qua tamen exarsit forma, qua capta iuventa
 Hippiā, quid vidit, propter quod ludia dici
 sustinuit? nam Sergiolus iam radere guttur 105
 coeperat et secto requiem sperare lacerto;
 praeterea multa in facie deformia, sicut
 attritus galea mediisque in naribus ingens
 gibbus, et acre malum semper stillantis ocelli.

108. galeae (H. Vales).

with undaunted breast, although the sea had to be changed so many times. If there be a reason for incurring danger which is just and honourable, they are frightened, and turn ice-cold in their fainting hearts, and cannot stand upon their tottering feet. They bestow their fortitude of soul upon the things which they dare *to do* disgracefully. When the husband bids, it is a dreadful thing to embark in a ship; then the bilge-water is offensive, then the sky is turning upside down: she who follows an adulterer is strong in her stomach. The former is sick all over her husband: the latter dines among the sailors, and strolls about the deck and delights to handle the hard ropes. Yet by what personal beauty was Hippiā inflamed, by what youthfulness was she captivated? what did she see for the sake of which she endured to be called the gladiator's woman? For darling Sergius had already begun to shave his throat, and to hope for repose for his wounded arm. Moreover, there were many disfigurements in his face; as, for instance, a place worn by his helmet, and a huge wen in the middle of his nose, and the acrid affliction of an

sed gladiator erat : facit hoc illos Hyacinthos ; 110
 hoc pueris patriaeque, hoc praetulit illa sorori
 atque viro. ferrum est quod amant : hic Sergius idem
 accepta rude coepisset Veiento videri.

Quid privata domus, quid fecerit Hippia, curas ?
 respice rivalet divorum, Claudius audi 115
 quae tulerit. dormire virum cum senserat uxor,
 ausa Palatino tegetem praeferre cubili,
 sumere nocturnos meretrix Augusta cucullos,
 linquebat comite ancilla non amplius una,
 et nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero 120
 intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar
 et cellam vacuum atque suam. tunc nuda papillis
 constitit auratis titulum mentita Lyciscae,
 ostenditque tuum, generose Britannice, ventrem,
 excepit blanda intrantes atque aera poposcit, 125
 et resupina iacens multorum absorbuit ictus.

ever-trickling eye. But he was a gladiator : this it is that makes Hyacinthi of them ! This it was that she preferred to her boys, and her country, and her sister, and her husband. It is the steel that they love. This same Sergius, if he had received his discharge, would have begun to appear a Veiento.

Are you interested in the affairs of a private family, in the doings of a Hippia ? Look to the rivals of "the gods ;" hear what Claudius underwent. As soon as his wife had perceived that her husband was sleeping, the imperial harlot, daring to prefer a coarse bed-rug to her couch on the Palatine, and to put on a nocturnal hood, used to leave with not more than one maid for her companion. Then, with a yellow wig concealing her dark hair, she entered a brothel, kept warm by an old curtain of patchwork, and a cell vacant and devoted to her use. There she took her stand, naked, with gilded nipples, having falsely assumed the ticket of Lycisca, and exhibited the belly which bore you, noble Britannicus. She received such as entered caressingly, and asked for money ; and, lying on her back, submitted to the embraces of many. Before long, the keeper of

mox lenone suas iam dimittente puellas
 tristis abit, et, quod potuit, tamen ultima cellam
 clausit, adhuc ardens rigidae tentigine vulvae,
 et lassata viris nec dum satiata recessit, 130
 obscurisque genis turpis fumoque lucernae
 foeda lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem.
 hippomanes carmenque loquar coctumque venenum
 privignoque datum? faciunt graviora coactae
 imperio sexus minimumque libidine peccant. 135
 Optima sed quare Caesennia teste marito?
 bis quingenta dedit: tanti vocat ille pudicam,
 nec pharetris Veneris macer est aut lampade fervet;
 inde faces ardent, veniunt a dote sagittae.
 libertas emitur: coram licet innuat atque 140
 rescribat, vidua est, locuples quae nupsit avaro.
 Cur desiderio Bibulae Sertorius ardet?
 si verum excutias, facies non uxor amatur.

the brothel by this time dismissing his girls, reluctantly she departed, and yet to the best of her power she was the last to close her cell, still burning with the excitement of strong desire; so, fatigued by her lovers, though not yet sated, she retired, and foul with her dirty cheeks, and begrimed with the smoke of the lamp, she bore the odour of the brothel to the imperial couch. Shall I speak of magic potions and incantations and poison prepared and administered to a stepson? They perpetrate still graver crimes when urged by the empire of their sex: the sins they commit through lust are the least.

Then why is Caesennia the best of women on her husband's showing? She brought him twice five hundred sestertia; such is the price at which he calls her chaste, nor is he emaciated by the quivers of Venus, nor does he burn with her torch; this is the source at which his flames are lit, the arrows come from the dowry. She buys her liberty; she may make signals in his presence, and reply to *love-letters*: a rich woman who is married to an avaricious man is *as good as a single woman*.

Why does Sertorius burn with passion for Bibula? If you

tres rugae subeant et se cutis arida laxet,
 fiant obscuri dentes oculique minores,
 "collige sarcinulas," dicet libertus, "et exi!
 iam gravis es nobis et saepe emungeris, exi
 ocius et propera: sicco venit altera naso."
 interea calet et regnat poscitque maritum
 pastores et ovem Canusinam ulmosque Falernas,
 quantulum in hoc! pueros omnes, ergastula tota,
 quodque domi non est sed habet vicinus ematur.
 mense quidem brumae, quo iam mercator Iason
 clausus et armatis obstat casa candida nautis,
 grandia tolluntur crystallina, maxima rursus
 murrina, deinde adamas notissimus et Bernices
 in digito factus pretiosior; hunc dedit olim
 barbarus incestae, dedit hunc Agrippa sorori,
 observant ubi festa mero pede sabbata reges,
 et vetus indulget senibus clementia porcis.

search out the truth, it is the face, not the wife, that is loved.
 Let *but* three wrinkles make their appearance, and the dry skin
 shrivel itself, let her teeth become black and her eyes smaller,
 "Pack up your traps," the freedman will say, "and be off. You
 are grown offensive to us, and you blow your nose *too* often; be off
 at once, and make haste. Another wife is coming with a dry nose."
 Meanwhile she is fiery and imperious, and asks her husband for
 shepherds and sheep from Canusium and Falernian elms—a
 mere trifle this!—for all the boys *she sees*, for whole gangs of
 slaves, and what is not in the house, and a neighbour has got,
 must be bought *for her*. In the winter months, indeed, when
 now the *fresco* of merchant Jason is hidden, and the white booth
 shuts in the armed sailors, large crystal vases are carried off *by*
her, and again huge pieces of porcelain, and then a diamond of
 great repute, made more precious *by having been worn* on the
 finger of Berenice. This a barbarian *king* once gave to his
 incestuous love. This Agrippa gave to his sister, where kings
 observe their festive Sabbaths with naked feet, and long-
 established clemency is indulgent to aged pigs.

Nullane de tantis gregibus tibi digna videtur?
 sit formosa decens dives fecunda, vetustos
 porticibus disponat avos, intactior omni
 crinibus effusis bellum dirimente Sabina,
 rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno, 165
 quis ferat uxorem, cui constant omnia? malo,
 malo Venusinam, quam te, Cornelia mater
 Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers
 grande supercilium et numeras in dote triumphos.
 tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem victumque Syphacem 170
 in castris et cum tota Carthagine migra!
 "parce, precor, Paeon, et tu depone sagittas;
 nil pueri faciunt, ipsam configite matrem!"
 Amphion clamat, sed Paeon contrahit arcum.
 extulit ergo greges natorum ipsumque parentem, 175
 dum sibi nobilior Latonae gente videtur
 atque eadem scrofa Niobe fecundior alba
 quae tanti gravitas, quae forma, ut se tibi semper

166. feret.

Does no woman, *then*, out of such large herds, appear to you worthy? Let her be handsome, graceful, rich, fruitful; let her distribute her ancient forefathers in her corridors; more chaste than any of the Sabine women, who, with streaming locks, decided the war—a rare bird upon earth, and very much resembling a black swan—who could bear a wife in whom all qualities are conjoined? I prefer—*yes*, I prefer—a Venusian *country-woman* to you, Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, if, with your great virtues, you bring your lofty pride and reckon your triumphs in your dowry. Be off, I pray, with your Hannibal and your Syphax conquered in the camp, and tramp with the whole of your Carthage. "Be merciful, I pray you, Paeon; and do you, *Diana*, lay down your arrows. The boys are doing nothing; transfix the mother herself!" Amphion cries; but Paeon bends his bow. So Niobe bore to their graves her herds of children and their parent himself, while she seemed to herself more noble than the race of Latona, and, at the same time, more

imputet? huius enim rari summique voluptas
 nulla boni, quoties animo corrupta superbo 180
 plus aloes quam mellis habet. quis deditus autem
 usque adeo est, ut non illam, quem laudibus effert,
 horreat inque diem septenis oderit horis?

Quaedam parva quidem, sed non toleranda maritis.
 nam quid rancidius, quam quod se non putat ulla 185
 formosam, nisi quae de Tusca Graecula facta est,
 de Sulmonensi mera Cecropis? omnia Graece,
 cum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latine.
 hoc sermone pavent, hoc iram gaudia curas,
 hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta. quid ultra? 190
 concumbunt Graece. dones tamen ista puellis,
 tunc etiam, quam sextus et octogesimus annus
 pulsat, adhuc Graece? non est hic sermo pudicus
 in vetula. quoties lascivum intervenit illud

185. num (Heinr); putet.

192. tunc etiam.

prolific than the white sow. What dignity, what beauty can be of such great price, that she should always reckon herself your creditor? For all pleasure in these rare and consummate advantages is *rendered* null, whenever, spoilt by her pride of soul, she has more of the aloe than the honey. Who, rather, is so utterly made over as not to loathe her whom he extols with his praises, as not to hate her for seven hours in the day?

There are some things, small *in themselves*, it is true, but intolerable to husbands. For what more nauseous than that not one of them thinks herself beautiful, unless from a Tuscan she has become a Greekling; from a native of Sulmo, a pure Athenian. Everything in Greek, whereas it is a greater disgrace to our people to be ignorant of Latin. In this language they give vent to their fears; in this they pour forth their anger, joys, cares—all the secrets of their souls. What more *can they do*? They embrace in the Greek fashion. Yet one may concede such things to girls. But do you, too, whom your six-and-eightieth year is buffeting, still speak Greek? That language is not decent in an old woman. How often does that wanton Zωη

ζωὴ καὶ ψυχὴ! modo sub lodice relictis 195
 uteris in turba. quod enim non excitet inguen
 vox blanda et nequam? digitos habet. Ut tamen omnes
 subsidant pennae, dicas haec mollius Haemo
 quamquam et Carpophoro. Facies tua computat annos.

Si tibi legitimis pactam iunctamque tabellis 200
 non es amaturus, ducendi nulla videtur
 causa, nec est quare coenam et mustacea perdas,
 labente officio crudis donanda, nec illud,
 quod prima pro nocte datur, cum lance beata
 Dacicus et scripto radiat Germanicus auro. 205
 si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni
 est animus, summitte caput cervice parata
 ferre iugum: nullam invenies quae parcat amanti;
 ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis
 et spoliis. igitur longe minus utilis illi 210

197. digitos valet (Heinr).

198. pinnae.

καὶ ψυχὴ (*my life and soul!*) come in! You use in the crowd
 words you have just left under the counterpane. Whose passions,
 indeed, would not be excited by the coaxing and naughty
 expression? It seems to have fingers; yet so that, for all that,
 every one's pinions droop, though you speak these words more
 softly than Haemus or Carpophorus. Your face reckons up
 your years!

If you are not likely to love her who is engaged and united
 to you by a lawful contract, there seems to be no reason for
 marrying; nor is there any object in your wasting a supper, and
 the wedding-cakes which will have to be bestowed, at the close
 of their attendance, on people *already* surfeited, or that *present*
 which is given for the first night, when in the rich dish
 "Dacicus" and "Germanicus" glitter on the inscribed gold
 coin. If yours is an uxorious simplicity, your soul is surrendered
 to one person. Bow down your head, with neck prepared to
 bear the yoke; you will find none to spare the man who loves
 her. Though she be enamoured herself, she delights in torment-
 ing and plundering the loved one. Therefore, a wife will be

uxor, quisquis erit bonus optandusque maritus.

nil umquam invita donabis coniuge, vendes

hac obstante nihil, nihil, haec si nolet, emetur;

haec dabit affectus, ille excludetur amicus

iam senior, cuius barbam tua ianua vidit.

215

testandi cum sit lenonibus atque lanistis

libertas et iuris idem contingat arenae,

non unus tibi rivalis dictabitur heres.

"pone crucem servo." "meruit quo crimine servus

supplicium? quis testis adest? quis detulit? audi;

220

nulla umquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est."

"o demens, ita servus homo est? nil fecerit, esto:

hoc volo, sic iubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas."

Imperat ergo viro, sed mox haec regna relinquit

permutatque domos et flammea conterit, inde

225

avolat et spreti repetit vestigia lecti.

214. excludatur.

218. ditabitur.

223. Sic volo.

226. evolat, advolat.

far less advantageous to him who is likely to be a good and desirable husband. You will give nothing away, at any time, without the consent of your wife; you will sell nothing if she opposes; nothing will be bought if she disapprove. She will prescribe your regards. Yonder old friend will be denied admittance, whose *youthful* beard your gate beheld. While pimps and trainers have the liberty to make a will, and the same amount of right is enjoyed by the arena, *the name of more* than one rival will be dictated to you as a legatee. "Put up a cross for the slave." "On what charge has the slave deserved punishment? Who presents himself as a witness? Who has informed against him? Hear *what he has to say*! No delay is *too* long when the death of a man is in question." "O driveller! so then a slave is a man? He has done nothing, *you say*—granted! Such is my will, so I order it; my pleasure must stand for a reason."

She rules over her husband accordingly. But soon she leaves these realms of hers, and changes her homes, and wears out her

ornatas paulo ante fores, pendentia linquit
 vela domus et adhuc virides in limine ramos.
 sic crescit numerus, sic fiunt octo mariti
 quinque per autumnos, titulo res digna sepulcri. 230

Desperanda tibi salva concordia socru.
 illa docet spoliis nudi gaudere mariti,
 illa docet missis a corruptore tabellis
 nil rude nec simplex rescribere, decipit illa
 custodes aut aere domat. tunc corpore sano 235
 advocat Archigenen onerosaque pallia iactat;
 abditus interea latet et secretus adulter,
 impatiensque morae pavet et praeputia ducit.
 scilicet exspectas ut tradat mater honestos
 atque alios mores quam quos habet? utile porro 240
 filiolum turpi vetulae producere turpem.

Nulla fere causa est, in qua non femina litem

237. securus.

239. exspectas.

240. aut alios.

bridal-veils; thence she flies away and returns to seek again her imprint in the bed she had spurned. She leaves the doors ornamented *but* a little while before, the hanging draperies on the house, and the boughs still green over the threshold. So the number grows; so it is that eight husbands are manufactured in five autumns—a thing worthy of an inscription on her tomb!

You must give up all hope of concord while your mother-in-law is alive. She it is who teaches how to delight in the spoils of a helpless husband; she it is who teaches how to write no ignorant nor innocent reply to notes sent by the seducer; she deceives your spies, or overcomes them with a bribe; then, though sound in health, she (*the daughter*) calls in Archigenes, and tosses the bed-clothes as too heavy for her. Meanwhile, the adulterer lies concealed, hidden away and all alone, and, impatient of delay, is in a tremor of anticipation. Can you expect, forsooth, that the mother will teach good morals, or any others than her own? Besides, it is useful to a wicked old woman to bring up her young daughter to be wicked *too*.

There is scarce any cause in which a woman has not set the

moverit. accusat Manilia, si rea non est.
componunt ipsae per se formantque libellos,
principium atque locos Celso dictare paratae. 245

Endromidas Tyrias et femineum ceroma
quis nescit? vel quis non vidit vulnera pali?
quem cavat assiduis sudibus scutoque lacescit,
atque omnes implet numeros, dignissima prorsus
florali matrona tuba, nisi si quid in illo 250
pectore plus agitat veraeque paratur arenae.
quem praestare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
quae fugit a sexu? vires amat. haec tamen ipsa
vir nollet fieri; nam quantula nostra voluptas!
quale decus, rerum si coniugis auctio fiat, 255
balteus et manicae et cristae crurisque sinistri
dimidium tegmen! vel si diversa movebit
proelia, tu felix ocreas vendente puella!

248. rudibus (Lipsius).

257. tegimen.

suit going. Manilia is the prosecutrix, if she is not the defendant. They themselves compose, unaided, and fashion Plaints, prepared to dictate exordium and "points" to Celsus himself.

Who does not know the wrappers of Tyrian purple, and the ointment for female use? Or who has not seen the wounds inflicted on the training-post, which she pierces with perpetual foil, and excites with her shield, while she goes through all her exercises; a matron truly most worthy of the trumpet of the Floralia, unless, indeed, she meditates something more in that breast of hers, and is being prepared for a real arena. What sense of shame can a woman exhibit who wears a helmet, and flies from her sex? She loves strength. Yet this very woman would be unwilling to be turned into a man; for how small, *in comparison*, is our pleasure! What a pretty thing if an auction of your wife's property were to take place—the belt, and gauntlets, and crests, and a half covering for the left leg; or if she takes to other sorts of fighting, happy fellow *you will be*, with your young wife selling her greaves. These are the women

hae sunt quae tenui sudant in cyclade, quarum
 delicias et panniculus bombycinus urit. 260
 aspice quo fremitu monstratos perferat ictus,
 et quanto galeae curvetur pondere, quanta
 poplitibus sedeat, quam denso fascia libro,
 et ride, positis scaphium cum sumitur armis.
 dicite vos neptes Lepidi caecive Metelli, 265
 Gurgitis aut Fabii, quae ludia sumpserit umquam
 hos habitus? quando ad palum gemat uxor Asyli?
 Semper habet lites alternaque iurgia lectus,
 in quo nupta iacet; minimum dormitur in illo.
 tunc gravis illa viro, tunc orba tigride peior, 270
 cum simulat gemitus occulti conscia facti,
 aut odit pueros, aut ficta pellice plorat,
 uberibus semper lacrimis semperque paratis
 in statione sua, atque expectantibus illam,
 quo iubeat manare modo. tu credis amorem, 275

who perspire under a robe of thin material, whose delicate charms even a small rag of silk oppresses with heat. See, with what a cry she deals home the thrusts which have been shown her; how she is bent beneath the great weight of her helmet, what huge leggings, *bound* with what thick bark, are seated on her knees—and laugh, when laying down her arms, she takes up the chamber-pot. Tell us, ye grand-daughters of Lepidus, or of blind Metellus, or of Fabius Gurges, what gladiator's wife ever assumed such attire as this? When did the wife of Asylus gasp at the training-post?

The bed in which the bride lies is always the scene of quarrels and mutual recriminations: there is very little sleep to be got there. Then is she a torment to her husband; then is she worse than a tigress deprived of her young; when she counterfeits groans, though conscious of her hidden guilt, or loathes the slave-boys, or cries over a fictitious rival, with tears always copious, and always ready at their station, and awaiting her *signal* to flow in whatever way she orders them. You think it is *all* love; you are delighted with yourself then, you hedge-

tu tibi tunc curruca places fletumque labellis
 exsorbes, quae scripta et quas lecture tabellas,
 si tibi zelotypae retegantur scrinia moechae.
 sed iacet in servi complexibus aut equitis. dic,
 dic aliquem, sodes, hic, Quintiliane, colorem. 280
 "haeremus, dic ipsa." "olim convenerat" inquit
 "ut faceres tu quod velles, nec non ego possem
 indulgere mihi. clames licet et mare coelo
 confundas, homo sum." nihil est audacius illis
 deprendis: iram atque animos a crimine sumunt. 285

Unde haec monstra tamen vel quo de fonte requiris?
 praestabat castas humilis fortuna Latinas
 quondam, nec vitiis contingi parva sinebat
 tecta labor somnique breves et vellere Tusco
 vexatae duraeque manus ac proximus urbi 290
 Hannibal et stantes Collina turre mariti.
 nunc patimur longae pacis mala, saevior armis

276. uruca. 277. quot. 285. animum de crimine. 291. in turre.

sparrow, and dry her tears with your lips—you who would read such letters and such billets-doux, if the desk of this jealous adulteress were thrown open to you! But she lies in the embraces of a slave or a knight. Give us, give us, I pray you, Quintilian, some colourable excuse in this case. "I am at a loss. Give one yourself." "It had long since been agreed upon between us," says she, "that you should do what you choose, and that I too might please myself. You may clamour, if you please, and confound sea with sky, I am a human being." There is nothing more audacious than they are when caught in the act. They derive fury and courage from their crime itself.

Yet do you seek to know whence, or from what source, *came* these prodigies? In days of yore, their humble fortune preserved the Latin women chaste, and their lowly roofs were kept from the contamination of vice by toil, by short slumbers, by hands galled and hardened with the Tuscan fleece, and Hannibal close to the city, and their husbands standing *on guard* on the Colline tower. Now we suffer the evils of long peace; luxury,

luxuria incubuit victumque ulciscitur orbem.
 nullum crimen abest facinusque libidinis, ex quo
 paupertas Romana perit, hinc fluxit ad istos 295
 et Sybaris colles, hinc et Rhodos et Miletos
 atque coronatum et petulans madidumque Tarentum.
 prima peregrinos obscena pecunia mores
 intulit, et turpi fregerunt secula luxu
 divitiae molles. quid enim Venus ebria curat? 300
 inguinis et capitis quae sint discrimina, nescit
 grandia quae mediis iam noctibus ostrea mordet,
 cum perfusa mero spumant unguenta Falerno,
 cum bibitur concha, cum iam vertigine tectum
 ambulat et geminis exsurgit mensa lucernis. 305
 i nunc et dubita qua sorbeat aera sanna
 Tullia, quid dicat notae collectia Maurae,
 Maura Pudicitiae veterem cum praeterit aram;
 noctibus hic ponunt lecticas, micturiunt hic
 effigiemque deae longis siphonibus implant, 310

295. Indos, Istros.

more cruel than war, broods over us and avenges a conquered world. No crime is wanting, or deed of lust, from the time that Roman poverty came to an end; henceforth Sybaris flowed to these hills, and Rhodes and Miletus, and garlanded, saucy, drunken Tarentum. Filthy money first brought in foreign manners, and voluptuous wealth enervated the age with foul luxury. For what does Venus in her cups care for? She does not know the difference between one part of the person and another, who at very midnight bites huge oysters, when unguents foam mixed with neat Falernian, when they drink out of the perfume-jar, when the ceiling has begun to go round and round, and the table rises up with its lamps doubled. Go now and doubt with what a sneer Tullia snuffs the air, or what her foster-sister says to the notorious Maura, when Maura passes by the ancient altar of chastity. Here they set down their litters at night, here they make water, and bedew the effigy of the goddess with copious streams of moisture, and by turns indulge

inque vices equitant ac luna teste moventur,
 inde domos abeunt; tu calcas luce reversa
 coniugis urinam magnos visurus amicos.
 nota bonae secreta deae, cum tibia lumbos ✕
 incitat et cornu pariter vinoque feruntur 315
 attonitae crinemque rotant ululantque Priapum
 maenades.] o quantus tunc illis mentibus ardor
 concubitus! quae vox saltante libidine! quantus
 ille meri veteris per crura madentia torrens!
 lenonum ancillas posita Saufeia corona 320
 provocat et tollit pendentis praemia coxae,
 ipsa Medullinae fluctum crissantis adorat:
 palmam inter dominas virtus natalibus aequat.
 nil ibi per ludum simulabitur, omnia fient
 ad verum, quibus incendi iam frigidus aeo 325
 Laomedontiades et Nestoris hernia possit.
 tunc prurigo morae impatiens, tunc femina simplex,

316. Priapo, Priapi, ululante Priapo.

324. tibi.

in their wanton practices, with the moon for a witness. Then they go off home; you, when daylight has returned, meet with traces of your wife, on your way to visit your great friends. Notorious are the secret rites of Bona Dea, when the pipe stimulates the loins, and the Maenades, inspired alike by the horn-instrument and by wine, whirl their locks and howl out Priapus. Oh, how great is then the sexual desire in these minds! What a voice *is theirs* with the lust dancing *within them*! What a torrent is that of old wine over their soaking legs! Saufeia, a prize being proposed, challenges the brothel-keepers' girls, and carries off the victory in the amatory contest. She herself admires the lascivious motions of the wanton Medullina. Among these great ladies, the prowess shown puts such a victory on an equality with the glories of birth. There, nothing will be feigned in sport; everything will be done to the life, by which the son of Laomedon, already frozen with age, or the ruptured Nestor might be fired. Then there is lechery impatient of delay, then there is woman without any disguise. And a shout

ac pariter toto repetitus clamor ab antro :
 " iam fas est ; admitte-viros ! " iam dormit adulter,
 illa iubet sumpto iuvenem properare cucullo ; 330
 si nihil est, servis incurritur ; abstuleris spem
 servorum, venit et conductus aquarius ; hic si
 quaeritur et desunt homines, mora nulla per ipsam,
 quominus imposito clunem summittat asello.
 atque utinam ritus veteres et publica saltem 335
 his intacta malis agerentur sacra ! sed omnes
 noverunt Mauri atque Indi, quae psalteria penem
maiolem quam sunt duo Caesaris Anticatones,
 illuc, testiculi sibi conscius unde fugit mus,
 intulerit, ubi velari pictura iubetur, 340
 quaecumque alterius sexus imitata figuram est.
 et quis tunc hominum contemptor numinis ? aut quis
simpuvium ridere Numae nigrumque catinum
 et Vaticano fragiles de monte patellas
 ausus erat ? sed nunc ad quas non Clodius aras ? 345

328. it toto ; repetitur.

329. dormitat.

332. veniat, veniet.

is repeated in unison from the whole den, " Now is the appointed time, admit the men." If her gallant is already asleep, she orders the youth to hurry *thither*, with his hood on. If there be none, they make a rush upon the slaves. Take away the hope of slaves, and even a hired water-carrier makes his appearance. If such an one is sought *in vain*, and men fail, they will fly to any expedient. And I would that at least our ancient rites and public religious ceremonies were conducted free from such scandals ; but all the Moors and Indians know what " female musician " introduced his person, larger than are two Anticatones of Caesar, into that place, whence even a mouse, conscious of being a male, runs away, where a picture is ordered to be veiled in every case where it represents the form of the opposite sex. Yet who of men was at that time a contemner of divine power ? or who had dared to laugh at the ladle of Numa, or the dark earthenware dish, or the brittle vessels from the Vatican hill ? But now at what altars is there not a Clodius ?

Audio quid veteres olim moneatis amici.
 "pone seram, cohibe." sed quis custodiet ipsos
 custodes? cauta est et ab illis incipit uxor.
 iamque eadem summis pariter minimisque libido,
 nec melior, silicem pedibus quae conterit atrum, 350
 quam quae longorum vehitur cervice Syrorum.

Ut spectet ludos, conducit Ogulnia vestem,
 conducit comites sellam cervical amicas
 nutricem et flavam, cui det mandata, puellam.
 haec tamen argenti superest quodcumque paterni 355
 levibus athleticis et vasa novissima donat;
 multis res angusta domi, sed nulla pudorem
 paupertatis habet, nec se metitur ad illum,
 quem dedit haec posuitque modum. tamen utile quid sit
 prospiciunt aliquando viri, frigusque famemque 360
 formica tandem quidam expavere magistra;
 prodiga non sentit pereuntem femina censum,

I hear what you, my old friends, have long since been advising.
 "Fasten the bolt, put her under restraint." But who is to keep
 watch over the watchers themselves? The wife is cunning and
 begins with them. And now there is the same wantonness in
 the highest and in the lowest as well; nor is she better who
 wears the dark stone pavement with her feet, than the one who
 is carried on the heads of tall Syrians.

In order to witness the games, Ogulnia hires a dress, hires
 attendants, a sedan, a cushion, female friends, a nurse, and a
 yellow-haired girl to give her orders to. Yet this woman gives
 away whatever remains of the family plate and the last of her
 vessels to smooth athletes. Many of them are in straitened
 circumstances at home; but none of them respects her poverty,
 nor measures herself to the standard which it has allotted and
 assigned her. Yet men do occasionally look forward to what
 may be for their advantage, and some, with the ant for their
 teacher, have at length felt a dread of cold and hunger. An
 extravagant woman does not perceive that her fortune is wasting
 away and, as though the coin would always sprout with fresh

ac velut exhausta redivivus pullulet arca
 nummus et e pleno tollatur semper acervo,
 non umquam reputant quanti sibi gaudia constant. 365

Sunt quas eunuchi imbelles ac mollia semper
 oscula delectent et desperatio barbae,
 et quod abortivo non est opus ; illa voluptas
 summa tamen, quod iam calida matura iuventa
 inguina traduntur medicis, iam pectine nigro. 370

ergo spectatos ac iussos crescere primum
 testiculos, postquam coeperunt esse bilibres,
 tonsoris damno tantum rapit Heliodorus.
 conspicuus longe cunctisque notabilis intrat
 balnea, nec dubie custodem vitis et horti 375
 provocat a domina factus spado. dormiat ille
 cum domina, sed tu iam durum, Postume, iamque
 tendendum eunucho Bromium committere noli.

Si gaudet cantu, nullius fibula durat
 vocem vendentis praetoribus, organa semper 380
 in manibus, densi radiant testudine tota

365. reputat.

371. expectatos.

379. dura est.

life from the exhausted strong-box, and there would always be
 a full heap to take from, they never reckon what a great price
 their pleasures cost them.

There are women whom unwarlike eunuchs, and kisses ever
 effeminate, delight, and the despair of a beard, and the absence
 of any need for abortives. Yet the height of their pleasure is
 when a youth already glowing with manhood is submitted to
 Heliodorus, who performs an operation to the loss of the barber
 alone. Conspicuous from afar, and remarkable to all, he enters
 the baths, and challenges without question the guardian of our
 vines and gardens—made into an eunuch by his mistress. Let
 him sleep with his mistress ; but do not you, Postumus, entrust
 Bromius, by this time an adult and ready to have his locks
 shorn, to the eunuch.

If she delights in singing, the fibula of no one who sells his
 voice to the Praetor can last. Musical instruments are always

sardonyches, crispo numerantur pectine chordae,
 quo tener Hedymeles operam dedit, hunc tenet, hoc se
 solatur gratoque indulget basia plectro.
 quaedam de numero Lamiarum ac nominis alti 385
 cum farre et vino Ianum Vestamque rogabat,
 an Capitolinam deberet Pollio quercum
 sperare et fidibus promittere. quid faceret plus
 aegrotante viro, medicis quid tristibus erga
 filiolum? stetit ante aram, nec turpe putavit 390
 pro cithara velare caput, dictataque verba
 pertulit, ut mos est, et aperta palluit agna.
 dic mihi nunc, quaeso, dic, antiquissime divum,
 respondes his, Iane pater? magna otia coeli;
 non est, quod video, non est quod agatur apud vos. 395
 haec de comoedis te consulit, illa tragoedum
 commendare volet, varicosus fiet haruspex.

392. protulit.

395. ut video; quid agatur.

in her hands; the numerous sardonyxes sparkle all over the tortoise-shell; the chords are run over by the vibrating quill with which soft Hedymeles performed: this she holds, with this she solaces herself, and favours with kisses the dear plectrum. A lady of the order of the Lamiae, and of lofty name, used to ask of Janus and Vesta, with meal and wine *offerings*, whether Pollio ought to hope for the Capitoline oak-crown and promise it to his lyre. What more could she have done if her husband had been ill; what *more* if the physicians had looked sad about her little son? She stood before the altar and thought it no disgrace to veil her head for a harper, and went through the words dictated to her, according to the usage, and turned pale when the lamb was opened. Tell me now, I pray you, tell me, most ancient of the gods, Father Janus, do you reply to these people? There must be great leisure in heaven: there is not, that I can see, there is not any business than can be transacted among you *gods*. This woman consults you about comedians; another will be wanting to recommend a tragedian. The soothsayer will become varicose.

Sed cantet potius, quam totam pervolet urbem
 audax et coetus possit quam ferre virorum
 cumque paludatis ducibus praesente marito 400
 ipsa loqui recta facie strictisque mamillis.
 haec eadem novit quid toto fiat in orbe,
 quid Seres, quid Thraces agant, secreta novercae
 et pueri, quis amet, quis diripiatur adulter.
 dicet quis viduam praegnantem fecerit et quo 405
 mense, quibus verbis concumbat quaeque, modis quot.
 instantem regi Armenio Parthoque cometen
 prima videt, famam rumoresque illa recentes
 excipit ad portas, quosdam facit, isse Niphaten
 in populos magnoque illic cuncta arva teneri 410
 diluvio, nutare urbes, subsidere terras,
 quocumque in trivio, cuicumque est obvia, narrat.

Nec tamen id vitium magis intolerabile, quam quae

399. quae.

401. siccisque.

404. decipiat.

413. hoc vitium.

But let her sing rather than that she should fly brazen-faced
 through the whole city, and be able to support assemblages of
 men, and speak in person to generals in their full-dress cloaks,
 in the presence of her husband, with bold visage and breasts
 unsheathed. This same woman knows what is taking place all
 over the world; what the Seres, what the Thracians are doing;
 the secrets of the stepmother and the youth; who is in love,
 what gallant is being struggled for. She will tell you who got
 a single woman with child, and in what month; with what
 words every woman submits to caresses, and in how many ways.
 She is the first to see the comet which threatens the Armenian
 and Parthian king; she intercepts at the city gates the news
 and the latest reports; some she invents; that the Niphates
 has overwhelmed *whole* populations, and that all the country
 there is occupied by a vast deluge, that cities are tottering, that
 tracts of land are sinking down, she relates, in every cross-way,
 to every one she meets.

And yet this plague is not more intolerable than she who is

vicinos humiles rapere et concidere loris
 exorata solet. nam si latratibus alti 415
 rumpuntur somni, "fustes huc ocius," inquit,
 "afferte," atque illis dominum iubet ante feriri,
 deinde canem. gravis occursu, teterrima vultu,
 balnea nocte subit, conchas et castra moveri
 nocte iubet, magno gaudet sudare tumultu, 420
 cum lassata gravi ceciderunt brachia massa,
 callidus et cristae digitos impressit aliptes
 ac summum dominae femur exclamare coegit.
 convivae miseri interea somnoque fameque
 urgentur; tandem illa venit rubicundula, totum 425
 oenophorum sitiens, plena quod tenditur urna
 admotum pedibus, de quo sextarius alter
 ducitur ante cibum, rabidam facturus orexim.
 dum redit et loto terram ferit intestino,
 marmoribus rivi properant, aurata Falernum 430
 pelvis olet; nam sic, tamquam alta in dolia longus

428. rapidum.

431. aut lata.

went to seize her poor neighbours and cut them to pieces with
 whips, in spite of their prayers. For if her sound slumbers are
 broken by barkings, "Quick, bring the cudgels here," she says,
 and she orders the owner to be first beaten with them, and then
 his dog. Terrible to meet, most awful in visage, she enters the
 baths by night; she orders her oil-jars and camp *equipage* to be
 moved by night; she delights to perspire in a great tumult,
 when her arms have dropped wearied with the heavy dumb-
 bells, and the cunning anointer has impressed his fingers on her
 person, and has made the top of his mistress's leg smack. In
 the meanwhile, her wretched guests are tormented by sleepiness
 and hunger. At last she appears, all in a glow, thirsting for a
 whole flagon, which is filled to the brim with a full measure of
 three gallons, and put at her feet, and of this a second pint is
 tossed off before her meal, to produce a ravenous appetite. As
 it returns and strikes the earth with the washings of her inside,
 the rivulets run along the marble floor, the gilded pan smells of

deciderit serpens, bibit et vomit. ergo maritus
nauseat atque oculis bilem substringit opertis.

Illa tamen gravior, quae cum discumbere coepit,
 laudat Virgilium, periturae ignoscit Elissae, 435
 committit vates et comparat, inde Maronem
 atque alia parte in trutina suspendit Homerum.
 cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis
 turba tacet, nec causidicus nec praeco loquatur,
 altera nec mulier: verborum tanta cadit vis, 440
 tot pariter pelves ac tintinnabula dicas
 pulsari. iam nemo tubas, nemo aera fatiget;
 una laboranti poterit succurrere lunae.
 non habeat matrona, tibi quae iuncta recumbit,
 dicendi genus, aut curtum sermone rotato 445
 torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes,
 sed quaedam ex libris et non intelligat. odi
 hanc ego, quae repetit volvitque Palaemonis artem,

Falernian; for she drinks and vomits just like a serpent that has tumbled into a tall cask. So her husband turns sick, and compresses his bile with closed eyes.

Yet she is *still* more offensive, who, as soon as she has taken her seat at table, praises Virgil, forgives the doomed Elissa (*Dido*), matches together poets, and compares them; on one side, suspends Maro, and, on the other side, Homer in the scales. Grammarians give way, teachers of rhetoric are beaten, all the assemblage is silent, not even a lawyer nor a public-crier may speak, nor *indeed* another woman; such a power of words falls from her, you would say so many pans, so many bells were being struck at the same time. Let no one henceforth fatigue trumpets or brasses; single-handed she will be able to succour the moon in labour. Let not the matron who shares your marriage-bed possess "a style" of oratory, or hurl with well-rounded speech a curtailed "enthymema," nor let her know all histories, but let there be some things from books which she even does not understand. I hate the woman who is *always* referring back to and consulting the principles of Palaemon,

servata semper lege et ratione loquendi,
 ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria versus, 450
 nec curanda viris opicae castigat amicae
 verba; soloecismum liceat fecisse marito.
 imponit finem sapiens et rebus honestis;
 nam quae docta nimis cupit et facunda videri,
 crure tenuis medio tunicas succingere debet, 455
 caedere Silvano porcum, quadrante lavari.

Nil non permittit mulier sibi, turpe putat nil,
 cum virides gemmas collo circumdedit et cum
 auribus extentis magnos commisit elenchos.
 intolerabilius nihil est, quam femina dives. 460
 interea foeda aspectu ridendaque multo
 pane tumet facies aut pinguis Poppaeana
 spirat, et hinc miseri viscantur labra mariti.
 ad moechum veniunt lota cute. quando videri

464. veniet.

always observing the *strict* law and rule of speech, and has by heart, the female antiquarian, verses unknown to me, and corrects the expressions of her female friend as barbarous, which not even men would attend to. Let a husband be allowed to commit a solecism! A wise person places a limit even to things good *in themselves*. For she who desires to appear too learned and too eloquent should gird up a tunic to the middle of her leg, sacrifice a pig to Silvanus, and bathe for a quadrans *at the public baths*.

There is nothing which a woman does not permit herself, nothing which she thinks discreditable, when she has encircled her neck with green gems, and when she has inserted huge pearls in her stretched ears. There is nothing more insufferable than a rich woman. Meanwhile, foul of aspect and ridiculous her face is puffed out with a quantity of bread, or is redolent of the greasy Poppaeian paste, and by this the lips of her wretched husband are glued. They come to the lover with a clean skin. When is she desirous of appearing handsome at home? It is

vult formosa domi? moechis foliata parantur, 465
his emitur quidquid graciles huc mittitis Indi.
tandem aperit vultum et tectoria prima reponit,
incipit agnosci, atque illo lacte fovetur,
propter quod secum comites educit asellas,
exsul Hyperboreum si dimittatur ad axem. 470
sed quae mutatis inducitur atque fovetur
tot medicaminibus cortaeque siliginis offas
accipit et madidae, facies dicitur an ulcus?
/ Est pretium curae penitus cognoscere, toto
quid faciant agitentque die. si nocte maritus 475
aversus iacuit, periit libraria, ponunt
cosmetae tunicas, tarde venisse Liburnus
dicitur et poenas alieni pendere somni
cogitur, hic frangit ferulas, rubet ille flagello,
hic scutica, sunt quae tortoribus annua praestent. 480
verberat atque obiter faciem linit, audit amicas

474. Est operae pretium.

479. flagellia.

for her lovers that unguents are procured; for them is bought whatever you, ye slender Indians, send hither. At length she opens out her face, and removes the first coverings; she begins to be recognisable, and bathes in that milk, for the sake of which she would take out she-asses as her suite, if she were sent in exile to the Hyperborean regions. But shall a thing which is overlaid and fomented with so many different medicaments, and which receives poultices of boiled and wet flour, be termed a face or a sore?

It is worth while to investigate closely what it is they are doing and busying themselves about all day. If at night her husband has lain with his back to her, her female secretary is undone; the valets of the wardrobe have to take off their tunics, the Liburnian is declared to have come late, and is made to pay the penalty of another's sleep; one has switches broken on his back, another grows red under the scourge, another under the whip; there are women who pay annual salaries to the torturers. She flogs, and meanwhile anoints her face, listens to her female

aut latum pictae vestis considerat aurum
 et caedit, longi relegit transversa diurni
 et caedit, donec lassis caedentibus "exi!"
 intonet horrendum iam cognitione peracta. 485
 praefectura domus Sicula non mitior aula.
 nam si constituit solitoque decentius optat
 ornari et properat iamque expectatur in hortis
 aut apud Isiacae potius sacraria lenae,
 disponit crinem, laceratis ipsa capillis, 490
 nuda humero Psecas infelix nudisque mamillis.
 "altior hic quare cincinnus?" taurea punit
 continuo flexi crimen facinusque capilli.
 quid Psecas admisit? quatenam est hic culpa puellae,
 si tibi displicuit nasus tuus? altera laevum 495
 extendit pectique comas et volvit in orbem.
 est in concilio materna admotaque lanis

491. humeros; nudo humero (Rup. and Heinr.)
 496. flectit. 497. consilio. 497. matrona.

friends, or examines the broad gold *border* of an embroidered dress, and strikes, and reads again the crossed entries on her large account-book, and strikes on, until, the strikers being wearied out, "Begone!" she thunders, in a dreadful tone, the inquisition being now at an end.

The government of her house is no milder than *that* of a Sicilian court. For if she has made an assignation, and wishes to be toiletted more becomingly than usual, and is in a hurry, and is already expected in the gardens, or rather near the chapels of the procuress Isis, unhappy Psecas arranges her hair, with her own locks torn, with naked shoulder and naked breasts. "Why is this curl too high?" Instantly the bull's hide punishes the crime and guilt of a misplaced hair. What has Psecas done? What is the girl's fault in this, if your own nose is not to your taste? Another on the left draws out the hair and combs it, and rolls it into a circle. In the council is one who had belonged to her mother, who, having served her time with the crimping-pin, has a rest, and has been removed to

emerita quae cessat acu ; sententia prima
huius erit, post hanc aetate atque arte minores
censebunt, tamquam famae discrimen agatur 500
aut animae. tanta est quaerendi cura decoris,
tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
aedificat caput. Andromachen a fronte videbis ;
post minor est, credas aliam. cedo, si breve parvi
sortita est lateris spatium breviorque videtur 505
virgine Pygmaea, nullis adiuta cothurnis,
et levis erecta consurgit ad oscula planta ?
nulla viri cura interea nec mentio fiet
damnorum, vivit tamquam vicina mariti,
hoc solo propior, quod amicos coniugis odit 510
et servos, gravis est rationibus.

/ Ecce furentis

Bellonae matrisque deum chorus intrat et ingens
semivir, obsceno facies reverenda minori,
mollia qui rapta secuit genitalia testa

501. tanti.

509. marito.

514. rupta.

the wool department: the first opinion will be given by her ; after her, her inferiors in age and in art will vote as if a question of reputation or life were at stake, so great is the trouble she takes in quest of beauty ; with so many tiers does she load, with so many continuous stories does she build up on high her head. In front you will see Andromache ; behind she is shorter. You would think her another person. Tell me *how it will be* if she has received from nature but a scant dimension of small flank, and without the aid of buskins seems shorter than a Pigmy virgin, and must spring up lightly on tiptoe to be kissed. No care for her husband all this time, nor will mention be made of his losses ; she lives as though she were her husband's neighbour, in this alone nearer to him, that she hates her consort's friends and his slaves, and is a drag upon his income.

/ Behold ! the chorus of the frantic Bellona, and the mother of the gods, makes its entrance, and the huge eunuch,—a face to be revered by the lesser filthy ones,—who has long since cut

iam pridem, cui rauca cohors, cui tympana cedunt 515
 plebeia et Phrygia vestitur bucca tiara.
 grande sonat metuique iubet Septembris et Austri
 adventum, nisi se centum lustraverit ovis
 et xerampelinas veteres donaverit ipsi,
 ut quidquid subiti et magni discriminis instat, 520
 in tunicas eat et totum semel expiet annum.
 hibernum fracta glacie descendet in amnem,
 ter matutino Tiberi mergetur et ipsis
 verticibus timidum caput abluet, inde superbi
 totum regis agrum nuda ac tremebunda cruentis 525
 erepet genibus, si candida iusserit Io;
 ibit ad Aegypti finem calidaque petitas
 a Meroe portabit aquas, ut spargat in aedem
 Isidis, antiquo quae proxima surgit ovili.
 credit enim ipsius dominae se voce moveri. 530
 en animam et mentem, cum qua di nocte loquantur!

524. vorticibus.

530. moveri.

off his soft parts with a hurried potsherd, to whom the hoarse
 troop, to whom the timbrels of the herd give place, and whose
 cheek is covered with his Phrygian tiara. He talks big, and
 bids her dread the approach of September and the south wind,
 unless she shall have purified herself with a hundred eggs, and
 shall have presented to himself her cast-off murrey-coloured
 dresses, that whatever unforeseen or mighty peril is at hand
 may pass into the tunics, and make expiation for the whole
 year at once. She will descend into the wintry river, after
 breaking the ice; she will plunge thrice in the morning Tiber,
 and bathe her timid head in its very eddies; thence, naked and
 shivering, she will crawl forth with bleeding knees over the
 whole field of the proud king, if white Io has commanded her;
 she will go to the extremity of Egypt, and bring water fetched
 from hot Meroe, to sprinkle on the Temple of Isis, which rises
 close to the ancient sheepfold. For she believes herself to be
 admonished by the voice of the goddess herself—a pretty soul
 and mind for the gods to hold converse with by night! So,

ergo hic praecipuum summumque meretur honorem,
 qui grege linigero circumdatus et grege calvo
 plangentis populi currit derisor Anubis.
 ille petit veniam, quoties non abstinet uxor 535
 concubitu sacris observandisque diebus,
 magnaue debetur violato poena cadurco,
 et movisse caput visa est argentea serpens.
 illius lacrimae meditataque murmura praestant
 ut veniam culpa non abnuat ansere magno 540
 scilicet et tenui popano corruptus Osiris.

Cum dedit ille locum, cophino foenoque relicto
 arcanam Iudaea tremens mendicat in aurem,
 interpret legum Solymarum et magna sacerdos
 arboris ac summi fida internuntia coeli. 545
 implet et illa manum, sed parcius; aere minuto
 qualiacumque voles Iudaei somnia vendunt.
 spondet amatorem tenerum vel divitis orbi
 testamentum ingens, calidae pulmone columbae
 tractato, Armenius vel Commagenus haruspex; 550

543. arcanum (Heinr.)

then, this is he who deserves the first and highest honour—Anubis, who, surrounded by his linen-clad herd, and his bald-headed herd, runs along mocking at the wailing people. He it is that sues for pardon, as often as the wife does not abstain from connection on days which are sacred and to be observed, and a great penalty is owing for a violation of the sheets, and the silver serpent has been seen to move its head; his are the tears and practised mumblings which ensure that Osiris will not refuse his pardon to her fault, when bribed, forsooth, with a fat goose and a thin sacrificial cake.

When he has given place, a shivering Jewess, laying aside basket and hay, begs into her secret ear, interpreter of the laws of Solyma, great priestess of the tree, and faithful ambassadress from highest heaven! She, too, fills her hand, but more sparingly: for a minute coin the Jews sell you whatever kind of dreams you wish. The soothsayer from Armenia or Comma-

pectora pullorum rimabitur, exta catelli,
interdum et pueri; faciet, quod deferat ipse.

Chaldaeis sed maior erit fiducia; quidquid
dixerit astrologus, credent a fonte relatum
Hammonis, quoniam Delphis oracula cessant 555
et genus humanum damnat caligo futuri.
praecipuus tamen est horum, qui saepius exsul,
cuius amicitia conducendaque tabella
magnus civis obit et formidatus Othoni.
inde fides artis, sonuit si dextera ferro 560
laevaque, si longo castrorum in carcere mansit.
nemo mathematicus genium indemnatus habebit,
sed qui paene perit, cui vix in Cyclada mitti
contigit et parva tandem caruisse Seripho.
consulit ictericae lento de funere matris, 565
ante tamen de te Tanaquil tua, quando sororem

551. rimatur et.

559. formidandus.

gene guarantees a young lover, or a huge inheritance from some childless rich man, after handling the bowels of a dove still warm: he inspects the breasts of chickens and the entrails of a puppy, sometimes of a boy too; he will do *deeds* which he himself will inform about.

But in Chaldaeans the confidence will be still greater; whatever the astrologer has spoken they will believe to have been brought back from the spring of Hammon, since at Delphi the oracles are silent, and darkness as to the future is the punishment of the human race. The chief, however, of these men is he who has been oftentimes an exile, through whose friendship and *venal tablets* a great citizen, and one dreaded by Otho, perished. Thence comes faith in his art, if his right hand and left have clanked with fetters, if he has remained a long while in the camp-prison. No astrologer who has not been condemned will *be deemed* to have a genius, but *only* he who has all but met his death, who has barely had the good fortune to be sent to one of the Cyclades, and to be set free at last from small Seriphus. Your Tanaquil consults him about the tardy

efferat et patruos, an sit victurus adulter
 post ipsam; quid enim maius dare numina possunt?
 haec tamen ignorat quid sidus triste minetur
 Saturni, quo laeta Venus se proferat astro, 570
 qui mensis damnis, quae dentur tempora lucro;
 illius occursus etiam vitare memento,
 in cuius manibus, ceu pinguis sucina, tritas
 cernis ephemeridas, quae nullum consulit et iam
 consulitur, quae castra viro patriamque petente 575
 non ibit pariter numeris revocata Thrasylli.
 ad primum lapidem vectari cum placet, hora
 sumitur ex libro; si prurit frictus ocelli
 angulus, inspecta genesi collyria poscit.
 aegra licet iaceat, capiendo nulla videtur 580
 aptior hora cibo, nisi quam dederit Petosiris.
 si mediocris erit, spatium lustrabit utrumque
 metarum, et sortes ducet frontemque manumque

580. capiendi.

581. cibi.

approach of her jaundiced mother's death, yet, before that, about
 you; when will she bury her sister and her uncles? will her
 lover survive her? for what greater boon can the deities bestow?
 Yet this woman ignores what Saturn's dismal planet portends,
 in what constellation happy Venus presents herself, what month
 is to be set down to losses, what seasons to gain. But with
 that woman be mindful to shun even a chance meeting in whose
 hands you perceive, like clammy amber, the well-worn calendars;
 who consults no one, and is by this time herself consulted;
 who, if her husband is going to the camp or his native place,
 will not go with him if recalled by the calculations of Thrasyllus.
 When it is her fancy to be carried as far as the first mile-stone,
 the *lucky* hour is taken from a book; if the corner of her eye
 itches when rubbed, she consults her horoscope before calling
 for salve. Though she be lying sick, no time seems more suit-
 able for taking food than that which Petosiris has directed.
 If she be a common person, she will traverse the space on both
 sides of the goals, and will draw lots, and will hold out her

praebebit vati crebrum poppysma roganti.
 divitibus responsa dabunt Phryx augur et Indus 585
 conductus, dabit astrorum mundique peritus
 atque aliquis senior, qui publica fulgura condit.
 plebeium in circo positum est et in aggere fatum.
 quae nullis longum ostendit cervicibus aurum,
 consulit ante phalas delphinorumque columnas, 590
 an saga vendenti nubat caupone relicto.

Hae tamen et partus subeunt discrimen et omnes
 nutricis tolerant fortuna urgente labores,
 sed iacet aurato vix ulla puerpera lecto.
 tantum artes huius, tantum medicamina possunt, 595
 quae steriles facit atque homines in ventre necandos
 conducit. gaude, infelix, atque ipse bibendum
 porrige, quidquid erit; nam si distendere vellet
 et vexare uterum pueris salientibus, esses

585. dabit; inde.

589. nudis.

596. sterilem.

face and hands to the seer who calls for a frequent smacking-kiss. To the rich a Phrygian or Indian augur, hired for the purpose, will give responses, or one experienced in the stars and the sky, or some old man who buries the public thunderbolts. The destiny of the plebeian is settled in the circus or at the rampart. She who has no long golden ornaments to show on her neck inquires in front of the pillars and the dolphin-bearing columns whether she shall leave the tavern-keeper and marry the clothesman.

Yet these not only undergo the dangers of child-bearing, but also support all the labours of nursing, to which their lot compels them: but scarce any woman lies in confinement on a gilded bed. Such power have the arts, such power have the drugs of her who produces sterility, and contracts for hire to slaughter human beings in the womb. Rejoice, unhappy man, and your-self hand it to your wife to drink, whatever it may be; for if she chose to distend and torture her womb with leaping boys, you would perhaps be the father of a blackamoor: before long,

Aethiopsis fortasse pater, mox decolor heres 600
impleret tabulas numquam tibi mane videndus.

lacus / Transeo suppositos et gaudia votaue saepe
ad spurcos decepta *locus*, atque inde petitos
pontifices, Salios, Scaurorum nomina falso
corpore laturos. stat Fortuna improba noctu 605
arridens nudis infantibus, hos foveat omnes
involvitque sinu, domibus tunc porrigit altis
secretumque sibi minimum parat, hos amat, his se
ingerit utque suos ridens producit alumnos.

Hic magicos affert cantus, hic Thessala vendit 610
philtres, quibus valeant mentem vexare mariti
et solea pulsare nates; quod desipis, inde est,
inde animi caligo et magna oblivio rerum,
quas modo gessisti. tamen hoc tolerabile, si non
et furere incipias, ut avunculus ille Neronis, 615

603. saepe petitos.
609. semper producit.

606. blandis.
611. valeat.

a dark-coloured heir would fill *the chief place in* your will, a fellow you would not like to meet in the morning.

I pass over supposititious children, and the joys and vows so often cheated at the muddy pools, and the high priests and Salii thence obtained, destined to bear the names of the Scauri in their counterfeit persons. Mischievous Fortune stands by night smiling on the naked babes; all these she cherishes and folds in her bosom: then she presents them to noble houses, and prepares for herself a secret farce. These she loves, on these she presses her attentions, and laughingly brings them on as her own children.

This fellow brings magical incantations; this one sells Thessalian philtres, by which they may have the power to confuse the mind of a husband, and beat his backside with a slipper. That you drivel comes from this; thence comes haziness of mind and entire forgetfulness of the actions you have just performed. Yet this is endurable, if you do not begin to rave as well, like that uncle of Nero for whom Caesonia made an infusion of the

cui totam tremuli frontem Caesonia pulli
 infudit; quae non faciet quod principis uxor?
 ardebant cuncta et fracta compage ruebant
 non aliter quam si fecisset Iuno maritum
 insanum. minus ergo nocens erit Agrippinae 620
 boletus, siquidem unius praecordia pressit
 ille senis tremulumque caput descendere iussit
 in coelum et longa manantia labra saliva;
 haec poscit ferrum atque ignes, haec potio torquet,
 haec lacerat mixtos equitum cum sanguine patres. 625
 tanti partus equae, tanti una venefica constat!

Oderunt natos de pellice; nemo repugnet,
 nemo vetet, iam iam privignum occidere fas est.
 vos ego, pupilli, moneo, quibus amplior est res,
 custodite animas et nulli credite mensae; 630
 livida materno fervent adipata veneno.
 mordeat ante aliquis quidquid porrexerit illa

626. quanti una venefica; quantum.

whole forehead of a shivering foal. What woman will not do what the Prince's wife did? All things were in flames and falling in ruin, with joints dissevered, not otherwise than if Juno had made her husband mad. Less baneful, then, will be the mushroom of Agrippina, inasmuch as that stopped the breath of a single old man, and bade his trembling pate, and lips distilling long streams of saliva, to descend into heaven. The former potion calls for sword and flames, the former causes tortures and tears to pieces senators, mingled in the slaughter of knights. So great is the cost of a mare's foal, so great that of a single sorceress.

Women hate children born of their husband's mistress: nobody opposes that, nobody forbids it; long since it is lawful to murder a stepson. You I warn, ye wards, who have a good property, keep watch over your lives, and trust to no table: the dainties which will make you livid burn with the maternal poison. Let some one taste before you whatever is handed by her who brought you forth: let your trembling tutor first sip

quae peperit, timidus praegustet pocula pappas.
 fingimus haec altum satira sumentem cothurnum
 scilicet, et finem egressi legemque priorum 635
 grande Sophocleo carmen bacchamur hiatu
 montibus ignotum Rutulis coeloque Latino?
 nos utinam vani! sed clamat Pontia "feci,
 confiteor, puerisque meis aconita paravi,
 quae deprensa patent. facinus tamen ipsa peregi." 640
 tune duos una, saevissima vipera, coena?
 tune duos? "septem, si septem forte fuissent."

Credamus tragicis quidquid de Colchide saeva
 dicitur et Procne. nil contra conor; et illae
 grandia monstra suis audebant temporibus, sed 645
 non propter nummos. minor admiratio summis
 debetur monstris, quoties facit ira nocentem
 hunc sexum; rabie iecur incendente feruntur
 praecipites, ut saxa iugis abrupta, quibus mons

643. torva.

the wine-cup. Do we invent these things, forsooth, our satire assuming the lofty buskin of tragedy, and, transgressing the bounds and the laws of our predecessors, are we raving in the deep tones of a Sophocles some mighty strain unknown to the Rutulian hills and the sky of Latium? Ah! would that we were unreal! But Pontia is crying out, "I did it, I confess, and prepared aconite for my boys, which facts are discovered and patent: at any rate I have accomplished the deed with my own hand." You, then, fellest of vipers, *killed two children* at one meal? You *killed two*? "*Aye*; seven, if there had chanced to be seven *there*."

Let us believe all that is related by the tragic writers of the fierce Colchian or Procne: I make no attempt to dispute it; and these women, *no doubt*, were guilty of great prodigies of crime in their day—but not for the sake of money. Less wonder is due to the most monstrous acts, in cases where rage makes this sex criminal: with fury consuming their vitals, they are borne headlong, like rocks torn from the heights, from which the

subtrahitur clivoque latus pendente recedit. 650
 illam ego non tulerim, quae computat et scelus ingens
 sana facit. spectant subeuntem fata mariti
 Alcestim et, similis si permutatio detur,
 morte viri cupiant animam servare catellae.
 occurrent multae tibi Belides atque Eriphylae 655
 mane, Clytaemnestram nullus non vicus habebit.
 hoc tantum refert, quod Tyndaris illa bipennem
 insulsam et fatuam dextra laevaue tenebat;
 at nunc res agitur tenui pulmone rubetae,
 sed tamen et ferro, si praegustabit Atrides 660
 Pontica ter victi cautus medicamina regis.

mountain is withdrawn, while its side recedes from the hanging declivity. The woman I cannot endure is she who calculates and commits a great crime in her full senses. They see, *at the play*, Alcestim undergoing death for her husband, and if a similar substitution were accorded them, they would wish, at the price of a husband's death, to save the life of a lapdog. Many Belides and Eriphylae will run up against you of a morning; no street that will not have its Clytaemnestra. The only difference is this, that the daughter of Tyndarus in question wielded a stupid senseless axe with right and left hand; but nowadays the business is done with the delicate lung of a toad—and yet with the steel too, if *her* wary Atrides shall have tasted beforehand some of the antidotes from Pontus of the thrice-conquered king.

SATIRA VII.

ET spes et ratio studiorum in Caesare tantum.
 solus enim tristes hac tempestate Camenas
 respexit, cum iam celebres notique poetae
 balneolum Gabiis, Romae conducere furnos
 tentarent, nec foedum alii nec turpe putarent 5
 praecones fieri, cum desertis Aganippes
 vallibus esuriens migraret in atria Clio.
 nam si Pieria quadrans tibi nullus in umbra
 ostendatur, ames nomen victumque Machaerae,
 et vendas potius commissa quod auctio vendit 10
 stantibus, oenophorum tripodes armaria cistas,
 Alcithoen Pacci, Thebas et Terea Fausti.
 hoc satius, quam si dicas sub iudice "vidi,"
 quod non vidisti. faciant equites Asiani,
 quamquam et Cappadoces faciant equitesque Bithyni, 15

8. arca.

SATIRE VII.

THE hope, as well as the motive, of our studies is in Caesar only, for he alone has regarded the Camenae, sorrowful in this age, when celebrated and well-known poets have for some time been trying to hire a small bath at Gabii or bakehouses at Rome; while others have not thought it base or dishonouring to turn public criers, when, deserting the valleys of Aganippe, hungry Clio has migrated to the auction-rooms. For if never a farthing be exhibited to you in the Pierian shade, be content with the name and calling of Machaera, and sell in preference what a forced auction sells to the bystanders—a wine-jar, three-legged tables, cupboards, chests, the "Alcithoe" of Paccius, the "Thebes" and "Tereus" of Faustus. This is better than for you to say before the judge, "I saw"—what you did not see, though Asiatic knights may do it, and Cappadocian and

altera quos nudo traducit Gallia talo.
 nemo tamen studiis indignum ferre laborem
 cogetur posthac, nectit quicumque canoris
 eloquium vocale modis laurumque momordit.
 hoc agite, o iuvenes! circumspicit et stimulat vos 20
 materiamque sibi ducis indulgentia quaerit.
 si qua aliunde putas rerum exspectanda tuarum
 praesidia, atque ideo croceae membrana tabellae
 impletur, lignorum aliquid posce ocus et quae
 componis dona Veneris, Telesine, marito, 25
 aut claude et positos tinea pertunde libellos.
 frange miser calamos vigilataque proelia dele,
 qui facis in parva sublimia carmina cella,
 ut dignus venias hederis et imagine macra.
 spes nulla ulterior; didicit iam dives avarus 30
 tantum admirari, tantum laudare disertos,
 ut pueri Iunonis avem. sed defluit aetas

22. spectanda. 23. crocea tabella. 25. conscribis.
 28. Sella (Vales). 30. nam.

Bithynian knights, whom Gallo-Graecia exposes to view with naked feet. No one, however, will henceforth be compelled to submit to labour unbecoming his studies, who sets the eloquence of words to harmonious metres, and has chewed the bay. Stick to your work, young men; the kind favour of the Emperor is looking round and stimulating you, and seeking materials *for its exercise*. If you think that encouragement for your pursuits is to be expected from any other quarter—and it is with that view that the parchment in its yellow boards is being filled—call for a trifle of firewood with all speed, and present what you are composing, Telesinus, to the husband of Venus, or shut up your books and let the worm perforate them where they lie. Break your pens, poor wretch, and rub out the battles you have spent your nights on, you who write sublime poems in a small closet, that you may turn out worthy of the ivy *crown* and a lean bust. There is no hope beyond; the stingy rich man has long learnt only to admire, only to praise the learned, as boys

et pelagi patiens et cassidis atque ligonia.
taedia tunc subeunt animos, tunc seque suamque
Terpsichoren odit facunda et nuda senectus. 35

Accipe nunc artes ne quid tibi conferat iste
quem colis, et Musarum et Apollinis aede relictā,
ipse facit versus atque uni cedit Homero
propter mille annos, et, si dulcedine famae
succensus recites, maculosas commodat aedes. 40
haec longe ferrata domus servire iubetur,
in qua sollicitas imitatur ianua portas.
scit dare libertos extrema in parte sedentes
ordinis et magnas comitum disponere voces.
nemo dabit regum, quanti subsellia constant 45
et quae conducto pendent anabathra tigillo
quaeque reportandis posita est orchestra cathedris.
nos tamen hoc agimus tenuique in pulvere sulcos

40. Maculonus, Maculonia.

48. tenueaeque.

do the bird of Juno. But the time of life is flowing by which can bear *the fatigues* of the sea, and the helmet, and the spade. Disgust then steals over the mind; then old age, eloquent and naked, hates itself and its own muse.

Hear now the artful contrivances, not to bestow anything upon you, of him whom you court, after having deserted the Temple of the Muses and Apollo. The great man himself makes verses, and yields to Homer alone, on account of his thousand years; and if, excited by the sweets of fame, you recite, he lends you a dirty apartment. Yonder house, long barred up, is ordered to serve your purpose, in which the door resembles the gates of a city in a time of trouble. He knows how to give you his freedmen, sitting at the extreme back of the rows, and to dispose *about* the loud voices of his hangers-on. *But* none of these rich men will give you what the benches cost you, or the hired wooden seats, rising one above another, which hang *from the walls*, and the orchestra, which is set with chairs, which will have to be returned. Yet we work at these things, and draw furrows in the soft dust, and turn up the sea-

ducimus et litus sterili versamus aratro.
 nam si discedas, laqueo tenet ambitiosi 50
 consuetudo mali, tenet insanabile multos
 scribendi cacoethes et aegro in corde senescit.
 sed vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,
 qui nihîi expositum soleat deducere, nec qui
 communi feriat carmen triviale moneta, 55
 hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum,
 anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
 impatiens, cupidus silvarum aptusque bibendis
 fontibus Aonidum. neque enim cantare sub antro
 Pierio thyrsumive potest contingere moesta 60
 paupertas atque aeris inops, quo nocte dieque
 corpus eget: satur est, cum dicit Horatius "euoe!"
 quis locus ingenio, nisi cum se carmine solo
 vexant et dominis Cirrhae Nysaeque feruntur
 pectora vestra duas non admittentia curas? 65
 magnae mentis opus nec de lodice paranda

50. ambitiosum.

58. avidusque.

65. nostra.

shore with sterile plough. For if you try to get away, the habit of the ambitious mischief holds you in a noose; the incurable disease of writing holds many, and attains to old age in the sickened heart. But a poet above the herd, whose vein is not of a vulgar kind, who is wont to spin nothing commonplace, nor to coin a trivial poem at the public mint, such an one, whom I am unable to designate, and can only imagine, is produced by a mind freed from anxiety, exempt from all *the bitterness of life*, longing for the woods, and fitted to drink from the fountains of the Aonides. Nor, of a truth, can poverty, sorrowful and without money, of which by night and day the body stands in need, sing under the Pierian grotto, or handle the thyrsus. Horace is full, when he cries Euoe! What place is there for genius, save when your breasts, not admitting two cares, torment themselves with the poetical strain alone, and are carried along by the lords of Cirrha and Nysa? It was the work of a great mind, and one not per-

attonitae, currus et equos faciesque deorum
 aspicere et qualis Rutulum confundat Erinnyes.
 nam si Virgilio puer et tolerabile deesset
 hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus hydri, 70
 surda nihil gemeret grave buccina. poscimus ut sit
 non minor antiquo Rubrenus Lappa cothurno,
 cuius et alveolos et laenam pignerat Atreus.
 non habet infelix Numitor quod mittat amico,
 Quintillae quod donet habet, nec defuit illi 75
 unde emeret multa pascendum carne leonem
 iam domitum; constat leviori bellua sumptu
 nimirum, et capiunt plus intestina poetae.
 contentus fama iaceat Lucanus in hortis
 marmoreis, at Serrano tenuique Saleio 80
 gloria quantalibet quid erit, si gloria tantum est?
 curritur ad vocem iucundam et carmen amicae
 Thebaidos, laetam cum fecit Statius urbem

69. desit.

plexed about the procuring of a blanket, to behold the chariots and horses and faces of the gods, and in what shape Erinnyes appalled the Rutulian. For if a slave and tolerable quarters had been wanting to Virgil, all the snakes would have fallen from her locks, the voiceless trumpet would have sounded no deep tone. We demand that Rubrenus Lappa should not fall short of the buskin of the ancients, while his "Atreus" has obliged him to pawn his sauce-boats and his cloak. Numitor, poor fellow, has nothing to send to a friend, but he has something to present to Quintilla; nor was he short of the wherewithal to buy a lion, and a tamed one too, to be fed with much meat. Doubtless the beast stands in at a lighter outlay, and a poet's intestines are more capacious! Content with his fame, let Lucan repose in his gardens adorned with marbles; but to Serranus and starving Saleius, what will be the value of ever so much glory, if it be glory and nothing else? There is a rush to the delightful voice, and the strains of the welcome "Thebais," where Statius has made the city glad, and appointed a day for

promisitque diem : tanta dulcedine captos
 afficit ille animos tantaque libidine vulgi 85
 auditur ; sed cum fregit subsellia versu,
 esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agaven.
 ille et militiae multis largitur honorem,
 semestri vatum digitos circumligat auro.
 quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio. tu Camerinos 90
 et Bareas, tu nobilium magna atria curas ?
 praefectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos.
 haud tamen inideas vati quem pulpita pascunt.
 quis tibi Maecenas, quis nunc erit aut Procleius
 aut Fabius, quis Cotta iterum, quis Lentulus alter ? 95
 tunc par ingenio pretium, tunc utile multis
 pallere et vinum toto nescire Decembri.

Vester porro labor fecundior, historiarum
 scriptores ? petit hic plus temporis atque olei plus.
 namque oblita modi millesima pagina surgit 100

99. petitur plus.

100. nullo quippe modo.

reciting. So greatly does he charm their enthralled minds, and with such eagerness on the part of the crowd is he listened to ; but when he has made the benches resound with his verse, he starves unless he sells his virgin "Agave" to Paris. He (*Paris*), besides, confers upon many, military honours, and surrounds the fingers of poets with the gold ring of a six months' *command*. What the great do not give, a player will give. Do you devote your attention to the Camerini and the Bareae and the spacious halls of nobles ? "Pelopea" makes prefects ; "Philomela," tribunes. Yet do not be angry with the poet whom the boards feed. Who will be a Maecenas to you ? who will be, nowadays, either a Procleius or a Fabius ? who a Cotta over again ? who a second Lentulus ? Then, there were rewards on a par with genius ; then it was of service to many to grow pale, and to ignore wine through the whole of December.

Is your labour, again, more fruitful, ye writers of histories ? This is one which demands more time and more *midnight* oil ; for, oblivious of bounds, the thousandth page springs up for you

omnibus et multa crescit damnosa papyro ;
 sic ingens rerum numerus iubet atque operum lex.
 quae tamen inde seges, terrae quis fructus apertae ?
 quis dabit historico, quantum daret acta legenti ?

“Sed genus ignavum, quod lecto gaudet et umbra.” 105
 dic igitur, quid causicis civilia praestent
 officia et magno comites in fasce libelli ?
 ipsi magna sonant, sed tunc cum creditor audit
 praecipue, vel si tetigit latus acrior illo,
 qui venit ad dubium grandi cum codice nomen. 110
 tunc immensa cavi spirant mendacia folles
 conspuiturque sinus ; veram deprendere messem
 si libet, hinc centum patrimonia causicorum,
 parte alia solum russati pone Lacernae.
 consedere duces, surgis tu pallidus Ajax 115
 dicturus dubia pro libertate, bubulco
 iudice. rumpe miser tensum iecur, ut tibi lasso

101. talibus.

105. tecto.

112. verum.

all, and grows, ruinous from the quantity of paper. So the vast number of events enjoins, and the conditions of these works. Yet what is the harvest from all this ? what the fruit from the ground that has been opened ? Who will give an historian as much as he would give to one to read the news of the day ?

“But the race is an idle one, which delights in the couch and the shade.” Say, then, what do their services to the citizens, and the briefs which accompany them in a huge bundle, bring in to the lawyers ? They talk big, of themselves, but particularly when the creditor is listening, or if some one still more eager than he has nudged them in the side, who comes to *sue* for a doubtful debt with a large account-book. Then *the lawyer's* hollow bellows exhale enormous lies, and his breast is all spluttered over. If you wish to ascertain the real harvest, put on one side the fortunes of a hundred lawyers, and on the other that of the red *charioteer* Lacerna alone. “The chiefs” have taken their seats ; you rise a pale “Ajax,” to speak for the liberty of your client, which is disputed, with a neatherd for

figantur virides, scalarum gloria, palmae.
 quod vocis pretium? siccus petasunculus et vas
 pelamydum, aut veteres, Afrorum epimenia, bulbi, 120
 aut vinum Tiberi devectum, quinque lagenae
 si quater egisti; si contigit aureus unus,
 inde cadunt partes ex foedere pragmaticorum.
 Aemilio dabitur quantum libet, et melius nos
 egimus. huius enim stat currus aeneus, alti 125
 quadriuges in vestibulis, atque ipse feroci
 bellatore sedens curvatum hastile minatur
 eminus et statua meditatur proelia lusca.
 sic Pedito conturbat, Matho deficit, exitus hic est
 Tongilli, magno cum rhinocerote lavari 130
 qui solet et vexat lutulenta balnea turba
 perque forum iuvenes longo premit assere Medos,
 empturus pueros argentum murrina villas;

119. ficus.

120. Maurorum.

124. petit, petet, licet.

judge. Burst, poor wretch, your strained vitals, that, when you are spent, green palm branches may be put up for you, the glory of your staircase! What is the reward of your voice? A dry little flitch of bacon, and a jar of small thunny-fish, or some old roots, the monthly allowance of African *slaves*, or wine brought down the Tiber, five bottles if you have pleaded four times. If a single gold piece has fallen to your happy lot, the shares of the attorneys have to be deducted according to agreement. Aemilius will get as much as he pleases, and *yet* we pleaded better than he; but then he has his chariot of bronze, and a lofty team of four standing in his courtyard, and he himself sitting on his fierce charger aims his bending lance threateningly with his hand, and meditates fight in *the person of* his statue with one eye closed. So it is that Pedito is bankrupt, Matho fails; this is the end of Tongillus, who is in the habit of bathing with a large rhinoceros-horn, and who infests the baths with a mud-stained crowd of *attendants*, and along the Forum presses on the young Medes, *his bearers*, with long litter-pole, to buy slaves, plate, porcelain, villas; for his deceptive purple, with its

spondet enim Tyrio stlataria purpura filo.
 et tamen est illis hoc utile, purpura vendit 135
 causicum, vendunt amethystina, convenit illis
 et strepitu et facie maioris vivere census,
 sed finem impensae non servat prodiga Roma.
 fidimus eloquio? Ciceroni nemo ducentos
 nunc dederit nummos, nisi fulserit annulus ingens. 140
 respicit haec primum qui litigat, an tibi servi
 octo, decem comites, an post te sella, togati
 ante pedes. ideo conducta Paulus agebat
 sardonyche, atque ideo pluris quam Cossus agebat,
 quam Basilus. rara in tenui facundia panno. 145
 quando licet Basilo flentem producere matrem?
 quis bene dicentem Basilum ferat? accipiat te
 Gallia vel potius nutricula causicorum
 Africa, si placuit mercedem imponere linguae.
 Declamare doces? o ferrea pectora Vetti, 150

134. splendet.

139. ut redeant veteres.

149. ponere.

Tyrian tissue, gets him credit. And yet this is of service to them: his purples puff the lawyer, his violet-coloured garments puff him: it suits these people to live with the bustle and the appearance of a larger fortune *than they have*. But prodigal Rome observes no bounds in her expenditure. Do we trust to eloquence? No one nowadays would give Cicero two hundred sesterces, unless a huge ring glittered *on his finger*. The man who goes to law first looks to this, whether you have eight slaves, ten attendants, a sedan following you, clients in togas before you. It was on this account that Paulus used to plead with a hired sardonyx-ring, and on this account that he used to plead for a higher fee than Cossus or than Basilus. Eloquence is *held to be* rare under a threadbare garment. When is Basilus allowed to produce *in court* a weeping mother? Who can endure Basilus even though he speak well? Let Gaul receive you, or rather Africa, the nursing-mother of lawyers, if you have decided to put a price upon your tongue.

Do you teach declamation? Oh! iron *must be* the breast of

cum perimit saevos classis numerosa tyrannos !
 nam quaecumque sedens modo legerat, haec eadem stans
 perferet atque eadem cantabit versibus isdem.
 occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.
 quis color et quod sit causae genus atque ubi summa 155
 quaestio, quae veniant diversa parte sagittae,
 nosse velint omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.
 "mercedem appellas ? quid enim scio ?" culpa docentis
 scilicet arguitur, quod laeva in parte mamillae
 nil salit Arcadico iuveni, cuius mihi sexta 160
 quaque die miserum dirus caput Hannibal implet,
 quidquid id est de quo deliberat, an petat urbem
 a Cannis, an post nimbos et fulmina cautus
 circumagat madidas a tempestate cohortes.
 "quantum vis stipulare, et protinus accipe quod do, 165
 ut toties illum pater audiat." haec alii sex
 vel plures uno conclamant ore sophistae,

153. proferet ; idem (Jahn).

159. si laeva parte (Fulgent).

Vettius, when his numerous class destroys savage tyrants. For whatever he (*the boy*) has just read, seated, the very same things he will go through standing up, and will drawl forth the same things in the same verses. "Cabbage repeated" kills the wretched schoolmasters. What may be the colour *to be given* to a cause, to what class it belongs, where lies the principal issue, what shafts may come from the opposite side—all wish to know, but no one to come down with payment. "You claim payment? why, what do I know?" The fault is charged on the teacher, forsooth, that there is nothing beating on the left side of the breast of this Arcadian youth, whose dreadful "Hannibal" fills my wretched head every sixth day, whatever it is about which he deliberates, whether he shall march to the city from Cannae, or, made cautious after the storms and the thunderbolts, shall wheel round his soaked cohorts from the tempest. "Bargain for any sum you please, and forthwith take what I hand you, on condition that his *own* father hear him as many times." These things half a dozen or more sophists

et veras agitant lites raptore relicto;
 fusa venena silent, malus ingratusque maritus,
 et quae iam veteres sanant mortaria caecos. 170
 ergo sibi dabit ipse rudem, si nostra movebunt
 consilia, et vitae diversum iter ingredietur,
 ad pugnam qui rhetorica descendit ab umbra,
 summula ne pereat, qua vilis tessera venit
 frumenti; quippe haec merces lautissima. tenta, 175
 Chrysogonus quanti doceat vel Pollio quanti
 lautorum pueros, artem scindens Theodori.
 balnea sexcentis et pluris porticus, in qua
 gestetur dominus, quoties pluit. anne serenum
 expectet spargatque luto iumenta recenti? 180
 hic potius, namque hic munda nitet ungula mulae.
 parte alia longis Numidarum fulta columnis
 surgat et algentem rapiat coenatio solem.
 quanticumque domus, veniet qui fercula docte

177. *scindes* (Iahn).

besides cry out together with one voice, and pursue real lawsuits, leaving "the ravisher"; "outpoured poisons" are no longer heard of, nor "the wicked and ungrateful husband," nor "the drugs which restore to soundness old blind men." Therefore, he who descends to the fight from his scholastic seclusion, will present himself with his own discharge, if my counsels can move him, that the little sum may not be thrown away for which the cheap corn-ticket is sold, since this is the richest return *he gets*. Inquire on what terms Chrysogonus, or on what terms Pollio teaches the sons of rich men, ridiculing the art of Theodorus. Their baths cost six hundred sesteria, and still more the covered way for my lord to be driven about in whenever it rains. Is he to wait for fine weather, and *then* bespatter his steeds with the fresh mud? *No*; here rather *let him drive*, for here the hoof of his clean mule glistens. On the other side, supported by tall columns of Numidian *marble*, let his dining-room rear itself and catch the winter sun. However great the cost of his house, there will be some one to arrange

componat, veniet qui pulmentaria condat. 185
 hos inter sumptus sestertia Quintiliano,
 ut multum, duo sufficient: res nulla minoris
 constabit patri, quam filius. unde igitur tot
 Quintilianus habet saltus? exempla novorum
 factorum transi. felix et pulcher et acer, 190
 felix et sapiens et nobilis et generosus
 appositam nigrae lunam subtexit alutae,
 felix orator quoque maximus et iaculator;
 et, si perfrixit, cantat bene. distat enim quae
 sidera te excipiant modo primos incipientem 195
 edere vagitus et adhuc a matre rubentem.
 si fortuna volet, fies de rhetore consul;
 si volet haec eadem, fies de consule rhetor.
 Ventidius quid enim? quid Tullius? anne aliud quam
 sidus et occulti miranda potentia fati? 200
 servis regna dabunt, captivis fata triumphos.

196. ex matre.

201. triumphum.

his table skilfully—there will be some one to concoct made-dishes. Amidst these lavish outlays, two sestertia, as a large fee, will be *deemed* sufficient for Quintilian: no article costs a father less than his *own* son. “Whence, then, does Quintilian possess so many pastures?” Pass over examples of unprecedented good fortune. The lucky man is handsome and bold; the lucky man is wise as well as noble and highly-born, and sews on to his black shoe the crescent-shaped appendage of a senator. The lucky man is the greatest of orators and arguers likewise; even if he has got a cold, he declaims well. For it makes a difference what stars welcome you, just beginning to utter your first cries, and still red from your mother. If Fortune shall will it, from a rhetorician you will become a consul; if this same *Fortune* shall will it, from a consul you will become a rhetorician. For what was Ventidius? what Tullius? Were they anything else than *examples* of their star and the marvellous power of a hidden destiny? The fates bestow kingdoms on slaves and triumphs on captives. Yet this lucky man is, at

felix ille tamen corvo quoque rarior albo.
 poenituit multos vanae sterilisque cathedrae,
 sicut Thrasymachi probat exitus atque Secundi
 Carinatis: et hunc inopem vidistis, Athenae, 205
 nil praeter gelidas ausae conferre cicutas.
 di, maiorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram
 spirantesque crocos et in urna perpetuum ver,
 qui praeceptorem sancti voluere parentis
 esse loco. metuens virgae iam grandis Achilles 210
 cantabat patriis in montibus; et cui non tunc
 eliceret risum citharoedi cauda magistri?
 sed Rufum atque alios caedit sua quemque iuventus,
 Rufum, qui toties Ciceronem Allobroga dixit.

Quis gremio Enceladi doctique Palaemonis affert 215
 quantum grammaticus meruit labor? et tamen ex hoc
 quodcumque est, minus est autem quam rhetoris aera,
 discipuli custos praemordet Acoenonetus

214. quem.

218. ἀκοονώνητος.

the same time, rarer than a white raven. Many have grown weary of the vain and profitless teacher's chair, as the end of Thrasymachus proves, and that of Secundus Carinas: and you beheld one in poverty, O Athens! on whom you dared to bestow nothing besides cold hemlock! Ye gods! *grant* to the shades of our ancestors an earth light and without weight, and fragrant crocuses, and perpetual spring in their urns, who willed that a preceptor should hold the place of a revered parent. Achilles, already full-grown, sang on his paternal mountains in awe of the rod; and yet in whom, even then, would not the tail of the harper-teacher have provoked a laugh? But now Rufus and others are beaten, each of them by his own pupils: Rufus, who has so often called Cicero "the Allobrogian!"

Who brings to the lap of Enceladus or learned Palaemon as much as their labour, as teachers of grammar, has merited? And yet from this sum, whatever it is (and it is less, at any rate, than the rhetorician's pay), Acoenonetus, the pupil's pedagogue, takes a bite beforehand; and the steward breaks off *a slice*

et qui dispensat frangit sibi. cede, Palaemon,
 et patere inde aliquid decrescere, non aliter quam 220
 institor hibernae tegetis niveique cadurci,
 dummodo non pereat, mediae quod noctis ab hora
 sedisti, qua nemo faber, qua nemo sederet
 qui docet obliquo lanam deducere ferro;
 dummodo non pereat totidem olfecisse lucernas, 225
 quot stabant pueri, cum totus decolor esset
 Flaccus et haereret nigro fuligo Maroni.
 rara tamen merces, quae cognitione tribuni
 non egeat. sed vos saevas imponite leges,
 ut praeceptorum verborum regula constet, 230
 ut legat historias, auctores noverit omnes
 tamquam ungues digitosque suos, ut forte rogatus,
 dum petit aut thermas aut Phoebi balnea, dicat
 nutricem Anchisae, nomen patriamque novercae
 Archemori, dicat quot Acestes vixerit annos, 235
 quot Siculus Phrygibus vini donaverit urnas.

219. franget.

235. Anchemoli.

for himself. Yield, Palaemon, and suffer something to be abated from it, just like the salesman of winter rugs and white quilts, provided it be not pure waste that you have sat up from the hour of midnight, at which no workman, no one would sit up, who teaches how to card wool with the crooked iron; provided it be not pure waste that you have smelt as many lamps as there were boys standing by, with their whole Flaccus discoloured, and the smoke clinging to the blackened Maro. Even then, rare is the payment which does not require a decision of the tribune. But do you *parents* impose severe laws, that the preceptor be perfect in the rules of syntax, that he read all histories, know all authors like his own nails and fingers; that, asked at haphazard, while he is repairing to the Thermae or the baths of Phoebus, he should *be able to* tell you the nurse of Anchises, the name and country of the stepmother of Archemorus; that he should tell you how many years Acestes lived—how many flagons of wine the Sicilian *king* gave to the Phrygians. Insist that he

exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
 ut si quis cera vultum facit, exigite ut sit
 et pater ipsius coetus, ne turpia ludant,
 ne faciant vicibus. "non est leve tot puerorum 240
 observare manus oculosque in fine trementes."
 "haec," inquit, "cures; et cum se verterit annus
 accipe victori populus quod postulat aurum!"

SATIRA VIII.

STEMMATA quid faciunt? quid prodest, Pontice, longo
 sanguine censer, pictos ostendere vultus
 maiorum et stantes in curribus Aemilianos
 et Curios iam dimidios humerosque minorem
 Corvinum et Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem? 5

4. humeroque.

mould their youthful morals, as it were with his thumb, just as
 one fashions a face out of wax; insist that he be a father even
 to the whole flock, that they may not play obscenely or adopt
 dirty practices. "It is no light thing to watch the hands and
 eyes, tremulous at the end, of so many boys." "You attend
 to these things," says *the father*, "and when the year is turned,
 receive *from me* as much gold as the people demands for a victor
in the circus."

SATIRE VIII.

WHAT do pedigrees avail? Of what advantage is it, Ponticus,
 to be estimated by the antiquity of your race, and to exhibit the
 painted countenances of your ancestors, and Aemiliani standing
 in their chariots, and Curii now in halves, and Corvinus short of
 his shoulders, and Galba wanting ears and a nose? What profit

quis fructus, generis tabula iactare capaci
 Corvinum, posthac multa contingere virga
 fumosos equitum cum dictatore magistros,
 si coram Lepidis inale vivitur? effigies quo
 tot bellatorum, si luditur alea pernox 10
 ante Numantinos, si dormire incipis ortu
 luciferi, quo signa duces et castra movebant?
 cur Allobrogicis et magna gaudeat ara
 natus in Herculeo Fabius lare, si cupidus, si
 vanus et Euganea quantumvis mollior agna, 15
 si tenerum attritus Catinensi pumice lumbum
 squalentes traducit avos, emptorque veneni
 frangenda miseram funestat imagine gentem?
 tota licet veteres exornent undique cerae
 atria, nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus. 20
 Paulus vel Cossus vel Drusus moribus esto,
 hos ante effigies maiorum pone tuorum,
 praecedant ipsas illi te consule virgas.

is there in boasting of Corvinus on your capacious family-roll, and, after him, in reaching, through many a bough, smoke-dried Masters of the Horse and Dictators, if, in presence of the Lepidi, one leads a bad life? To what purpose the effigies of so many warriors, if the dice are being played all night long before the Numantini; if you begin to sleep *only* at the rising of Lucifer, when they, in the command of armies, were moving their standards and their camps? Why should a Fabius, born in the household of Hercules, plume himself on Allobrogici and the great altar, if he be covetous, empty, and ever so much more effeminate than a lamb of Euganea; if, with soft loins, polished by Catanian pumice-stone, he exposes to contempt his rugged sires, and, a purchaser of poison, defiles his unhappy race by his image, which will have to be broken up? Though ancient wax images set off the whole of your halls in every direction, the sole, the only nobility is virtue. Be a Paulus or a Cossus or a Drusus in your character; put that before the effigies of your ancestors; let that go before the Fasces themselves, when you

prima mihi debes animi bona. sanctus haberi
 iustitiaeque tenax factis dictisque mereris, 25
 agnosco procerem; salve, Gaetulice, seu tu
 Silanus, quocumque alio de sanguine, rarus
 civis et egregius patriae contingis ovanti,
 exclamare libet, populus quod clamat Osiri
 invento. quis enim generosum dixerit hunc qui 30
 indignus genere et praeclaro nomine tantum
 insignis? nanum cuiusdam Atlanta vocamus,
 Aethiopem cygnum, pravam extortamque puellam
 European, canibus pigris scabieque vetusta
 levibus et siccae lambentibus ora lucernae 35
 nomen erit pardus tigris leo, si quid adhuc est
 quod fremat in terris violentius. ergo cavebis
 et metues ne tu sis Creticus aut Camerinus.

His ego quem monui? tecum est mihi sermo, Rubelli
 Plaute. tumes alto Drusorum stemmate, tamquam 40

33. parvam.

38. ne tu sic.

40. Blande; sanguine.

are Consul. First, you owe me the virtues of the soul. Do
 you deserve in word and deed to be held an upright man of
 unflinching integrity? I recognise the nobleman. All hail,
 Gaeticulus, or if you be a Silanus, or from whatever other stock
you may come, you fall to the happy lot of your rejoicing country,
 a rare and remarkable citizen. One is disposed to shout out
 what the people shout when Osiris is found. For who would
 call him noble that is unworthy of his race, and distinguished
 only by an illustrious name? We call some one's dwarf Atlas;
 an Ethiopian, a swan; a crooked deformed girl, Europe; lazy
 curs, hairless from inveterate mange, and licking the edges of a
 dry lamp, have for names, "Panther," "Tiger," "Lion,"—or if
 there be anything else which roars with greater fury in the
 world. You will have to take care then, and fear lest you be
 a Creticus or Camerinus *on the same principle*.

Whom have I been admonishing in these words? My talk
 is with you, Rubellius Plautus. You are puffed up with the
 lofty pedigree of the Drusi, just as if you yourself had achieved

feceris ipse aliquid propter quod nobilis esses,
 ut te conciperet quae sanguine fulget Iuli,
 non quae ventoso conducta sub aggere textit.
 "vos humiles," inquis, "vulgi pars ultima nostri,
 quorum nemo queat patriam monstrare parentis, 45
 ast ego Cecropides." vivas et originis huius
 gaudia longa feras! tamen ima plebe Quiritem
 facundum invenies; solet hic defendere causas
 nobilis indocti; veniet de plebe togata,
 qui iuris nodos et legum aenigmata solvat. 50
 hic petit Euphraten iuvenis domitique Batavi
 custodes aquilas armis industrius; at tu
 nil nisi Cecropides truncoque simillimus hermae;
 nullo quippe alio vincis discrimine, quam quod
 illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivit imago. 55
 dic mihi, Teucrorum proles, animalia muta
 quis generosa putet, nisi fortia? nempe volucrem

57. putat.

something, on account of which you were noble, *and* to cause you to be conceived by one who shines with the blood of Iulus, *and* not one who weaves for hire under the windy rampart. "You are nobodies," you say, "the dregs of our populace, of whom not one could tell the birthplace of his parent. But I am a Cecropid!" Long life to you, and long may you enjoy the delights of such a descent; and yet, in this lowest herd, you will chance to find an eloquent Roman. It is he who is wont to plead the causes of the nobleman who is unlearned. From the toga'd crowd will come one who will solve the knotty points of law and enigmas of the statutes. This one hies to the Euphrates when in his prime, and to the eagles that guard the conquered Batavi, assiduous in arms; while you are nothing but a Cecropid, and most like a pedestal with Hermes' head, since in no other point of difference have you the advantage than *in the fact* that his head is of marble, and your image is possessed of life. Tell me, descendant of the Teucri, who thinks dumb animals "noble" unless they be stout?

sic laudamus equum facili cui plurima palma
 fervet et exultat rauco victoria circo.
 nobilis hic, quocumque venit de gramine, cuius 60
 clara fuga ante alios et primus in aequore pulvis;
 sed venale pecus Corythae posteritas et
 Hirpini, si rara iugo Victoria sedit.
 nil ibi maiorum respectus, gratia nulla
 umbrarum; dominos pretiis mutare iubentur 65
 exiguis, trito ducunt epiredia collo
 segnipedes dignique inolam versare Nepotis.
 ergo ut miremur te, non tua, primum aliquid da
 quod possim titulis incidere, praeter honores
 quos illis damus ac dedimus quibus omnia debes. 70
 Haec satis ad iuvenem, quem nobis fama superbum
 tradit et inflatum plenumque Nerone propinquo;
 rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
 fortuna; sed te censi laude tuorum,

58. facile, facilis.

66. tritoque trahunt.

Assuredly we praise a horse as swift, on the ground that many
 a palm of *triumph* glows for the easy winner, while victory
 exults in the hoarse circus. He is noble, from whatever pasture
 he comes, whose speed is distinguished before the others, whose
 dust is first on the plain. But the descendants of Corytha and
 Hirpinus are *but* cattle for sale if victory has sat rarely on their
 yoke. In their case there is no regard for ancestors, no favour
to be gained from shades; they are forced to change their owners
 for small prices; they draw carts, with galled neck, slow of foot,
 and worthy only to turn the mill of Nepos. Therefore, that
 we may admire you, and not yours, first give me something
 which I may be able to inscribe among your titles besides those
 honours which we give, and *always* have given, to those to whom
 you owe everything.

Enough on the youth whom fame reports to us as proud and
 puffed up and full of his relationship to Nero. Indeed, a sense
 of what is due to others is commonly rare in that condition of
 life. But I should be loath, Ponticus, for you to be estimated

Pontice, noluerim sic ut nihil ipse futurae 75
 laudis agas. miserum est aliorum incumbere famae,
 ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.
 stratus humi palmes viduas desiderat ulmos.
 esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
 integer. ambiguae si quando citabere testis 80
 incertaeque rei, Phalaris licet imperet ut sis
 falsus et admoto dictet periuria tauro,
 summum crede nefas animam praeferre pudori ✓
 et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.
 dignus morte perit, coenet licet ostrea centum 85
 Gaurana et Cosmi toto mergatur aeno.
 expectata diu tandem provincia cum te
 rectorem accipiet, pone irae frena modumque,
 pone et avaritiae, miserere inopum sociorum.
 ossa vides regum vacuis exsucta medullis. 90
 respice quid moneant leges, quid curia mandet,

by the renown of your belongings, on the understanding that
 you yourself should do nothing *worthy* of future renown. It is
 a wretched thing to lean for support on the reputation of others,
 lest the roof should fall in ruin when the pillars are withdrawn.
 The vine trailing on the ground longs in vain for the unwedded
 elms. Be a good soldier, a good guardian, an upright arbitrator;
 if ever you be summoned as a witness in a doubtful and uncer-
 tain matter, though Phalaris *himself* command you to speak false,
 and dictate perjuries with his bull set by you, deem it the
 height of impiety to prefer existence to honour, and for the sake
 of *mere* life to sacrifice the objects of living. He that deserves
 death has perished *already*, though he sup on a hundred oysters
 from Gaurus, and be plunged in a whole copper of Cosmus's
perfumes. When, in the course of time, the province so long
 expected shall receive you for its ruler, put a check and a limit
 on your violence and on your avarice as well; have mercy on
 our indigent allies. You see the *very* bones of kings sucked
 dry, with the marrow extracted. Bear in mind what the laws
 enjoin, what the Senate orders, what great rewards await the

praemia quanta bonos maneant, quam fulmine iusto
 et Capito et Numitor ruerint damnante senatu,
 piratae Cilicum. sed quid damnatio confert,
 cum Pansa eripiat quidquid tibi Natta reliquit ? 95
 praeconem, Chaerippe, tuis circumspice pannis,
 iamque tace ; furor est post omnia perdere naulum.
 non idem gemitus olim neque vulnus erat par
 damnorum, sociis florentibus et modo victis.
 plena domus tunc omnis et ingens stabat acervus 100
 nummorum, Spartana chlamys, conchylia Coa,
 et cum Parrhasii tabulis signisque Myronis
 Phidiacum vivebat ebur, nec non Polycleti
 multus ubique labor, rarae sine Mentore mensae.
 inde Dolabellae atque hinc Antonius, inde 105
 sacrilegus Verres ; referebant navibus altis
 occulta spolia et plures de pace triumphos.
 nunc sociis iuga pauca boum, grex parvus equarum

105. Dolabella est.

108. parva.

good, by how just a thunderbolt both Capito and Numitor were crushed, those pirates of the Cilicians, when the Senate condemned them. But what does their condemnation avail you, *provincial*, if Pansa is to wrest away whatever Natta has left you? Look round you, Chaerippus, for one to cry your rags for sale, and hold your tongue at once. It is madness, after everything *else*, to lose your passage-money to *Rome*. There was not the same groaning formerly, nor were the wounds caused by spoliation as great, when our allies were *still* flourishing, and but recently conquered. Then every house was full, and a huge pile of money was standing ; the Spartan shawl, purple dresses from Cos, and, with the paintings of Parrhasius and the statues of Myro, the ivory of Phidias seemed alive, and Polycletus' handiwork, too, was everywhere in plenty ; there were few tables without a Mentor. Then here come Dolabellas, and there Antony, and there sacrilegious Verres : they used to carry back in lofty ships their hidden spoils, and a good many *trophies* of triumphs won from peace. Now, our allies will

et pater armenti capto eripietur agello,
 ipsi deinde lares, si quod spectabile signum, 110
 si quis in aedicula deus unicus. haec etenim sunt
 pro summis, nam sunt haec maxima. despicias tu
 forsitan imbelles Rhodios unctamque Corinthum
 despicias merito; quid resinata iuventus
 cruraque totius facient tibi levia gentis? 115
 horrida vitanda est Hispania, Gallicus axis
 Illyricumque latus; parce et messoribus illis,
 qui saturant urbem circo scenaeque vacantem.
 quanta autem inde feres tam dirae praemia culpae,
 cum tenues nuper Marius discinxerit Afros? 120
 curandum imprimis ne magna iniuria fiat
 fortibus et miseris. tollas licet omne quod usquam est
 auri atque argenti, scutum gladiumque relinques
 et iaculum et galeam; spoliatis arma supersunt.

109. eripiatur.

have their few yokes of oxen, the small stock of brood-mares,
 and the father of the herd, carried off from a captured farm,
 and the very Lares afterwards, if there be any image worth
 looking at, if there be any solitary divinity in the little shrine.
 These things, indeed, stand for the highest prizes, for these are
 the greatest *now to be got*. You despise, it may be, the unwar-
 like Rhodians, and perfumed Corinth. You despise them with
 reason. What can resin-smeared youths, or the depilated legs
 of a whole nation do to you? *But* rugged Spain must be
 avoided, and the clime of Gaul and the Illyrian sea-board.
 Spare, too, those harvesters who glut the city, giving its time
 to the circus and the theatre. Moreover, what so great prizes
 will you get from that quarter *in return* for so dreadful a crime,
 seeing that Marius has recently stripped the impoverished Afri-
 cans of their *very* girdles? You must take especial care that
 no deep injury be inflicted on those who are brave as well as poor;
 though you take from them all the gold and silver they have
 anywhere, you will *still* leave them shield and sword, javelins
 and helmet. To the plundered there still remain arms!

Quod modo proposui, non est sententia, verum 125
 credite me vobis folium recitare Sibyllae.
 si tibi sancta cohors comitum, si nemo tribunal
 vendit acersecomes, si nullum in coniuge crimen,
 nec per conventus et cuncta per oppida curvis
 unguibus ire parat nummos raptura Celaeno, 130
 tunc licet a Pico numeres genus, altaque si te
 nomina delectant, omnem Titanida pugnam
 inter maiores ipsumque Promethea ponas,
 de quocumque voles proavum tibi sumito libro.
 quod si praecipitem rapit ambitio atque libido, 135
 si frangis virgas sociorum in sanguine, si te
 delectant hebetes lasso lictore secures,
 incipit ipsorum contra te stare parentum
 nobilitas claramque facem praeferre pudendis.
 omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se 140
 crimen habet, quanto maior qui peccat habetur.

125. verum est.

131. tu licet, tum licet.

133. pingas.

What I have just set forth is not a mere aphorism ; believe that I am reciting to you a veracious leaf of the sibyl. If you have an upright suite of attendants, if no long-haired young favourite sells your judgments, if your wife is free from guilt, and is not preparing to go through the district courts and through all the towns to swoop upon the coins with crooked talons, like another Celaeno, then—albeit you reckon your descent from Picus, or, if lofty names delight you, though you place the whole array of the Titans among your forefathers, and Prometheus himself,—take to yourself a progenitor from whatever book you please. But—if ambition and lust hurry you on headlong, if you break rods in the blood of our allies, if you delight in axes blunted with an executioner tired out,—the nobility of your parents themselves begins to rise up against you, and to hold out a bright torch to *light up* your shameful deeds. Every vice of the soul carries with it a condemnation the more glaring the higher the standing of the person who sins. Of what use is it for you to brag about yourself to me, if you are in the

quo mihi te solitum falsas signare tabellas
 in templis quae fecit avus statuamque parentis
 ante triumphalem? quo, si nocturnus adulter
 tempora Santonico velas adoperta cucullo? 145

Praeter maiorum cineres atque ossa volucris
 carpento rapitur pinguis Lateranus; et ipse,
 ipse rotam adstringit multo sufflamine consul,
 nocte quidem, sed luna videt, sed sidera testes
 intendunt oculos. finitum tempus honoris 150
 cum fuerit, clara Lateranus luce flagellum
 sumet et occursum numquam trepidabit amici
 iam senis, ac virga prior annuet atque maniplos
 solvet et infundet iumentis hordea lassis.
 interea dum lanatas torvumque iuvencum 155
 more Numae caedit Iovis ante altaria, iurat
 solam Eponam et facies olida ad praesepia pictas.
 sed cum pervigiles placet instaurare popinas,

147. Damasippus.

153. innuet.

155. robumque.

habit of setting your seal to forged wills in the temples your grandfather built, and before the triumphal statue of your parent? Of what use, if, as a nocturnal adulterer, you veil your brows, concealed by a Santon cowl?

Past the ashes and bones of his ancestors fat Lateranus is whirled in his rapid coach, and with his own hands—with his own hands—a consul!—locks his wheel with the frequent drag-chain; by night, it is true, but the moon sees him, but the stars strain on him their eyes, witnesses *of the act*. When the time of his magistracy is completed, Lateranus will take up his whip in the bright light *of day*, and will never be frightened at meeting an elderly friend, but will be the first to salute him with his whip, and will untie the trusses, and will administer the barley to his tired steeds. All this time, while he sacrifices woolly victims and a stalwart heifer, after the rite of Numa, before the altar of Jove, he swears by Epona alone, and the faces painted up over the stinking stalls. But when he is pleased to repair again to the taverns open all night, the Syrophoenician, reeking

obvius assiduo Syrophoenix udus amomo
 currit, Idumaeae Syrophoenix incola portae, 160
 hospitis affectu dominum regemque salutat,
 et cum venali Cyane succincta lagena.
 , Defensor culpa dicet mihi "fecimus et nos
 haec iuvenes." esto. desisti nempe, nec ultra
 fovisti errorem. breve sit quod turpiter audes, 165
 quaedam cum prima resecuntur crimina barba,
 indulge veniam pueris. Lateranus ad illos
 thermarum calices inscriptaque lintea vadit
 maturus bello, Armeniae Syriaeque tuendis
 amnibus et Rheno atque Istro; praestare Neronem 170
 securum valet haec aetas. mitte ostia, Caesar,
 mitte, sed in magna legatum quaere popina.
 invenies aliquo cum percussore iacentem,
 permixtum nautis et furibus ac fugitivis,
 inter carnifices et fabros sandapilarum 175

167. Damasippus.

with constant perfume, runs out to meet him, the Syrophoenician who comes from the gate of Idumaea; with the eagerness of a host he salutes him as my lord and king, and *with him* bustling Cyane with her bottle for sale.

An apologist for his fault will say to me, "We too did these things when we were young." Granted; but, of course, you left them off, and did not longer indulge in your folly. Let that be brief which you dare to your discredit; there are some offences which should be cut short with the first beard. Make allowance for boys. *But* Lateranus goes to those drinking-bouts at the baths, and those inscribed curtains of the *brothels*, when of an age ripe for war, for guarding the rivers of Armenia and Syria, the Rhine and the Danube. His is a time of life which is good for assuring the safety of Nero. Send to the mouths of the Tiber, Caesar, but seek for your general in some large tavern. You will find him reclining with some cut-throat or other, mixed up with sailors and thieves and runaway slaves, among executioners and makers of cheap coffins, and the now

et resupinati cessantia tympana Galli.
 aequa ibi libertas, communia pocula, lectus
 non alius cuiquam, nec mensa remotior ulli.
 quid facias talem sortitus, Pontice, servum?
 nempe in Lucanos aut Tusca ergastula mittas. 180
 at vos, Troiugenae, vobis ignoscitis, et quae
 turpia cerdoni, Volesos Brutumque decebunt.
 quid si numquam adeo foedis adeoque pudendis
 utimur exemplis, ut non peiora supersint?
 consumptis opibus vocem, Damasippe, locasti 185
 sipario, clamosum ageres ut phasma Catulli;
 Laureolum velox etiam bene Lentulus egit,
 iudice me dignus vera cruce. nec tamen ipsi
 ignoscas populo; populi frons durior huius,
 qui sedet et spectat triscurria patriciorum, 190
 planipedes audit Fabios, ridere potest qui
 Mamercorum alapas. quanti sua funera vendant,

192. vulnera, munera (Dobree).

silent timbrel of the eunuch-priest lying on his back. There there
 is equal liberty; the drinking-cups are in common, no separate
 couch, nor table set apart for any one. What would you do,
 Ponticus, if chance had made you the owner of a slave of such a
 character? Of course you would send him to Lucania, or to the
 Tuscan bridewells. But you, ye Trojugenae, excuse yourselves,
 and what would be disgraceful in a journeyman will become Volesi
 or a Brutus! What if we can never employ examples so foul
 and so shameful that worse do not remain behind? Your for-
 tune squandered, Damasippus, you let out your voice to the
 stage, to act the noisy "ghost" of Catullus. Nimble Lentulus
 acted Laureolus, and well too; in my judgment, worthy of a real
 cross. Nor yet can you excuse the populace itself: the sense of
 shame must be very tough of that populace which sits and looks
 at the treble buffooneries of patricians, listens to Fabii with
 naked feet, which can laugh at the stage-slaps bestowed on the
 Mamerci. At what price they sell their lives, what matters?

quid refert? vendunt nullo cogente Nerone,
 nec dubitant celsi praetoris vendere ludis.
 finge tamen gladios inde atque hinc pulpita pone, 195
 quid satius? mortem sic quisquam exhorruit, ut sit
 zelotypus Thymeles, stupidi collega Corinthi?
 res haud mira tamen citharoedo principe mimus
 nobilis. haec ultra quid erit, nisi ludus? et illud
 dedecus urbis habes, nec mirmillonis in armis, 200
 nec clipeo Gracchum pugnantem aut falce supina,
 damnat enim tales habitus, et damnat et odit,
 nec galea faciem abscondit; movet ecce tridentem,
 postquam vibrata pendentia retia dextra
 nequidquam effudit, nudum ad spectacula vultum 205
 erigit et tota fugit agnoscendus arena.
 credamus tunicae, de faucibus aurea cum se
 porrigat et longo iactetur spira galero.

195. poni.

199. illie.

203. frontem.

They sell them with no Nero to compel them [nor do they hesitate to sell them at the games of the praetor seated on high]. Imagine, however, a violent death on one side, and put the stage on the other. Which is preferable? Is any one so terrified at death as to become the "jealous husband" of Thymeles, or the fellow-player of Corinthus, "the heavy man"? Yet it is nothing wonderful, with an emperor as a harper, for a nobleman to be an actor. Beyond this what remains but the gladiatorial show? And you have that disgrace to the city and Gracchus fighting, not in the arms of a Mirmillo, nor with shield or upraised short sword [for he condemns such an equipment, both condemns and hates it]; nor does he hide his face in a helmet. See! he brandishes a trident; after he has made a false cast with the nets hanging from his poised right hand, he raises his uncovered face to the spectators and flies—easily to be recognised—right through the arena. There is no mistaking the tunic, when it stretches with its gold *fringe* from his neck, and the strings flutter from the tall cap. So, then, the

ergo ignominiam graviolem pertulit omni
vulnere cum Graccho iussus pugnare secutor 210

Libera si dentur populo suffragia, quis tam
perditus, ut dubitet Senecam praeferre Neroni?
cuius supplicio non debuit una parari
simia nec serpens unus nec culeus unus.
par Agamemnonidae crimen, sed causa facit rem 215
dissimilem; quippe ille deis auctoribus ultor
patris erat caesi media inter pocula, sed nec
Electrae iugulo se polluit aut Spartani
sanguine coniugii, nullis aconita propinquis
miscuit, in scena numquam cantavit Orestes, 220
Troica non scripsit. quid enim Verginius armis
debuit ulcisci magis, aut cum Vindice Galba?
quid Nero tam saeva crudaque tyrannide fecit?
haec opera atque hae sunt generosi principis artes,
gaudentis foedo peregrina ad pulpita cantu 225

223. quod.

225. saltu.

secutor suffered a disgrace worse than any wound in being ordered to fight with Gracchus.

If the right of free voting were granted to the people, who so abandoned that he would hesitate to prefer Seneca to Nero? for whose punishment not one ape *only*, nor one serpent, nor one sack should have been prepared. The crime of Agamemnon's son was of a like kind; but the motive makes the case different, inasmuch as he, at the instigation of the gods, was the avenger of his own father, slaughtered in the midst of his wine-cups; but he neither stained himself with the murder of Electra, nor the blood of his Spartan wife. Orestes did not mix aconite for any of his relations; he never sang on the stage; he did not write "Troica." For what was there that Verginius ought rather to have avenged with his arms, or Galba in conjunction with Vindex? What did Nero achieve in *all* his savage and cruel tyranny? These are the works, these are the accomplishments of a high-born prince, delighting to prostitute himself by disgraceful singing on a foreign stage, and to earn a Greek

prostitui Graiaequè apium meruisse coronae.
maiorum effigies habeant insignia vocis,
ante pedes Domiti longum tu pone Thyestae
syrma vel Antigones tu personam Menalippes
et de marmoreo citharam suspende colosso. 230

Quid, Catilina, tuis natalibus atque Cethegi
inveniet quisquam sublimius? arma tamen vos
nocturna et flammæ domibus templisque parastis,
ut Braccatorum pueri Senonumque minores,
ausi quod liceat tunica punire molesta. 235
sed vigilat consul vexillaque vestra coercent.
hic novus Arpinas, ignobilis et modo Romæ
municipalis eques, galeatum ponit ubique
praesidium attonitis et in omni gente laborat.
tantum igitur muros intra toga contulit illi 240
nominis ac tituli, quantum non Leucade, quantum
Thessaliae campis Octavius abstulit udo

233. paratis.

235. deceat.

239. in omni monte.

241. in Leucade (sibi Leucade. Jahn).

parsley-wreath! Let the effigies of your ancestors possess the insignia of your vocal powers! Before the feet of a Domitius do you place the long train of Thyestes or Antigone, and the mask of Menalippe, and suspend your harp on some colossal statue of marble.

What, O Catiline! will any one find loftier than your birth and that of Cethegus? And yet you prepared nocturnal arms and flames for our houses and temples, as though you had been sons of the Braccati, or descendants of the Senones, daring a deed which it would be lawful to punish with the tunic of pitch. But the Consul is on the watch, and restrains your bands. This upstart from Arpinum, of no noble birth, and but recently a municipal knight at Rome, posts everywhere an armed guard for the terrified *inhabitants*, and labours on behalf of all our populations. So it was that within the city walls the toga conferred upon him such a name and title as not from Leucas, *not* from the plains of Thessalia, did Octavius carry off with his

caedibus assiduis gladio; sed Roma parentem,
 Roma patrem patriae Ciceronem libera dixit.
 Arpinas alius Volscorum in monte solebat 245
 poscere mercedes, alieno lassus aratro;
 nodosam post haec frangebat vertice vitem,
 si lentus pigra muniret castra dolabra.
 hic tamen et Cimbros et summa pericula rerum
 excipit, et solus trepidantem protegit urbem, 250
 atque ideo, postquam ad Cimbros stragemque volabant
 qui numquam attigerant maiora cadavera corvi,
 nobilis ornatur lauro collega secunda.
 plebeiae Deciorum animae, plebeia fuerunt
 nomina: pro totis legionibus hi tamen et pro 255
 omnibus auxiliis atque omni pube Latina
 sufficiunt dis infernis terraeque parenti;
 pluris enim Decii, quam quae servantur ab illis.
 ancilla natus trabeam et diadema Quirini
 et fasces meruit regum ultimus ille bonorum. 260

sword reeking with continual slaughter. But Rome called Cicero her parent; Rome *called him* the father of his country, when she was free. Another native of Arpinum was wont on the Volscian hills to work for hire, toiling at another's plough; after that, he used to have the knotty vine-switch broken on his head in case he was lazy with sluggish axe in fortifying the camp. Yet this man takes upon himself the Cimbri, and the most critical state of affairs, and single-handed protects the trembling city. And, therefore—after the ravens, that had never lighted upon larger carcasses, flew to the slaughtered Cimbri—his colleague, a nobleman, is decorated *only* with the second laurel. The souls of the Decii were plebeian, their names plebeian; yet these are an equivalent for whole legions, and for all the auxiliaries, and for all the Latin youth, in the eyes of the infernal gods and mother earth. For the Decii are of more value than what is saved by them! One born of a female slave won the trabea and the diadem and the fasces of Quirinus, *Servius*, that last of the good kings. They that were loosening the

prodita laxabant portarum claustra tyrannis
 exsulis iuvenes ipsius consulis et quos
 magnum aliquid dubia pro libertate deceret,
 quod miraretur cum Coclite Mucius et quae
 imperii fines Tiberinum virgo natavit. 265
 occulta ad patres produxit crimina servus
 matronis lugendus; at illos verbera iustis
 afficiunt poenis et legum prima securis.

Malo pater tibi sit Thersites, dummodo tu sis
 Aeacidae similis Vulcanique arma capessas, 270
 quam te Thersitae similem producat Achilles.
 et tamen ut longe repetas longeque revolas
 nomen, ab infami gentem deducis asylo:
 maiorum primus quisquis fuit ille tuorum,
 aut pastor fuit aut illud quod dicere nolo. 275

betrayed bolts of the city-gates to the exiled tyrants were the youthful sons of the Consul himself, the very men from whom some great exploit on behalf of *still* doubtful liberty was to be expected, such as Mucius in unison with Cocles might admire, and the virgin who swam the Tiber, *then* the limit of our empire. He that revealed to the senators the secret crime was a slave, *one day* to be lamented by matrons, while stripes inflict upon the others a just punishment, and the axe the first *that was used under the reign* of laws.

I would prefer that your father were Thersites, provided you resemble Aeacides, and can wield the arms of Vulcan's making, than that Achilles should beget you in the likeness of Thersites. And after all, from whatever distance you trace back, and from whatever distance you unroll your name, you derive your family from an ignoble repair. That first of your ancestors, whoever he was, was either a shepherd, or something which I decline to mention.

SATIRA IX.

SCIRE velim quare toties mihi, Naevole, tristis
 occurras fronte obducta ceu Marsya victus.
 quid tibi cum vultu, qualem deprensus habebat
 Ravola, dum Rhodopes uda terit inguina barba?
 nos colaphum incutimus lambenti crustula servo. 5
 non erat hac facie miserabilior Crepereius
 Pollio, qui triplicem usuram praestare paratus
 circuit et fatuos non invenit. unde repente
 tot rugae / certe modico contentus agebas
 vernam equitem, conviva ioco mordente facetus 10
 et salibus vehemens intra pomeria natis.
 omnia nunc contra, vultus gravis, horrida siccae
 silva comae, nullus tota nitor in cute, qualem
 Bruttia praestabat calidi tibi fascia visci, *prae*
 sed fruticante pilo neglecta et squalida crura. 15

14. praestabat calidi circumlita fascia visci.

SATIRE IX.

I SHOULD wish to know, Naevolus, why you meet me so often, looking sad, with clouded brow, like a vanquished Marsyas. What business have you with a face such as Ravola had when caught in the act of drivelling over the charms of Rhodope? [We administer a thump to a slave who licks pastry.] Crepereius Pollio was not more pitiable than that countenance of yours; he that went round prepared to offer treble interest and found no dupes. Whence of a sudden so many wrinkles? Assuredly you used to play the genteel buffoon, content with little, a diner-out, humorous with your biting jokes, and lively with your smart sayings of town production. Everything is now the reverse; a dismal visage, a bristling thicket of dry hair, none of that sleekness of the whole skin, such as the Bruttian plaster of warm pitch used to insure you, but legs neglected and foul

quid macies aegri veteris, quem tempore longo
 torret quarta dies olimque domestica febris?
 deprendas (animi tormenta latentis) in aegro
 corpore, deprendas et gaudia; sumit utrumque
 inde habitum facies. igitur flexisse videris 20
 propositum et vitae contrarius ire priori.
 nuper enim, ut repeto, fanum Isidis et Ganymeden
 Pacis, et advectae secreta palatia Matris
 et Cererem—nam quo non prostat femina templo?—
 notior Aufidio moechus celebrare solebas, 25
 quodque taces, ipsos etiam inclinare maritos.

“Utile et hoc multis vitae genus, at mihi nullum
 iude operae pretium, pingues aliquando lacernas,
 munimenta togae, duri crassique coloris
 et male percussas textoris ~~pectine~~ Galli 30
 accipimus, tenue argentum venaeque secundae.

17. torquet.
 25. scelerare.

22. Ganymedis (Valla).
 26. quod taceo atque.

with sprouting hair. What means this emaciation *like that* of a sick old man, whom, for a great while past, a quartan ague parches, and a fever that has long since made its home in him? You can detect the torments of a mind concealed in a sick body, just as you can detect its joys; from this source, the face takes either complexion. You seem, then, to have changed your course of life, and to be going counter to your former habits. For not long ago, as I remember, you used to frequent the sanctuary of Isis, and the Ganymede of the temple of Peace, and the secret palaces of the imported mother of the gods, and Ceres (for in what temple does not woman prostitute herself?) a more noted adulterer than Aufidius, and—which you are silent about—you used actually to corrupt the husbands themselves.

“Even this kind of life is profitable to many, but to me there has been no return for my labour from it. I receive at times a coarse cloak, as a protection to my toga, of rough and rude complexion, and clumsily stricken by the comb of the Gallic weaver, or a thin piece of silver of inferior metal. The Fates

fata regunt homines, ~~fatum~~ est et partibus illis,
 quas sinus abscondit. ~~nam si tibi sidera cessant,~~
~~nil faciet longi mensura incognita nervi,~~
 quamvis te nudum spumanti Virro labello 35
 viderit ed blandae assidue densaeque tabellae
 sollicitent, αὐτὸς γὰρ ἐφέλκεται ἄνδρα κίναϊδος.
 quod tamen ulterius monstrum, quam mollis avarus?
 'haec tribui, deinde illa dedi, mox plura tulisti,'
 computat ac cevet. 'ponatur calculus, adsint 40
 cum tabula pueri, numera sestertia quinque
 omnibus in rebus,'—numerentur deinde labores!
 an facile et primum est agere intra viscera penem
 legitimum atque illic hesternae occurrere coenae? *allied by*
 servus erit minus ille miser, qui foderit agrum, *aug* 45
 quam dominum. / sed tu sane tenerum et puerum te
 et pulchrum et dignum cyatho coeloque putabas!
 vos humili asseculae, vos indulgebitis umquam
 cultori, iam nec morbo donare parati? *hwt*
 en cui tu viridem umbellam, cui sucina mittas 50

rule mankind. There is a fate even in those parts which the folds of the toga conceal. For if the stars fail you, your manly powers, though unprecedented, will do nothing for you, though Virro, with watering lip, has seen you naked, and coaxing and numerous billets-doux are constantly assailing you; 'for a man of his stamp draws on others.' Yet what monster can surpass an effeminate who is a miser? 'This I bestowed on you, then that I gave you, and soon after you had more.' He reckons up and acts the wanton. 'Let the counters be set out; let the lads come here with the reckoning-table; count out five sestertia in all.' Let my services be counted up afterwards! Pray, is it an easy matter, or in accordance with one's tastes, to minister to his lusts? . . . But you, I suppose, thought yourself tender and a boy, and handsome and worthy of the cup of *Jove* and of heaven. Will you, *and such as you*, ever show favour to a humble hanger-on or follower, when you are not even prepared to give on behalf of your diseased taste? Here is a fellow for you to send a green

grandia, natalis quoties redit aut madidum ver
 incipit et strata positus longaue cathedra
 munera femineis tractat secreta kalendis !
 dic, passer, cui tot montes, tot praedia servas
 Appula, tot milvos intra tua pascua lassos ? 55
 te Trifolinus ager fecundis vitibus implet
 suspectumque iugum Cumis et Gaurus inanis ;
 nam quis plura linit victuro dolia musto ?
 quantum erat exhausti lumbos donare clientis
 iugeribus paucis ! meliusne hic rusticus infans, 60
 cum matre et casulis et collusore catello,
 cymbala pulsantis legatum fiet amici ?
 'improbos es, cum poscis,' ait. sed pensio clamat
 'posce !' sed appellat puer unicus, ut Polyphemi
 lata acies, per quam sollers evasit Ulixes. 65
 alter emendus erit, namque hic non sufficit, ambo

63. ais.

parasol to, or large pieces of amber, as often as his birthday
 recurs, or when rainy spring commences, and, deposited in his
 pillowed and long ladies' chair, he handles secret presents *sent*
him on the female kalends !

"Tell me, you sparrow, for whom are you keeping so many
 hills, so many Apulian farms, so many hawks wearied *in flying*
 across your pastures ? The territory of Trifolium enriches you
 with its fruitful vines, and the heights looked up to by Cumae
 and hollow Gaurus. For who seals up more casks of new wine
 destined to a long life ? How great a matter would it have
 been to present the loins of your worn-out client with a few
 acres ! Will it be better that this rustic child, with his mother,
 and the hovels, and the little dog his playmate, should become
 the inheritance of a cymbal-beating friend ? 'You are an im-
 pudent fellow to beg,' he says ; but my house-rent cries out,
 Beg ! but my slave calls out, a solitary one, like the big eye of
 Polyphemus, by *putting out* which, crafty Ulysses made his
 escape. Another *slave* will have to be bought, for this one is
 not equal to his work ; both of them will have to be fed. What

pascendi. quid agam bruma spirante? quid, oro,
 quid dicam scapulis puerorum aquilone Decembri
 et pedibus? 'durate atque exspectate cicadas?'
 verum, ut dissimules, ut mittas cetera, quanto 70
 metiris pretio, quod, ni tibi deditus essem
 devotusque cliens, uxor tua virgo maneret?
 scis certe, quibus ista modis, quam saepe rogaris
 et quae pollicitus. fugientem saepe puellam
 amplexu rapui; tabulas quoque ruperat et iam 75
 signabat, tota vix hoc ego nocte redemi
 te plorante foris, testis mihi lectulus et tu,
 ad quem pervenit lecti sonus et dominae vox.
 instabile ac dirimi coeptum et iam paene solutum
 coniugium in multis domibus servavit adulter. 80
 quo te circumagas? quae prima aut ultima ponas?
 nullum ergo meritum est, ingrata ac perfide, nullum,
 quod tibi filiulus vel filia nascitur ex me?

68. servorum mense.

80. servabit.

shall I do when winter is abroad? What, pray, what shall I say to the shoulders and feet of my slaves in the north wind of December? 'Bear up, and wait for the grasshoppers?' But though you should disguise, though you should pass over my other services, at what price do you estimate this, that unless I had been your submissive and devoted client, your wife would remain a virgin? You assuredly know in what ways, and how often, you asked those services of me, and what you promised. I caught in my embrace your young wife, who was often trying to escape; she had even broken her marriage tablets, and was just signing *new ones*. I scarcely settled this matter in a whole night, when you were blubbering outside the door. The bed is my witness, and you, whom the sound of the bed reached, and the voice of my lady. In many a household has an unstable union, and one beginning to be broken up, and already well-nigh dissolved, been preserved by a lover. Which way will you turn yourself? what will you reckon first and what last? Is it no service, then, you ungrateful and perfidious man, is it none,

tollis enim et libris actorum spargere gaudes
 argumenta viri. / foribus suspende coronas, 85
 iam pater es, dedimus quod famae opponere possis,
 iura parentis habes, propter me scriberis heres,
 legatum omne capis nec non et dulce caducum;
 commoda praeterea iungentur multa caducis,
 si numerum, si tres implevero." iusta doloris, 90
 Naevole, causa tui, contra tamen ille quid affert?
 "Negligit atque alium bipedem sibi quaerit asellum.
 haec soli commissa tibi celare memento,
 et tacitus nostras intra te fige querelas;
 nam res mortifera est inimicus pumice levis. 95
 qui modo secretum commiserat, ardet et odit,
 tamquam prodiderim quidquid scio, sumere ferrum,
 fuste aperire caput, candelam apponere valvis
 non dubitat; nec contemnas aut despicias, quod

84. titulis actorum (Servius).

that a little son or daughter is born to you by means of me?
 For you rear them, and delight to spread abroad, through the
 gazettes, proofs of your virility. Hang garlands over your doors,
 you are a father now. I have given you something which you
 may oppose to rumour; you have the privileges of a parent;
 through me you can be written down as heir; you can take a
 legacy in its entirety; aye, and a pleasant windfall as well.
 Many advantages, besides, will be joined to the windfall if I
 make up the number, if I make up three."

The cause of your grievance is a just one, Naevolus; but what
 does he allege in return?

"He neglects me, and looks out for another two-legged ass for
 himself. All this, which is intrusted to yourself alone, be mind-
 ful to keep secret, and in silence implant my complaints in your
 breast, for an enemy who smoothes himself with pumice-stone is
 a deadly thing. He that has just intrusted his secret to me rages
 and hates me, just as though I had divulged whatever I know.
 He does not hesitate to employ steel, to open one's head with a
 cudgel, to apply a candle to one's doors. Nor should you make

his opibus numquam cara est ^{price}annonā veneni. 100
 ergo occulta teges, ut curia Martis Athenis."
 o Corydon, Corydon, secretum divitis ullum
 esse putas? servi ut taceant, iumenta loquentur
 et canis et postes et marmora. claude fenestras,
 vela tegant rimas, iunge ostia, tollite lumen 105
 e medio, taceant omnes, prope nemo recumbat;
 quod tamen ad cantum galli facit ille secundi,
 proximus ante diem caupo sciet, audiet et quae
 finxerunt pariter librarius archimagiri
 carptores. quod enim dubitant componere crimen 110
 in dominos, quoties rumoribus ulciscuntur
 baltea? nec deerit qui te per compita quaerat
 nolentem et miseram vinosus inebriet aurem.
 illos ergo roges quidquid paulo ante petebas
 a nobis, taceant illi. sed prodere malunt 115
 arcanum, quam surrepti potare Falerni,

106. jaceant; clamant.

107. secundum.

light of, or neglect, *the fact* that to these rich people the price of poison is never *too* high. So, then, keep these things *as* secret as the court of Mars at Athens."

O Corydon, Corydon! do you think there can be any rich man's secret? Though the slaves should hold their tongues, the beasts of burden will talk, and the dog, and the gate-posts, and the marbles. Shut the windows, cover the chinks with curtains, fasten the doors, remove the light, let all be silent, let no one lie near the place, yet what he does at the second cock-crowing the nearest tavern-keeper will know before day, and will hear what the secretary and the head cooks and the carvers have invented at the same time. For what charge do they hesitate to concoct against their masters, as often as they avenge their strappings by lies? Nor will there be wanting *some* one who will hunt you out against your will through the crossways, and drench your miserable ear with his drunken tales. Beg of these, then, what you were asking of me a short while ago: let them hold their tongues. Why, they would rather publish

pro populi famens quoniam Saufeia bibebat
vivendum recte est cum turpes plurima tam his
praecipue munda ut lingua multumque
contemnas, nam lingua nulli pars pessima servi 120
debetur, nec illi qui iller dum est illis,
quorum animas et fure suo custodit et acre.

"Illi ut possit linguam contemnere servi,
nille cruciatum modo sed commune dedit;
nunc nulli quid scies post diuturni temporis et spes 125
deceptus? festinat enim decurrere velox
flosculus argutae miserisque brevissima vitae
portio; dum bibimus, dum secta unguenta puellas
poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus."
ne trepida, numquam pathicus tibi deerit amicus 130
stantibus et salvis his collibus, undique ad illos
convenient et carpentis et navibus omnes

118. tunc hic.

120. nec lingua.

132. convenient.

a secret than swill as much stolen Falernian as Saufeia used to drink when sacrificing for the people. One should lead an upright life, as well on very many *other* accounts, as also especially for this reason, that you may despise the tongues of your slaves, for his tongue is the worst part of a bad slave. Yet he is worse still who is not free in respect of those whose lives he preserves with his own bread and *his own* money.

[“That I may be able, therefore, to despise the tongue of my slave.] The advice you have just given is useful, but it is general. Now what do you recommend in my case, after the loss of my time, and the disappointment of my hopes? For the short-lived blossom, and contracted span of our bounded and miserable existence is hastening to an end. While we are drinking, while we are calling for garlands, perfumes, maidens, old age steals up unperceived.”

Don't be frightened. You will never lack a pathic friend while these hills are standing fast. To them will converge from every quarter, in carriages and in ships, all those who scratch

qui digito scalpunt uno caput. altera maior
spes superest, tu tantum erucis imprime dentem.

" Haec exempla para felicibus; at mea Clotho 135
et Lachesis gaudent, si pascitur inguine venter.
o parvi nostrique Lares, quos thure minuto
aut farre et tenui soleo exorare corona,
quando ego figam aliquid, quo sit mihi tuta senectus
a tegete et baculo? viginti millia fenus 140
pignoribus positis, argenti vascula puri,
sed quae Fabricius censor notet, et duo fortes
de grege Moesorum, qui me cervice locata
securum iubeant clamoso insistere circo.
sit mihi praeterea curvus caelator et alter 145
qui multas facies fingat cito. sufficiunt haec,
quando ego pauper ero. votum miserabile, nec spes
his saltem; nam cum pro me Fortuna rogatur,

138. exornare.

145. servus.

139. fingam.

146. pingat.

their heads with one finger. You have still better prospects in store for you: do you only imprint your teeth upon rocket.

"Furnish these instructions to luckier men: my Clotho and Lachesis are well pleased if my belly is fed by my trade. O my small, my own Lares! whom I am wont to supplicate with a trifle of frankincense, or meal, and a poor garland, when shall I spear anything by which my old age may be secure from the mat and staff of the beggar? Twenty thousand *sesterces* income on mortgage, some small vases of silver, unchased, but such as Fabricius the censor would condemn, and two stout fellows of the Moesian herd, who, with their necks placed under me, should bid me take up my position without apprehension in the noisy circus. I should like to have, besides, a graver bending over his work, and another slave to mould me quickly a number of casts: this must suffice, since I shall still be poor. A pitiable wish, and yet there is no hope of even this; for when Fortune is invoked for me, she has stuck into her ears wax

affixit ceras illa de nave petitas,
quae Siculos cantus effugit remige surdo."

150

SATIRA X.

OMNIBUS in terris, quae sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangen, pauci dignoscere possunt
vera bona atque illis multum diversa, remota
erroris nebula. quid enim ratione timemus
aut cupimus? quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te 5
conatus non poeniteat votique peracti?
evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
di faciles; nocitura toga, nocitura petuntur
militia; torrens dicendi copia multis
et sua mortifera est facundia, viribus ille 10
7. operantibus.

fetched from that ship (*of Ulysses*) which escaped the Sicilian
syren-songs with its deaf rowers."

SATIRE X.

IN all the lands which exist, from Gades even to Aurora and the Ganges, there are few who are able to distinguish between real blessings and things widely opposite to them, when the mist of error is removed. For what is it that we fear, or desire, rationally? What *purpose* do you conceive so auspiciously that you have not to regret your undertaking, and the accomplishment of your wish? The favouring gods have destroyed whole families by *granting* their own prayers; things destined to be hurtful in peace are asked for, and things destined to be hurtful in war. To many, a torrent-like abundance of speech and their own eloquence is fatal: there was one who perished from presuming on his strength and his wonderful arms. But more still

confisus periit admirandisque lacertis.
 sed plures nimia congesta pecunia cura
 strangulat et cuncta exsuperans patrimonium census,
 quanto delphinis balaena Britannica maior.
 temporibus diris igitur iussuque Neronis 15
 Longinum et magnos Senecae praedivitis hortos
 clausit, et egregias Lateranorum obsidet aedes
 tota cohors; rarus venit in coenacula miles.
 pauca licet portes argenti vascula puri,
 nocte iter ingressus gladium contumque timebis 20
 et motae ad lunam trepidabis arundinis umbram;
 cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.
 prima fere vota et cunctis notissima templis
 divitiae, crescant ut opes, ut maxima toto
 nostra sit arca foro. sed nulla aconita bibuntur 25
 fictilibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes
 gemmata et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.

 II. admirandusque.

are choked by their money heaped together with too much care,
 and their property exceeding all *other* fortunes, by as much as a
 British whale is larger than dolphins. Hence it was that in
 a time of terror, and by the order of Nero, a whole cohort
 surrounded *the house of* Longinus and the vast gardens of the
 enormously wealthy Seneca, and besieged the splendid man-
 sion of the Laterani. The soldier rarely comes into a garret.
 Though you carry but a few small cups of unchased silver when
 starting on a night-journey, you will be afraid of the sword and
 the pike, and will tremble at the shadow of a reed moving in the
 moonlight; *while* the traveller who has nothing upon him will
 sing in the face of the robber. The first of prayers, commonly,
 and the best known in all the temples, are for wealth, that our
 money may increase, that our strong-box may be the largest in
 the whole forum. But no aconite is drunk from earthenware;
 then fear it when you take up jewelled cups, and the Setine
 glows in the broad gold. Do you not, after this, approve *the*
fact that, of the sages, one used to laugh as often as he moved

iamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
 ridebat, quoties de limine moverat unum
 protuleratque pedem, flebat contrarius auctor? 30
 sed facilis cuius rigidi censura cachinni;
 mirandum est, unde ille oculis suffecerit humor,
 perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat
 Democritus, quamquam non essent urbibus illis
 praetexta et trabeae fasces lectica tribunal. 35
 quid si vidisset praetorem curribus altis
 exstantem et medio sublimem in pulvere circi
 in tunica Iovis, et pictae Sarrana ferentem
 ex humeris aulaea togae magnaeque coronae
 tantum orbem, quanto cervix non sufficit ulla? 40
 quippe tenet sudans hanc publicus et, sibi consul
 ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.
 da nunc et volucrem sceptro quae surgit eburno,
 illinc cornicines, hinc praecedentia longi
 agminis officia et niveos ad frena Quirites, 45
 29. a limine. 30. alter. 37. medii.

and advanced one foot over the threshold, and the opposite authority used to weep? But easy to any one is the censure of a sardonic laugh; the wonder is whence that moisture could have come in sufficient quantities to the eyes of the other. Democritus used to shake his lungs with perpetual laughter, though there did not exist in those cities the praetexta or trabeae, or fasces, or litters, or a tribunal. What if he had seen the Praetor standing up in his lofty chariot, and on high, in the midst of the dust of the circus, in the tunic of Jove, and wearing the Tyrian hangings of an embroidered toga depending from his shoulders, and a huge crown of such a circumference as no single neck is equal to!—seeing that the public slave holds this, all in a sweat, and, lest the Consul should be too much pleased with himself, rides in the same chariot. Add to this the bird which rises from his ivory sceptre; on that side the trumpeters, on this the clients preceding him in long array, and the Quirites all in white by his bridle, whom the dole buried

defossa in oculis quos sportula fecit amicos.
 tum quoque materiam risus invenit ad omnes
 occursus hominum, cuius prudentia monstrat
 summos posse viros et magna exempla daturus
 vervecum in patria crassoque sub aere nasci. 50
 ridebat curas, nec non et gaudia vulgi,
 interdum et lacrimas, cum fortunae ipse minaci
 mandaret laqueum mediumque ostenderet unguem.

Ergo supervacua aut perniciosa petuntur,
 propter quae fas est genua incerare deorum. 55
 quosdam praecipitat subiecta potentia magnae
 invidiae; mergit longa atque insignis honorum
 pagina; descendunt statuæ restemque sequuntur.
 ipsas deinde rotas bigarum impacta securis
 caedit, et immeritis franguntur crura caballis. 60
 iam strident ignes, iam follibus atque caminis
 ardet adoratum populo caput, et crepat ingens

55. incerate (Madvig).

in their purses has made his friends. Even in his day he found material for laughter in every encounter of human beings; he whose wisdom shows that men the most eminent, and destined to furnish lofty examples, may be born in the country of wethers and under a dull sky. He used to laugh at the cares, and the joys too, of the vulgar, sometimes even at their tears, since he himself, when Fortune threatened him, would bid her be hanged, and point the finger of scorn at her.

So then superfluous or pernicious things are asked for, on behalf of which it is our fate to wax the knees of the gods. Some, their power, exposed to great envy, hurls down headlong; the long and illustrious record of their honours sinks them; their statues come down and are dragged behind a rope. Then the very wheels of their *triumphal* chariots are smashed by the violent blows of the axe, and the legs of the innocent horses are broken. Now the flames roar, now the head that was worshipped by the people glows with the bellows and the furnace, and great Sejanus crackles. Then out of the face

Seianus, deinde ex facie toto orbe secunda
 fiunt urceoli pelves sartago matellae.
 pone domi lauros, duc in Capitolia magnum 65
 cretatumque bovem, Seianus ducitur unco
 spectandus! gaudent omnes. "quae labra, quis illi
 vultus erat! numquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi
 hunc hominem; sed quo cecidit sub crimine? quisnam
 delator? quibus indiciis, quo teste probavit?" 70
 "nil horum, verbosa et grandis epistola venit
 a Capreis." "bene habet, nil plus interrogo. sed quid
 turba Remi?" "sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit
 damnatos. idem populus, si Nurtia Tusco
 favisset, si oppressa foret segura senectus 75
 principis, hac ipsa Seianum diceret hora
 Augustum. iam pridem, ex quo suffragia nulli
 vendimus, effudit curas; nam qui dabat olim
 imperium fasces legiones omnia, nunc se

64. patellae.

70. probabit.

78. effugit.

which was second in the whole world are manufactured little
 jugs, basins, frying-pans, chamber utensils. Hang up bays on
 your house, lead into the Capitol the large bull whitened with
 chalk. Sejanus is being dragged along by the hook, *such* a
 sight! Every one is delighted. "What lips, and what an ex-
 pression he had! Never, if you will believe me, did I like that
 man." "But under what charge has he fallen? Who was the
 informer? By what evidence, by what witnesses did he prove
the charge?" "Nothing of the sort. A verbose and lengthy
 letter came from Capreae." "All right. I ask no more. But
 what does the crowd of Remus *do?*" "It follows Fortune, as
 it always does, and hates those who are condemned. This same
 people, if Nurtia had favoured the Tuscan, if the old Emperor
 had been fallen upon when off his guard, would at this very
 hour be calling Sejanus, Augustus. Long ago, since we left off
 selling our votes, it has cast away all *public* cares. For that
people which once upon a time used to bestow military command,
 the fasces, legions, everything, now limits its desires, and

continet atque duas tantum res anxius optat, 80
 panem et circenses." "perituros audio multos."
 "nil dubium, magna est fornacula, pallidulus mi
 Brutidius meus ad Martis fuit obviûs aram.
 quam timeo, victus ne poenas exigit Ajax
 ut male defensus! curramus præcipites et, 85
 dum iacet in ripa, calcemus Caesaris hostem."
 "sed videant servi, ne quis neget et pavidum in ius
 cervice obstricta dominum trahat." hi sermones
 tunc de Seiano, secreta haec murmura vulgi.
 visne salutari sicut Seianus, habere 90
 tantumdem, atque illi summas donare curules,
 illum exercitibus praeponere, tutor haberi
 principis angusta Caprearum in rupe sedentis
 cum grege Chaldaeo? vis certe pila, cohortes,
 egregios equites et castra domestica. quidni 95
 haec cupias? et qui nolunt occidere quemquam,

88. *astrieta.*93. *augusta.*

anxiously longs for two things only—bread and the games of
 the circus." "I hear that many are doomed to die." "Not a
 doubt of it: the 'little furnace' is a capacious one. My friend
 Brutidius met me at the altar of Mars, looking a trifle pale.
 How I fear that 'worsted Ajax' will wreak vengeance, as having
 been badly defended. Let us run with all speed and trample
 on the foe of Caesar while he *still* lies on the river bank."
 "Aye, and let our slaves see *us do it*, that none may deny it,
 and drag his trembling master to trial with a rope about his
 neck." Such were the remarks at that time about Sejanus,
 such were the secret whispers of the populace. Do you wish to
 have court paid you like Sejanus? to possess as much *as he did*,
 and to bestow on one the highest curule offices, to set another at
 the head of armies, to be esteemed the guardian of the sovereign
 seated on the narrow rock of Caprae with his pack of Chal-
 deans? Of course you would like *to have* chief-centurionships,
 cohorts, picked cavalry, the household troops. Why should you
 not desire these things? Even those who do not wish to kill any

posse volunt. sed quae praeclara et prospera tanti,
 ut rebus laetis par sit mensura malorum?
 huius, qui trahitur, praetextam sumere mavis
 an Fidenarum Gabiorumque esse potestas 100
 et de mensura ius dicere, vasa minora
 frangere pannosus vacuis aedilis Ulubris?
 ergo quid optandum foret ignorasse fateris
 Seianum; nam qui nimios optabat honores
 et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat 105
 excelsae turris tabulata, unde altior esset
 casus et impulsae praeceps immane ruinae.
 quid Crassos, quid Pompeios evertit, et illum,
 ad sua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites?
 summus nempe locus nulla non arte petitus 110
 magnaue numinibus vota exaudita malignis.
 ad generum Cereris sine caede ac vulnere pauci
 descendunt reges et sicca morte tyranni.

97. tantum.

112. sanguine.

one wish to have the power to do it. But what brilliant fortune, what prosperity, can be of such great value *as to be worth the condition* that the measure of misfortunes should be equal to the good luck? Would you prefer to assume the praetexta of him who is being dragged along, or to be the magistrate of Fidenae or Gabii, and to pronounce decisions about measures, and to break up pots below the standard, a ragged aedile in empty Ulubrae? You admit, then, Sejanus to have been ignorant of what would have been desirable *for him*: for he that desired too great honours, and asked for too much wealth, was preparing story upon story of a lofty tower from which his fall should be the greater, and frightful the headlong descent of the stricken ruin. What was it that destroyed the Crassi, what the Pompeys, and him that brought the Quirites in subjection under his lash? Assuredly it was the highest position sought by every art, and their ambitious prayers heard too well by the unkind deities. Few kings descend to Ceres' son-in-law without slaughter and wounds, few tyrants by a bloodless death.

Eloquium ac famam Demosthenis aut Ciceronis
 incipit optare et totis quinquatribus optat, 115
 quisquis adhuc uno partam colit asse Minervam,
 quem sequitur custos angustae vernula capsae.
 eloquio sed uterque perit orator, utrumque
 largus et exundans leto dedit ingenii fons.
 ingenio manus est et cervix caesa, nec umquam 120
 sanguine causidici maduerunt rostra pusilli.
 "o fortunatam natam me consule Romam!"
 Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, si sic
 omnia dixisset. ridenda poemata malo,
 quam te conspicuae, divina Philippica, famae, 125
 volveris a prima quae proxima. saevus et illum
 exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athenae
 torrentem et pleni moderantem frena theatri.
 dis ille adversis genitus fatoque sinistro,
 quem pater ardentis massae fuligine lippus 130

116. parcam (Heins).

Whoever pays his court to Minerva, purchased as yet by *only* a single As, whom a little slave follows in charge of his small satchel, begins to long, and longs all through the quinquatrian holidays, for the eloquence and fame of a Demosthenes or a Cicero. Yet it was through their eloquence that both of these orators perished: both of them the copious and overflowing fount of their genius gave over to destruction. It was genius whose hand and neck were struck; the tribunes have never been moistened by the blood of an insignificant pleader. "O fortunate Rome, born under my consulship!" He might have despised the swords of Antony, if all his utterances had been like this. I prefer these ridiculous poems to thee, divine Philippic of distinguished fame, that art unrolled next to the first. Him, too, a cruel end carried off, whom Athens used to admire flowing like a torrent and moderating *as* with a curb the crowded theatre. With gods adverse and fate inauspicious was he born, whom his father, blear-eyed with the soot of the glowing mass,

a carbone et forcipibus gladiosque parante
incude et luteo Vulcano ad rhetora misit.

Bellorum exuviae, truncis affixa tropaeis
lorica et fracta de casside buccula pendens
et curtum temone iugum victaeque triremis 135
aplustre et summo tristis captivus in arcu
humanis maiora bonis creduntur. ad hoc se
Romanus Graiusque et barbarus induperator
erexit, causas discriminis atque laboris
inde habuit. tanto maior famae sitis est quam 140
virtutis; quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
praemia si tollas? patriam tamen obruit olim
gloria paucorum et laudis titulique cupido
haesuri saxis cinerum custodibus, ad quae
discutienda valent sterilis mala robora fici, 145
quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulcris.
expende Hannibalem, quot libras in duce summo

137. ad haec se.

sent from the coals and pincers and sword-forging anvil and
dirty Vulcan to the teacher of rhetoric.

The spoils of war, the cuirass affixed to the trunk-shaped
trophies, the cheek-piece hanging from the broken helmet, the
chariot shorn of its pole, the stern-ornament of the vanquished
trireme, the melancholy captive on the top of the arch, are held
to be greater than human blessings. To this the Roman and
Greek and barbarian commander directs his efforts; thence he
gets the incentives for his dangers and his labours. So much
greater is the thirst for fame than for virtue; for who embraces
virtue *for* herself if you take away the rewards? Yet at times
the glory of a few has been the ruin of their country, the craving
for renown and an epitaph to cleave to the stones, guardians
of their ashes, which the mischievous strength of the barren
fig-tree has the power to rend asunder, inasmuch as sepul-
chres themselves have fates assigned them. Weigh Hannibal;
how many pounds will you find in the consummate general?

invenies? hic est quem non capit Africa Mauro
 percussa Oceano Niloque admota tepenti,
 rursus ad Aethiopum populos altosque elephantos. 150
 additur imperiis Hispania, Pyrenaeum
 transilit. opposuit natura Alpemque nivemque,
 diducit scopulos et montem rumpit aceto.
 iam tenet Italiam, tamen ultra pergere tendit.
 "actum," inquit, "nihil est, nisi Poeno milite portas 155
 frangimus et media vexillum pono Subura."
 o qualis facies et quali digna tabella,
 cum Gaetula ducem portaret bellua luscum!
 exitus ergo quis est? o gloria! vincitur idem
 nempe et in exilium praeceps fugit atque ibi magnus 160
 mirandusque cliens sedet ad praetoria regis,
 donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.
 finem animae, quae res humanas miscuit olim,
 non gladii, non saxa dabunt, nec tela, sed ille

149. perfusa.

153. deducit, diduxit.

Yet this is he whom not *even* Africa can contain, beaten by the Mauritanian ocean, and stretching to the warm Nile, and back again to the nations of the Aethiopians and the tall elephants. Spain is added to his rule; he bounds across the Pyrenees; nature has opposed to him the Alps and their snows; he severs the rocks and cleaves the mountains with vinegar. Already he holds Italy; yet he aims at proceeding further. "Nothing has been achieved," he says, "unless we force the city gates with the soldiers of Carthage, and I plant my standard in the middle of the Suburra." Oh! what a face, and what a picture it would have been a subject for—a Gaetulian elephant carrying the one-eyed General! What, then, is his end? O glory! This same man is conquered, to be sure, and flies headlong into exile, and there seats himself, a great and wonder-moving client, by the palace of the king, till such time as it please his Bithynian majesty to wake. Not swords, not rocks, nor darts will put an end to the existence which once embroiled all humanity, but

Cannarum vindex et tanti sanguinis ultor	165
annulus. i demens et saevas curre per Alpes,	
ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias!	
unus Pellaeo iuveni non sufficit orbis	
aestuat infelix angusto limite mundi,	
ut Gyari clausus scopulis parvaque Seripho;	170
cum tamen a figulis munitam intraverit urbem,	
sarcophago contentus erit. mors sola fatetur,	
quantula sint hominum corpuscula. creditur olim	
velificatus Athos et quidquid Graecia mendax	
audet in historia, constratum classibus isdem	175
suppositumque rotis solidum mare, credimus altos	
defecisse amnes epotaque flumina Medo	
prandente, et madidis cantat quae Sostratus alis.	
ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relicta,	
in Corum atque Eurum solitus saevire flagellis	180
barbarus, Aeolio numquam hoc in carcere passos,	

that ring the avenger of Cannae, the punisher of so much bloodshed. Go, madman, and run over the savage Alps—to please schoolboys and become *the subject of* a declamation!

One world is not enough for the young man of Pella; the poor fellow is restless in the narrow limits of the universe, as though imprisoned by the rocks of Gyarus, or in small Seriphus. When, however, he shall have entered the city fortified by brickmakers, he will be content with a sarcophagus. Death alone discloses how diminutive are the puny bodies of men. Athos is believed to have been once sailed over—and whatever *else* lying Greece ventures on in the way of history; *it is believed* that the sea was bridged by these same fleets, and made solid and passed over by wheels. We believe that deep streams failed, and that rivers were drunk dry by the Medes at their dinner, and whatever Sostratus sings with moistened wings. Yet in what a guise did that famous barbarian return, after leaving Salamis, who had been wont to rage with whips against Corus and Eurus, that had never suffered this *treatment* in their Aeolian cavern, who had bound the earth-shaker *Neptune* himself in

ipsum compedibus qui vinxerat Ennosigaeum!
 mitius id sane, quod non et stigmate dignum
 crederet. huic quisquam vellet servire deorum!
 sed qualis rediit? nempe una nave, cruentis 185
 fluctibus ac tarda per densa cadavera prora.
 has toties optata exegit gloria poenas!

“Da spatium vitae, multos da, Iuppiter, annos!”
 hoc recto vultu solum hoc et pallidus optas.
 sed quam continuis et quantis longa senectus 190
 plena malis! deformem et tetrum ante omnia vultum
 dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem,
 pendentesque genas et tales aspice rugas,
 quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca saltus,
 in vetula scalpit iam mater simia bucca. 195
 plurima sunt iuvenum discrimina, pulchrior ille
 hoc, atque ille alio, multum hic robustior illo;
 una senum facies, cum voce trementia membra

183. quid? non et.

184. credidit.

198. labra.

chains! Surely it was merciful *on his part* that he did not think him deserving of being branded into the bargain. Here was a man whom any of the gods would have been glad to be the slave of! But in what a guise did he return? With a single ship, to be sure, the waves all bloody; his prow retarded by the multitude of corpses. Such penalties has prayed-for glory oftentimes exacted!

Grant length of life! grant, O Jupiter, many years! For this alone you pray in health and in sickness; but how unremitting and how great are the ills with which a long old age is filled! Behold, first of all, the ugly and offensive face, unlike itself; the ugly hide in place of skin, and the flabby cheeks and the wrinkles, such as those which—there where Tabraca extends its shade-bearing jungles—the mother ape scratches on her aged jowl. There are many points of difference between young men: this one is handsomer than that, and he than another; one is much sturdier than another. Old men have but one aspect: limbs trembling in unison with their voice, a pate that has

et iam leve caput madidique infantia nasi.
 frangendus misero gingiva panis inermi ; 200
 usque adeo gravis uxori natisque sibique,
 ut captatori moveat fastidia Cosso.
 non eadem vini atque cibi torpente palato
 gaudia ; nam coitus iam longa oblivio, vel si
 coneris, iacet exiguus cum ramice nervus 205
 et, quamvis tota palpetur nocte, iacebit
 anne aliquid sperare potest haec inguinis aegri
 canities ? quid, quod merito suspecta libido est,
 quae Venerem affectat sine viribus. aspice partis
 nunc damnum alterius ; nam quae cantante voluptas, 210
 sit licet eximius citharoedus, sitve Seleucus
 et quibus aurata mos est fulgere lacerna ?
 quid refert, magni sedeat qua parte theatri,
 qui vix cornicines exaudiet atque tubarum
 concentus ? clamore opus est, ut sentiat auris, 215

200. miseria.

202. moveant.

205. conetur.

214. exaudiat.

become smooth, the *second* infancy of a drivelling nose. The wretched creature has to break his bread with a toothless gum. To such an extent *is he* burdensome to his wife and children and himself, as to excite the nausea even of the fortune-hunter Cossus. His pleasure in wine and food is no longer the same, through the torpor of his palate. Sexual connection has long since been forgotten, or, if the attempt be made, despite every effort, he will be powerless. Can this grey decrepitude of sickly lust expect anything *else* ? and, moreover, do we not look with just suspicion on the lechery which affects sexual love, without the power ?

Observe now the loss of another faculty. For what pleasure has he in a musician, though he be a distinguished harpist, or even a Seleucus, or one of those who are wont to glitter in a gold-embroidered cloak ? What matters it in what part of the vast theatre he sits, who will scarce hear distinctly even the horn-blowers or the concert of trumpets ? It is necessary to

quem dicat venisse puer, quot nunciet horas.
 praeterea minimus gelido iam in corpore sanguis
 febre calet sola, circumscilit agmine facto
 morborum omne genus, quorum si nomina quaeras,
 promptius expediam quot amaverit Hippia moechos, 220
 quot Themison aegros autumnno occiderit uno,
 quot Basilus socios, quot circumscripserit Hirrus
 pupillos, quot longa viros exsorbeat uno
 Maura die, quot discipulos inclinet Hamillus;
 percurram citius quot villas possideat nunc, 225
 quo tondente gravis iuveni mihi barba sonabat.
 ille humero, hic lumbis, hic coxa debilis, ambos
 perdidit ille oculos et luscis invidet, huius
 pallida labra cibum accipiunt digitis alienis.
 ipse ad conspectum coenae diducere rictum 230
 suetus, hiat tantum, ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem
 ore volat pleno mater ieiuna. sed omni

226. iuvenia.

229. capiunt.

230. deducere.

bawl out, that his ear may catch who it is that his slave says has called, *or* the hour of day which he announces. Moreover, the scanty blood in his now cold body warms with fever alone; all kinds of diseases dance round him in a troop. If you should ask their names, I could sooner tell off how many gallants Hippia has been in love with, how many patients Themison has killed in a single autumn, how many partners have been cheated by Basilus, how many wards by Hirrus, how many men tall Maura has connection with in a single day, how many pupils Hamillus corrupts. I could more quickly run through the *list of villas* now possessed by one under whose razor my heavy beard used to sound when I was a young man. One is weak in the shoulder, another in the loins, another in the hip; another has lost both his eyes, and envies the one-eyed; another's bloodless lips receive their food from others' fingers. The man who was wont of his own accord to break into a broad grin at the sight of his dinner, now gapes merely, like the young of a swallow to whom his mother, *herself* fasting, flies with full beak.

membrorum damno maior dementia, quae nec
 nomina servorum nec vultum agnoscit amici,
 cum quo praeterita coenavit nocte, nec illos, 235
 quos genuit, quos eduxit. nam codice saevo
 heredes vetat esse suos, bona tota feruntur
 ad Phialen; tantum artificis valet halitus oris,
 quod steterat multis in carcere fornicis annis.
 ut vigeant sensus animi, ducenda tamen sunt 240
 funera natorum, rogos aspiciendus amatae
 coniugis et fratris plenaeque sororibus urnae.
 haec data poena diu viventibus, ut renovata
 semper clade domus multis in luctibus inque
 perpetuo moerore et nigra veste senescant. 245
 rex Pylius, magno si quidquam credis Homero,
 exemplum vitae fuit a cornice secundae.
 felix nimirum, qui tot per secula mortem
 distulit atque suos iam dextra computat annos,
 quique novum toties mustum bibit. oro parumper 250

But worse than all bodily ailments is the idiocy which
 recognises neither the names of his slaves, nor the face of the
 friend with whom he dined last night, nor those whom he begot,
 whom he brought up. For, by a cruel will, he prevents them
 from being his heirs: all his property is conferred upon Phiale
 —such power has the breath of her dexterous mouth, which
 had been stationed for many years in the cell of a brothel!
 Should the faculties of the mind retain their vigour, yet one has
 to bury one's children, to contemplate the funeral pile of a beloved
 wife or brother, and the urns full of one's sisters' *ashes*. This is
 the penalty imposed on the long-lived, that, with ever-renewed
 family losses, they should grow old in many griefs, in perpetual
 mourning, and a garb of black. The King of Pylos, if you give
 any credit to great Homer, was an instance of *long* life, second only
 to that of the crow. A happy man, without doubt, who has put off
 death for so many generations, and already counts his own years
 on his right hand, and has drunk so often of new-made wine.
 I pray you listen a moment how much he himself complains of

attendas, quantum de legibus ipse queratur
 fatorum et nimio de stamine, cum videt acris
 Antilochi barbam ardentem, cum quaerit ab omni,
 quisquis adest socius, cur haec in tempora duret,
 quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit aevo. 255
 haec eadem Peleus, raptum cum luget Achillem,
 atque alius, cui fas Ithacum lugere natantem.
 incolumi Troia Priamus venisset ad umbras
 Assaraci, magnis solemnibus, Hectore funus
 portante ac reliquis fratrum cervicibus inter 260
 Iliadum lacrimas, ut primos edere planctus
 Cassandra inciperet scissaque Polyxena palla,
 si foret exstinctus diverso tempore, quo non
 coeperat audaces Paris aedificare carinas.
 longa dies igitur quid contulit? omnia vidit 265
 eversa et flammis Asiam ferroque cadentem.
 tunc miles tremulus posita tulit arma tiara
 et ruit ante aram summi Iovis, ut vetulus bos,

the decrees of fate, and of the too long thread of his life, when he sees the blazing beard of brave Antilochus, when he asks of all his friends who are present why he survives to these times, what crime he has committed deserving of so long a life. Peleus utters the same *complaint* when he mourns the loss of Achilles; and that other whose fate it was to mourn the son of Ithaca at sea.

Priam would have gone to the shade of Assaracus, with Troy standing, with great solemnities, with Hector and all his brothers carrying the bier on their shoulders, amidst the tears of the Trojan women, so soon as Cassandra had begun to lead off the first wailings, and Polyxena with rent mantle, if his life had been closed at a different epoch, when Paris had not begun to build his daring ships. What, then, did length of days confer upon him? He saw everything overturned, and Asia falling by flame and sword. Then, laying aside his tiara, he took up arms, a tremulous warrior, and fell before the altar of supreme Jove, like an aged ox,

qui domini cultris tenue et miserabile collum
 praebet ab ingrato iam fastiditus aratro. 270
 exitus ille utcumque hominis, sed torva canino
 latravit rictu, quae post hunc vixerat, uxor.
 festino ad nostros et regem transeo Ponti
 et Croesum, quem vox iusti facunda Solonis
 respicere ad longae iussit spatia ultima vitae. 275
 exsilium et carcer Minturnarumque paludes
 et mendicatus victa Carthagine panis
 hinc causas habuere. quid illo cive tulisset
 natura in terris, quid Roma beatius umquam,
 si circumducto captivorum agmine et omni 280
 bellorum pompa animam exhalasset opimam,
 cum de Teutonico vellet descendere curru ?
 provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
 optandas, sed multae urbes et publica vota
 vicerunt: igitur fortuna ipsius et urbis 285
 servatum victo caput abstulit. hoc cruciatu

which, now at length despised by the ungrateful plough, proffers his lean and wretched neck to his master's knife. This, at any rate, was the end of a human being; but his wife, who survived him, barked savagely with the jaws of a bitch.

I hasten to our countrymen, and pass over the King of Pontus and Croesus, whom the eloquent voice of just Solon bade to consider the last course in a long life. *Marius's* exile and prison, and the marshes of Minturnae, and the bread begged for in conquered Carthage, had their origin in this. What would Nature in all the earth, what would Rome, have ever borne more blest than that citizen, if, after the array of captives had been led their round, and all the pomp of war, he had exhaled his triumphant soul when he was preparing to descend from his Teutonic chariot? Foreseeing Campania had given Pompey a fever he should have prayed for, but the multitude of cities and the public prayers prevailed. So then his own fortune and that of the city deprived him, when vanquished, of the

Lentulus, hac poena caruit, ceciditque Cethegus
integer, et iacuit Catilina cadavere toto.

Formam optat modico pueris, maiore puellis
murmure, cum Veneris fanum videt anxia mater, 290
usque ad delicias votorum. "cur tamen," inquit,
"corripias? pulchra gaudet Latona Diana."
sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia qualem
ipsa habuit, cuperet Rutilae Virginia gibbum
accipere atque suam Rutilae dare. filius autem 295
corporis egregii miseros trepidosque parentes
semper habet. rara est adeo concordia formae
atque pudicitiae. sanctos licet horrida mores
tradiderit domus ac veteres imitata Sabinos,
praeterea castum ingenium vultumque modesto 300
sanguine ferventem tribuat natura benigna
larga manu—quid enim puero conferre potest plus
custode et cura natura potentior omni?—

head they had *themselves* preserved. Lentulus escaped this anguish, this indignity, and Cethegus perished unmutilated, and Catiline lay with his corpse entire.

The anxious mother, when she sees the shrine of Venus, prays for beauty for her boys with a gentle murmur, with yet a louder one for her girls, to the extent of making whimsical prayers. "Yet why reprove me?" she says; "Latona delights in the beauty of Diana." But Lucretia forbids such a face as she herself had to be prayed for; Virginia would wish to take Rutila's hump, and give her own *face* to Rutila. Besides, a son of very beautiful person always keeps his parents miserable and trembling, so rare is the union of beauty with chastity. Though the family, unsophisticated, and imitating the ancient Sabines, has handed down *the tradition of* purity of morals; moreover, though liberal Nature with benignant hand bestow on him a chaste mind, and a face hot with modest blood (for what more can be conferred upon the boy by Nature, more powerful than all guardians and all watchfulness?), they are not allowed to

non licet esse viros ; nam prodiga corruptoris
 improbitas ipsos audet tentare parentes. 305
 tanta in muneribus fiducia. nullus ephebum
 deformem saeva castravit in arce tyrannus,
 nec praetextatum rapuit Nero loripedem nec
 strumosum atque utero pariter gibboque tumentem.
 i nunc, et iuvenis specie laetare tui, quem 310
 maiora exspectant discrimina. fiet adulter
 publicus et poenas metuet quascumque maritis
 iratis debet, nec erit felicior astro
 Martis, ut in laqueos numquam incidat. exigit autem
 interdum ille dolor plus quam lex ulla dolori 315
 concessit ; necat hic ferro, secat ille cruentis
 verberibus, quosdam moechos et mugilis intrat.
 sed tuus Endymion dilectae fiet adulter
 matronae ; mox cum dederit Servilia nummos,
 fiet et illius, quam non amat ; exuet omnem 320

304. viris, viro.

become men, for the prodigal iniquity of the corruptor dares to
 tempt the parents themselves. So great is the confidence in
 bribes ! But no tyrant in his cruel stronghold has castrated a
 deformed youth, nor did Nero ravish a youth who was club-
 footed, or one that was scrofulous, and bulging out at the same
 time with a paunch and a hump. Go now and delight in the
 beauty of your boy, whom greater dangers await. He will
 become an adulterer for public hire, and will have to fear what-
 ever penalties he owes to enraged husbands ; nor will his star
 be luckier than that of Mars, even though he never fall into the
 net. Moreover that kind of wrath sometimes exacts more than
 any law has conceded to wrath. One slays with the sword,
 another cuts with bloody stripes ; some adulterers have the
 " mullet " applied to them. But your Endymion will become
 the gallant of some married lady whom he loves. Yes ! and
 before long when Servilia has bribed him he will become also
 the gallant of one whom he does not love. She will strip her-

corporis ornatum; quid enim ulla negaverit udis
 inguinibus, sive est haec Oppia, sive Catulla?
 deterior totos habet illic femina mores.
 "sed casto quid forma nocet?" quid profuit immo
 Hippolyto grave propositum, quid Bellerophonti? 325
 erubuit nempe haec, ceu fastidita, repulsa
 nec Stheneboea minus quam Cressa excanduit, et se
 concussere ambae. mulier saevissima tunc est,
 cum stimulos odio pudor admovet. elige quidnam
 suadendum esse putes cui nubere Caesaris uxor 330
 destinat. optimus hic et formosissimus idem
 gentis patriciae rapitur miser exstinguendus
 Messalinae oculis. dudum sedet illa parato
 flammeolo, Tyriusque palam genialis in hortis
 sternitur, et ritu decies centena dabuntur 335
 antiquo, veniet cum signatoribus auspex.

326. hac ceu fastidita repulsa (M. Haupt).

self of all her personal ornaments. For what will any woman deny to her lusts, whether she be an Oppia or a Catulla? The abandoned woman has all her character centred in this point. But what harm will his beauty do to one who is chaste? Nay, rather, of what advantage was his stern resolve to Hippolytus, or to Bellerophon? Of course she (*Phaedra*) blushed as though she had been scorned; nor was Stheneboea, when repulsed, less inflamed than the Cretan woman; and both of them roused themselves to *vengeance*. Woman is then most savage when shame adds stings to hate. Choose what advice you think should be given to him whom the wife of Caesar determines to marry. He, the best, and at the same time the handsomest, of the patrician race, is hurried, poor wretch, to destruction by Messalina's eyes. Long since she is seated with bridal veil prepared, and the nuptial couch *with its coverings* of purple is openly made ready in the gardens, and ten hundred thousand sesterces will be given after the ancient usage, and the augur will come with those that are to sign *the contract*. These

haec tu secreta et paucis commissa putabas.
 non nisi legitime vult nubere. quid placeat, dic;
 ni parere velis, pereundum erit ante lucernas;
 si scelus admittas, dabitur mora parvula, dum res 340
 nota urbi et populo contingat principis aures.
 dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus. interea tu
 obsequere imperio, si tanti vita dierum
 paucorum. quidquid melius leviusque putaris,
 praebenda est gladio pulchra haec et candida cervix. 345
 "Nil ergo optabunt homines?" si consilium vis,
 permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
 conveniat nobis rebusque sit utile nostris.
 nam pro iucundis aptissima quaeque dabunt di.
 carior est illis homo quam sibi. nos animorum 350
 impulsu et caeca magnaue cupidine ducti
 coniugium petimus partumque uxoris; at illis

337. putabis.

339. pereundum est.

341. aurem.

347. permittas.

things you thought were secret, and intrusted *only* to a few! *No*; she will not be married but with the legal forms. Say what your decision is. Unless you are ready to obey her, you will have to die before nightfall. If you perpetrate the crime, a tiny delay will be afforded you, till a business known to the city and the people shall have reached the prince's ears; he will be the last to learn the disgrace of his house. Meanwhile do you obey *her* orders, if a few days' life be worth the price. *But*, whatever you think the best and easiest *course*, that beautiful and white neck of yours must be submitted to the sword!

Are men, then, to pray for nothing? If you desire a counsel, you will permit the deities themselves to estimate what may be suitable for us, and of advantage to our interests. For in place of pleasant things, the gods will give us whatever shall be most fitting. Man is dearer to them than *he is* to himself. We, led by the impulse of our minds, and our blind and powerful desires, ask for a wedded partner, and for offspring from our wives; but

notum, qui pueri qualisque futura sit uxor.
 ut tamen et poscas aliquid, voveasque sacellis
 exta et candiduli divina tomacula porci, 355
 orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.
 fortem posce animum, mortis terrore carentem,
 qui spatium vitae extremum inter munera ponat
 naturae, qui ferre queat quoscumque labores,
 nesciat irasci, cupiat nihil et potiores 360
 Herculis aerumnas credat saevosque labores
 et Venere et coenis et pluma Sardanapali.
 monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare. semita certe
 tranquillae per virtutem patet unica vitae.
 nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia, nos te, 365
 nos facimus, Fortuna, deam coeloque locamus.

365. abest ; si adsit (Heinr).

they know what our boys and of what sort our wife will be. If,
 however, you must e'en ask for something, and vow to their
 shrines entrails and the sacred mincemeat of a white pig, pray
 that you may have a sound mind in a sound body ; ask for a
 strong soul, free from the fear of death, which reckons the final
 stage of life as among the boons of Nature ; which is able to
 bear toils of every kind ; which is incapable of anger ; which
 covets nothing ; which deems the tribulations of Hercules and
 his cruel labours preferable to *the joys of Venus*, to the banquets,
 to the down of Sardanapalus. I show you what you may confer
 upon yourself ; *for*, assuredly, the only path of a peaceful life
 lies through virtue. You have no divine power, O Fortune,
 where prudence exists ; it is we, we who make a goddess of you
 and place you in heaven.

SATIRA XI.

ATTICUS eximie si coenat, lautus habetur,
 si Rutilus, demens. quid enim maiore cachinno
 excipitur vulgi, quam pauper Apicius? omnis
 convictus thermae stationes omne theatrum
 de Rutilo. nam pum valida ac iuvenilia membra 5
 sufficiunt galeae dumque ardens sanguine, fertur
 non cogente quidem, sed nec prohibente tribuno,
 scripturus leges et regia verba lanistae.
 multos porro vides, quos saepe elusus ad ipsum
 creditor introitum solet expectare macelli, 10
 et quibus in solo vivendi causa palato est.
 egregius coenat meliusque miserrimus horum
 et cito casurus iam perlucente ruina.
 interea gustus elementa per omnia quaerunt,

6. ardent.

SATIRE XI.

If Atticus dines sumptuously, he is considered a glorious fellow; if Rutilus *does so*, *he is considered* to be out of his mind. For what is received with greater laughter from the vulgar than a pauper Apicius? Every party—the baths, the places of public resort—every theatre *is full* of Rutilus. For while his sturdy and youthful limbs are equal to the helmet, and while he is glowing with life-blood, he is impelled (not, indeed, on the compulsion of the Tribune, but without being prevented by him) to copy out the rules and imperious commands of the trainer of gladiators. You see many, besides, whom the oft-deceived creditor is wont to wait for at the very entrance to the market, whose motive for living is in the palate alone. The most hard-up of these fellows, destined soon to fall, with ruin already lightening through him, dines the more sumptuously and the more daintily. Meanwhile they search through all the

numquam animo pretiis obstantibus; interius si 15
 attendas, magis illa iuvant, quae pluris emuntur.
 ergo haud difficile est perituram arcessere summam
 lancibus oppositis vel matris imagine fracta,
 et quadringentis nummis condire gulosum
 fictile: sic veniunt ad miscellanea ludi. 20
 refert ergo, quis haec eadem paret; in Rutilo nam
 luxuria est, in Ventidio laudabile nomen
 sumit et a censu famam trahit. illum ego iure
 despiciam, qui scit quanto sublimior Atlas
 omnibus in Libya sit montibus, hic tamen idem 25
 ignoret quantum ferrata distet ab arca
 sacculus. e coelo descendit γυνῶθι σεαυτόν,
 figendum et memori tractandum pectore, sive
 coniugium quaeras vel sacri in parte senatus
 esse velis—neque enim lorica poscit Achillis 30
 Thersites, in qua se traducebat Ulixes—

elements for relishes, the prices never standing in the way of
 their inclination; *nay*, if you look at it more closely, those
 things please them more which are bought at a higher price.
 Well, then, it is not difficult to obtain the sum destined to
 be squandered, by pawning their dishes, or breaking up their
 mother's bust, and to season the gluttonous platter with four
 hundred sesterces. So it is they come to the hodge-podge of
 the training-school.

It makes a difference, then, who it is that sets forth these
 same *delicacies*; for in Rutilus this is extravagance; in Venti-
 dius, it assumes a creditable name, and derives its character
 from the state of his fortune. I should despise the man, and
 justly, who knows how much higher Atlas is than all the *other*
 mountains in Libya; while he, the same man, does not know
 how great a difference there is between a small *money-bag* and
 an iron-bound strong-box. "Know thyself" descended from
 heaven, to be implanted and revolved in the memory; whether
 you are seeking marriage or wishing to form part of the sacred
 Senate (for not even Thersites claims the cuirass of Achilles, in

ancipitem seu tu magno discrimine causam
 protegere affectas, te consule, dic tibi qui sis,
 orator vehemens, an Curtius et Matho buccae.
 noscenda est mensura sui spectandaque rebus 35
 in summis minimisque, etiam cum piscis emetur,
 ne mullum cupias, cum sit tibi gobio tantum
 in oculis. quis enim te, deficiente crumena
 et crescente gula, manet exitus, aere paterno
 ac rebus mersis in ventrem fenoris atque 40
 argenti gravis et pecorum agrorumque capacem?
 talibus a dominis post cuncta novissimus exit
 annulus, et digito mendicat Pollio nudo.
 non praematuri cineres, nec funus acerbum
 luxuriae, sed morte magis metuenda senectus. 45
 hi plerumque gradus. conducta pecunia Romae
 et coram dominis consumitur; inde ubi paulum
 nescio quid superest et pallet fenoris auctor,

38. culina.

which *even* Ulysses cut a doubtful figure), or whether you
 aspire to defend a doubtful cause of great moment, consult
 yourself; tell yourself what you are, a powerful orator or a
 Curtius or Matho—*mere* cheeks. A man should know his own
 measure, and consider it in the smallest as well as the greatest
 matters; even in buying a fish, that you may not covet a mullet
 when you have only got a gudgeon in your purse. For what
 end awaits you, with your purse failing, while your gluttony is
 increasing, with your paternal fortune and your effects sunk in
 your belly, which can swallow up investments, and heavy plate,
 and flocks and estates? From such masters as these, after
 everything else, last of all the *knightly* ring takes its departure,
 and Pollio begs with naked finger. It is not a premature
 decease or an untimely grave, but old age, which should be
 dreaded more than death by extravagance. These are mostly
 the stages: the borrowed money is spent at Rome, and under
 the very eyes of the lenders; then when a trifle, I know not
 what, is left, and the usurer grows pale, they shift their quarters

qui vertere solum, Baias et ad ostrea currunt.
 cedere namque foro iam non est deterius quam 50
 Esquilias a ferventi migrare Subura.
 ille dolor solus patriam fugientibus, illa
 moestitia est, caruisse anno circensibus uno.
 sanguinis in facie non haeret gutta, morantur
 pauci ridiculum et fugientem ex urbe pudorem. 55
 Experiere hodie, numquid pulcherrima dictu,
 Persice, non praestem vita vel moribus et re,
 sed laudem siliquas occultus ganeo, pultes
 coram aliis dictem puero, sed in aure placentas.
 nam cum sis conviva mihi promissus, habebis 60
 Evandrum, venies Tirynthius aut minor illo
 hospes et ipse tamen contingens sanguine coelum,
 alter aquis, alter flammis ad sidera missus.
 fercula nunc audi nullis ornata macellis.
 de Tibertino veniet pinguis agro 65
 49. ostia. 57. nec moribus. 58. si laudem.

and run to Baiae and the oysters. For to abscond from 'change is nowadays no more disgrace than to migrate to the Esquiline from the hot Suburra. This is the only grief of the fugitives from their country; this their *only* sorrow, to have missed the Circensian games for a single year. Not a particle of a blush remains in their face; few *seek to* detain modesty, become ridiculous and flying from the city.

You will *prove by* experience to-day, Persicus, whether these things which are so pretty to talk about are not carried out in my life, that is, in my conduct and in reality, and whether I praise pulse while in secret a glutton, calling out to my slave for porridge in the presence of others, for honey-cakes in private. For since you are my promised guest, you shall have *in me* an Evander; you shall come *like* the Tirynthian or the guest inferior to him, and who yet himself was connected by blood with heaven—the one sent to the stars by water, the other by fire. Now listen to the courses furnished by no public markets. From my farm at Tibur will come the well-fatted sucking-kid,

haedulus et toto grege mollior, inscius herbae,
 necdum ausus virgas humilis mordere salicti,
 qui plus lactis habet quam sanguinis, et montani
 asparagi, posito quos legit villica fuso.
 grandia praeterea tortoque calentia feno 70
 ova adsunt ipsis cum matribus, et servatae
 parte anni, quales fuerant in vitibus, uvae,
 Signinum Syriumque pirum, de corbibus isdem
 aemula Picenis et odoris mala recentis,
 nec metuenda tibi, siccatum frigore postquam 75
 autumnum et crudi posuere pericula succi.
 haec olim nostri iam luxuriosa senatus
 coena fuit. Curius parvo quae legerat horto,
 ipse focus brevibus ponebat oluscula, quae nunc
 squalidus in magna fastidit compede fossor, 80
 qui meminit calidae sapiat quid vulva popinae.
 sicci terga suis, rara pendentia crate,
 moris erat quondam festis servare diebus

the tenderest of the whole flock, ignorant of herbage, that has not yet ventured to nibble the twigs of the low willow-bed, who has more milk *in him* than blood; and mountain asparagus which the bailiff's wife, laying down her spindle, has gathered. Eggs of large size, besides, and warm from the twisted hay, are here, with the very hens *that laid them*, and grapes preserved for a part of the year just as they were upon the vines: the Signian and the Syrian pear, *and*, from the same baskets, apples rivalling those of Picenum, and fresh in smell, and which you need not fear either, since they have parted with their autumn *crudeness* (which has been dried out by the cold), and the perils of the raw juice.

Such as this was once upon a time quite a luxurious dinner, *even* for our Senate. Curius used in person to place upon his scanty fire the small pot-herbs which he had gathered in his little garden, such as nowadays the squalid ditcher in heavy chains, who calls to mind the flavour of dainties in the warm cookshop, turns up his nose at. It was part of the custom, of old, to keep for

et natalicium cognatis ponere lardum,
 accedente nova, si quam dabat hostia, carne. 85
 cognatorum aliquis titulo ter consulis atque
 castrorum imperiis et dictatoris honore
 functus ad has epulas solito maturius ibat,
 erectum domito referens a monte ligonem.
 cum tremerent autem Fabios durumque Catonem 90
 et Scauros et Fabricios, postremo severos
 censoris mores etiam collega timeret,
 nemo inter curas et seria duxit habendum,
 qualis in Oceani fluctu testudo nataret,
 clarum Troiugenis factura et nobile fulcrum, 95
 sed nudo latere et parvis frons aerea lectis
 vile coronati caput ostendebat aselli,
 ad quod lascivi ludebant ruris alumni.
 tales ergo cibi, qualis domus atque supellex.

91. rigidique severos.

festival days the chines of dried bacon hanging from the wide-barred frame, and to set before one's relations lard as a birthday treat, with the addition of fresh meat, if there was a sacrificial victim to supply any. One of these relatives, with the title of thrice-consul, who had enjoyed the command in camps and the dignity of dictator, would go somewhat earlier than usual to such a feast as this, bearing off on his shoulder his spade from the hill which he had been digging. Moreover, when men trembled at the Fabii and rigid Cato and the Scauri and the Fabricii, and when, in fine, the severe character of a censor was feared even by his own colleague, no one thought it a *question* to be included among his cares and serious concerns what sort of tortoise was swimming in the ocean wave to make a conspicuous and noble bed for the Trojугenae. But on couches with plain sides, and small, a front of bronze displayed the rude head of an ass crowned *with a chaplet*, of which the saucy young rustics used to make game. The food, then, was of a piece with the house and the furniture.

tunc rudis et Graias mirari nescius artes 100
 urbibus eversis praedarum in parte reperta
 magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles,
 ut phaleris gauderet equus, caelataque cassis
 Romuleae simulacra ferae mansuescere iussae
 imperii fato, geminos sub rupe Quirinos, 105
 ac nudam effigiem clipeo venientis et hasta
 pendentisque dei perituro ostenderet hosti.
 argenti quod erat solis fulgebat in armis.
 ponebant igitur Tusco farrata catino;
 omnia tunc quibus invidias si lividulus sis. 110
 templorum quoque maiestas praesentior et vox
 nocte fere media mediamque audita per urbem,
 litore ab Oceani Gallis venientibus et dis
 officium vatis peragentibus. his monuit nos,
 hanc rebus Latiis curam praestare solebat 115
 fictilis et nullo violatus Iuppiter auro.

106. fulgentia.

In those days the soldier, untutored and incapable of admiring the arts of Greece, when cities were overthrown, used to break up the cups by great artists which he found in his share of the booty, in order that his horse might exult in bridle ornaments, that his embossed helmet might exhibit the image of the Romulean wild beast bidden to grow tame by the destiny of *our* empire—and the twin Quirini under the rock, and the naked effigy of the god coming with shield and spear and hanging *in the air*—to the foe about to perish! Whatever there was of silver glittered on arms alone. So they used to serve their porridge on a platter of Tuscan ware: everything at that time was such as you might envy, if you be a trifle given to jealousy. The majesty of the temples also was more present *to man*, and a voice was heard about the middle of the night and through the middle of the city, when the Gauls were coming from the ocean shore, and the gods were discharging the functions of a prophet. By such means did Jupiter warn us, such care used he to bestow on the affairs of Latium, when he was made of earthenware, and profaned by no

illa domi natas nostraque ex arbore mensas
 tempora viderunt, hos lignum stabat in usus,
 annosam si forte nucem deiecerat Eurus.
 at nunc divitibus coenandi nulla voluptas, 120
 nil rhombus, nil dama sapit, putere videntur
 unguenta atque rosae, latos nisi sustinet orbes
 grande ebur et magno sublimis pardus hiatu,
 dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Syenes
 et Mauri celeres et Mauro obscurior Indus, 125
 et quos deposuit Nabathaeo bellua saltu
 iam nimios capitique graves. hinc surgit orexis,
 hinc stomacho vires. nam pes argenteus illis,
 annulus in digito quod ferreus. ergo superbum
 convivam caveo, qui me sibi comparat et res 130
 despicit exiguas. adeo nulla uncia nobis
 est eboris, nec tessellae, nec calculus ex hac
 materia, quin ipsa manubria cultellorum
 ossea. non tamen his ulla umquam opsonia fiunt

128. bilis.

gold. Those times saw tables produced at home and from our own trees: for these purposes there was timber stacked, if by chance the east wind had thrown down an aged walnut-tree. But now, for the rich, there is no pleasure in dining, the turbot, the venison have no flavour, perfumes and roses appear to stink, unless the broad circumferences of the tables be supported by massive ivory and a rampant leopard with gaping jaws, made of those tusks which the gate of Syene sends us, and the active Moors, and the Indian still darker than the Moor, which the elephant has shed in a Nabathaeon jungle, when grown too large and burdensome to his head. Hence arises an appetite, hence strength to the stomach, for a silver pedestal is to them what an iron ring on their finger would be. So then I avoid a proud guest who compares me with himself, and looks down upon small means. So far am I from having an ounce of ivory—not even little dice, nor a counter of that material—that the very handles of my knives are of bone; yet no provisions are ever

rancidula, aut ideo peior gallina secatur. 135
 sed nec structor erit, cui cedere debeat omnis
 pergula, discipulus Trypheri doctoris, apud quem
 sumine cum magno lepus atque aper et pygargus
 et Scythicae volucres et phoenicopterus ingens
 et Gaetulus oryx hebeti lautissima ferro 140
 caeditur et tota sonat ulmea coena Subura.
 nec frustum capreae subducere nec latus Aefrae
 novit avis noster, tirunculus ac rudis omni
 tempore et exiguae furtis imbutus ofellae.
 plebeios calices et paucis assibus emptos 145
 porriget incultus puer atque a frigore tutus;
 non Phryx aut Lycius, non a mangone petitus
 quisquam erit, et magno: cum posces, posce Latine.
 idem habitus cunctis, tonsi rectique capilli
 atque hodie tantum propter convivia pexi. 150
 pastoris duri hic est filius, ille bubulci,

144. frustis.

148. in magno.

made the least rancid by these, nor does a chicken cut up the worse on that account. Nor will there be a carver either, such as the whole *carving*-school should yield to, a disciple of Professor Trypherus, at whose house, together with a large sow's udder, the hare and the *wild*-boar, and the gazelle and pheasants, and the huge flamingo, and the Gaetulian wild-goat, a most dainty supper made of elm, are cut up with blunt knives, and resound through the whole Suburra. Nor does my fellow know how to purloin a slice of roe or the breast of a guinea-hen; a little tyro, untutored all his days, and initiated only in the theft of a tiny collop. My slave, unadorned and protected from the cold, will hand *you* plebeian cups bought for a few pence; there will be no Phrygian or Lycian *slave*, nor any one obtained from the dealer, and at a great price. When you ask for *anything*, ask in Latin. All have the same attire, hair cut short and straight, and only combed to-day on account of company. One is the son of a hardy shepherd, another of a neat-herd; he sighs after his mother, whom he has not seen for a

suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem
 et casulam et notos tristis desiderat haedos,
 ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris,
 quales esse decet quos ardens purpura vestit, 155
 nec pugillares defert in balnea raucus
 testiculos, nec vellendas iam praebuilt alas,
 crassa nec opposito pavidus tegit inguina gutto.
 hic tibi vina dabit diffusa in montibus illis
 a quibus ipse venit, quorum sub vertice ludit; 160
 namque una atque eadem est vini patria atque ministri.
 forsitan exspectes ut Gaditana canoro
 incipiat prurire choro plausuque probatae
 ad terram tremulo descendant clune puellae—
 spectant hoc nuptae iuxta recubante marito, 165
 quod pudeat narrare aliquem praesentibus ipsis—
 irritamentum Veneris languentis et acres
 divitis urticae. maior tamen ista voluptas
 alterius sexus; magis ille extenditur, et mox

long time, and mournfully regrets the little cottage and the well-known kids—a boy of ingenuous face and ingenuous modesty, such as it becomes those to be whom the bright purple clothes. Nor does he carry into the baths the signs of his robust manhood, nor has he already yielded his arm-pits to be plucked, nor has he timidly to protect his person by the interposition of the oil-flask. He, *such as he is*, will hand you wines bottled on the very hills from which he himself comes, under whose summit he has played; for the native country of the wine and the attendant is one and the same. Perhaps you may be expecting that a Gaditane *artiste* will begin to wanton amid the tuneful choir, and that *dancing-girls*, covered with applause, will curtsy to the ground with quivering hips (brides, with their husbands reclining next them, behold this *sight*, which any one would be ashamed to relate in their presence), a provocative for languishing desire and sharp incentives for the wealthy. Yet this *sort of* pleasure is greater in the case of the other sex, which is more worked upon, and soon passion engendered through ears and eyes is set in motion.

auribus atque oculis concepta urina movetur. 170
 non capit has nugas humilis domus. audiat ille
 testarum crepitus cum verbis, nudum olido stans
 fornice mancipium quibus abstinet, ille fruatur
 vocibus obscenis omnique libidinis arte
 qui Lacedaemonium pytismate lubricat orbem. 175
 namque ibi fortunae veniam damus. alea turpis,
 turpe et adulterium mediocribus; haec eadem illi
 omnia cum faciunt, hilares nitidique vocantur.
 nostra dabunt alios hodie convivia ludos,
 conditor Iliados cantabitur atque Maronis 180
 altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.
 quid refert tales versus qua voce legantur?
 Sed nunc dilatis averte negotia curis
 et gratam requiem dona tibi, quando licebit
 per totum cessare diem. non fenoris ulla 185
 mentio, nec, prima si luce egressa reverti

170. paratur.

A humble household does not admit of this trumpery. Let him listen to the clinking of castanets, accompanied by words such as the slave girl, standing naked in the stinking brothel, abstains from; let him enjoy the obscene language and all the artifices of lechery, who lubricates the circles of his Laconian marble floor by spitting *wine* over them; for, in that case, we make allowance for his fortune. Gambling is disgraceful, and adultery is disgraceful for common people. The others, when they do all these same things, are called choice spirits and stylish fellows. Our banquet to-day shall present other amusements. The author of the Iliad shall be recited, and the strains of high-sounding Maro, rendering the palm of *victory* a doubtful one. What matters it with what voice such verses as these are read?

But now, *at any rate*, your cares deferred, put aside business matters, and treat yourself to a pleasant respite, since you will be at liberty to idle through the whole day. *Let there be no mention whatever of interest due*, nor let your wife stir up your

nocte solet, tacito bilem tibi contrahat uxor,
 humida suspectis referens multicia rugis
 vexatasque comas et vultum auremque calentem.
 protinus ante meum quidquid dolet exue limen, 190
 pone domum et servos et quidquid frangitur illis
 aut perit, ingratos ante omnia pone sodales.
 interea Megalesiacae spectacula mappae,
 Idaeum sollemne, colunt, similisque triumpho
 praeda caballorum praetor sedet ac, mihi pace 195
 immensae nimiaeque licet si dicere plebis,
 totam hodie Romam circus capit et fragor aurem
 percutit, eventum viridis quo colligo panni.
 nam si deficeret, maestam attonitamque videres
 hanc urbem, veluti Cannarum in pulvere victis 200
 consulibus. spectent iuvenes, quos clamor et audax
 sponsio, quos cultae decet assedissee puellae,
 nostra bibat vernum contracta cuticula solem

195. praedo.

bile and make you silent, if she goes out at early dawn, and
 is in the habit of returning at night, bringing back her light
 dress wet with suspicious creases, and her hair tumbled,
 and her face and ears red. At sight of my threshold, throw
 off everything which annoys you; lay aside your house-
 hold and your servants, and whatever is broken by them
 or wasted: above all things, lay aside the ingratitude of your
 friends. Meanwhile the people are frequenting the spectacle
 of the Megalesian napkin, the Idaean solemnity, and, like one
 triumphing, the Praetor sits, a prey to horseflesh; and—to beg
 the pardon of the immense (and, if I may be allowed to say so,
 overgrown) populace—the circus to-day contains the whole of
 Rome, and a din strikes upon my ear from which I gather the
 success of the green-jacket; for if it were to fail, you would see
 this city sorrowing and awe-struck, as if the Consuls had been
 vanquished in the dust of Cannae. Let the young men look on,
 for whom the noise and bold betting and sitting by *some* smart
 damsel are suitable; let our dried-up skin imbibe the sun of

effugiatque togam. iam nunc in balnea salva
 fronte licet vadas, quamquam solida hora supersit 205
 ad sextam. facere hoc non possis quinque diebus
 continuis, quia sunt talis quoque taedia vitae
 magna: voluptates commendat rarior usus.

SATIRA XII.

NATALI, Corvine, die mihi dulcior haec lux,
 qua festus promissa deis animalia cespes
 exspectat. niveam reginae ducimus agnam,
 par vellus dabitur pugnanti Gorgone Maura,
 sed procul extensum petulans quatit hostia funem 5
 Tarpeio servata Iovi frontemque coruscat,
 quippe ferox vitulus templis maturus et arae,

x. carior, clarior.

3. caedimus.

spring-time, and escape the toga. Even now you may go to the bath without shame, although it wants a whole hour of the sixth. You could not do this for five continuous days, because the tedium even of such a life as this would be great. A rarer experience of them enhances *one's* pleasures.

SATIRE XII.

SWEETER to me than my own birthday, Corvinus, is this day on which the festal turf awaits the animals promised to the gods. We are leading to the *sacrifice* a snow-white lamb for the Queen of heaven; a like fleece will be given to her who fights *armed* with the Mauritanian Gorgon; but the victim reserved for Tarpeian Jove shakes in his wantonness the outstretched rope and tosses his head—a wild steer, in truth, ripe for the temple and the altar, and fit to be sprinkled with wine, who is already

spargendusque mero, quem iam pudet ubera matris
 ducere, qui vexat nascenti robora cornu.
 si res ampla domi similisque affectibus esset; 10
 pinguior Hispulla traheretur taurus et ipsa
 mole piger nec finitima nutritus in herba,
 laeta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua, sanguis
 iret et a grandi cervix ferienda ministro,
 ob reditum trepidantis adhuc horrendaque passi 15
 nuper et incolumem sese mirantis amici.
 nam praeter pelagi casus et fulminis ictus
 evasit. densae coelum abscondere tenebrae
 nube una subitusque antennis impulit ignis,
 cum se quisque illo percussum crederet et mox 20
 attonitus nullum conferri posse putaret
 naufragium velis ardentibus. omnia fiunt
 talia, tam graviter, si quando poetica surgit
 tempestas. genus ecce aliud discriminis, audi

14. magno magistro (Serv.)

17. fulguris ictum.

23. quam quando.

ashamed to drain the teats of his mother, who butts the oaks
 with his rising horn. If my personal means were ample, and
 equal to my affections, a bull fatter than Hispulla should be
 dragged along, one slow from his very bulk, and fed on no
 neighbouring herbage, but, giving evidence of the rich pastures
 of Clitumnus, the high-bred should go, with a neck that would
 have to be struck by a burly sacrificer, on account of the return
 of my friend still trembling, and who has just endured horrors,
 and who wonders at finding himself alive.

For besides the dangers of the sea, he escaped even the stroke
 of lightning. Thick darkness concealed the heavens in one
 cloud, and the sudden fire fell upon the yards; when every one
 thought himself struck by it, and thereupon, in a panic, deemed
 that no shipwreck could be comparable to burning sails. Every-
 thing takes place in the same way, and just as disagreeably,
 whenever a storm arises in poetry. Behold another kind of
 danger; listen and pity him again, though what follows belongs

et miserere iterum, quamquam sint cetera sortis 25
eiusdem, pars dira quidem, sed cognita multis
et quam votiva testantur sana tabella
plurima: pictores quis nescit ab Iside pasci?
accidit et nostro similis fortuna Catullo.
cum plenus fluctu medius foret alveus et iam 30
alternum puppis latus evertentibus undis
arboris incertae, nullam prudentia cani
reitoris conferret opem, decidere iactu
coepit cum ventis, imitatus castora, qui se
eunuchum ipse facit, cupiens evadere damno 35
testiculi: adeo medicatum intelligit inguen.
"fundite, quae mea sunt," dicebat, "cuncta," Catullus,
praecipitare volens etiam pulcherrima, vestem
purpuream teneris quoque Maecenatibus aptam,
atque alias, quarum generosi graminis ipsum 40
infecit natura pecus, sed et egregius fons
viribus occultis et Baeticus adiuvat aer.

33. cum ferret.

to the same ill luck; a portion dreadful indeed, but known to many, and which a multitude of temples bear witness to with their votive tablets. Who does not know that there are painters who gain their living by Isis? And a similar fortune befell our Catullus. When the hold was full of water up to the middle, and, now that the waves were heaving up each side alternately of the stern of the crazy log, the skill of the hoary helmsman could render no aid; he began to compound with the winds by throwing overboard *the cargo* in imitation of the beaver, who, by his own act, makes himself a eunuch, hoping to escape by the sacrifice of his testicles, so well does he understand the medicinal properties of his parts. "Throw out everything that belongs to me," Catullus kept saying, wishing to hurl overboard the very choicest objects, a purple robe fitted even for effeminate Maecenases, and others whose wool the nature of the generous pasture has tinged, but also the exquisite springs by their hidden properties and the air of Baetica contribute. He did not hesi-

ille nec argentum dubitabat mittere, lances
 Parthenio factas, urnae cratera capacem
 et dignum sitiēte Pholo vel coniuge Fusci, 45
 adde et bascaudas et mille escaria, multum
 caelati, biberat quo callidus emptor Olynthi.
 sed quis nunc alius, qua mundi parte, quis audet
 argento praeferre caput rebusque salutem?
 non propter vitam faciunt patrimonia quidam, 50
 sed vitio caeci propter patrimonia vivunt.
 iactatur rerum utilium pars maxima, sed nec
 damna levant. tunc adversis urgentibus illuc
 decidit ut malum ferro summitteret, ac se
 explicat angustum: discriminis ultima, quando 55
 praesidia afferimus navem factura minorem.
 i nunc, et ventis animam committe, dolato
 confisus ligno, digitis a morte remotus
 quatuor aut septem si sit latissima taeda;

54. recidit; hac re.

tate to throw overboard even his plate—platters made by
 Parthenius, a bowl holding three gallons, and worthy of Pholus
 when athirst, or even the wife of Fuscus; add bascaudae into
 the bargain, and a thousand meat-dishes, a quantity of chased
 cups, out of which the cunning purchaser of Olynthus had
 drunk. But who else nowadays, in any part of the world,
 who ventures to prefer his life to his plate, and his safety to his
 property? [Some men do not make fortunes for the sake of
 living, but, blinded by a vice of nature, live for the sake of
making fortunes.] The greatest part of his necessities is thrown
 overboard, but not even do these sacrifices lighten *the ship*.
 Then, under the pressure of danger, it came to this, that he
 submitted his mast to the axe, and he extricates himself, though
 crippled. *It must be* the extremity of danger when we apply
 remedies which will take away part of the ship! Go now and
 commit your life to the winds, trusting to a hewn plank,
 removed four inches from death, or seven if the deal be of the
 thickest; and then, together with your wallets and bread and

mox cum reticulis et pane et ventre lagenae 60
 aspice sumendas in tempestate secures.
 sed postquam iacuit planum mare, tempora postquam
 prospera vectoris fatumque valentius euro
 et pelago, postquam Parcae meliora benigna
 pensa manu ducunt hilares et staminis albi 65
 lanificae, modica nec multum fortior aura
 ventus adest, inopi miserabilis arte cucurrit
 vestibus extentis et, quod superaverat unum,
 velo prora suo. iam deficientibus austris,
 spes vitae cum sole redit. tunc gratus Iulo, 70
 atque novercali sedes praelata Lavino,
 conspicitur sublimis apex, cui candida nomen
 scrofa dedit, laetis Phrygibus mirabile sumen,
 et numquam visis triginta clara mamillis.
 tandem intrat positas inclusa per aequora moles 75
 Tyrrhenamque pharon porrectaque brachia rursum,
 quae pelago occurrunt medio longeque relinquunt

61. accipe.

bulging flagon, see to *providing* hatchets to be used in case of a storm. But after the sea fell into a calm, after a lucky time *had come* for the passengers, and Fate was mightier than Eurys and the deep, after the Parcae were spinning kindlier piecework with benign hand, blithe, and working their wool with white threads, and the wind presented itself not much stronger than a moderate breeze, the prow drifted on pitifully with powerless shifts, with clothes outspread and its foresail, which alone remained. And now that the south wind was subsiding, hope of life returns with the sunshine; then the lofty peak is caught sight of, beloved of Iulus, and preferred by him as a home to his stepmother's Lavinium; *the peak* to which the white sow gave its name, an udder that excited the wonder of the rejoicing Phrygians, remarkable for what had never been seen *before*, thirty nipples. At length he reaches the moles built through the waters enclosed between them and the Tuscan Pharos, and the arms stretching back again, which run into the midst of the sea and leave Italy

Italiam—non sic igitur mirabere portus,
 quos natura dedit—sed trunca puppe magister
 interiora petit Baianae pervia cymbae 80
 tuti stagna sinus, gaudent ubi vertice raso
 garrula securi narrare pericula nautae.

Ite igitur, pueri, linguis animisque faventes,
 sartaque delubris et farra imponite cultris
 ac molles ornatu focos glebamque virentem. 85
 iam sequar, et sacro, quod praestat, rite peracto
 inde domum repetam, graciles ubi parva coronas
 accipiunt fragili simulacra nitentia cera.
 hic nostrum placabo Iovem Laribusque paternis
 thura dabo atque omnes violae iactabo colores. 90
 cuncta nitent, longos erexit ianua ramos
 et matutinis operatur festa lucernis.

Nec suspecta tibi sint haec, Corvine; Catullus,
 pro cuius reditu tot pono altaria, parvos

81. tunc stagnante sinu.

far behind;—you would not, in fine, admire so much ports of Nature's making;—but with his disabled ship the skipper makes for the inner still water of the safe basin, which a skiff from Baiae could cross, where, with shaven crowns, the sailors, freed from anxiety, delight in garrulous recitals of their perils.

Go then, lads, keeping watch over your tongues and thoughts, and place garlands on the shrines and meal on the knives, and adorn the soft hearths and the green turf *altar*. I will follow anon, and the sacrifice, which has the precedence, having been duly performed, will thence return home where the little images glistening with fragile wax receive their slender chaplets. Here I will propitiate my own Jove, and will offer frankincense to my paternal Lares, and will strew all the colours of the violet. Everything is bright; my festive door has put forth long boughs, and is performing *its part* in the rite with *early* morning lamps.

Nor let these things seem suspicious to you, Corvinus. Catullus, for whose return I erect so many altars, has three

tres habet heredes. libet exspectare quis aegram 95
 et claudentem oculos gallinam impendat amico
 tam sterili. verum haec nimia est impensa, coturnix
 nulla umquam pro patre cadet. sentire calorem
 si coepit locuples Gallita et Paccius orbi,
 legitime fixis vestitur tota tabellis 100
 porticus, exsistunt qui promittunt hecatomben,
 quatenus hic non sunt nec venales elephanti,
 nec Latio aut usquam sub nostro sidere talis
 bellua concipitur, sed furva gente petita
 arboribus Rutulis et Turni pascitur agro, 105
 Caesaris armentum, nulli servire paratum
 privato, siquidem Tyrio parere solebant
 Hannibali et nostris ducibus regique Molosso
 horum maiores ac dorso ferre cohortes,
 partem aliquam belli et euntem in proelia turrim. 110
 nulla igitur mora per Novium, mora nulla per Histrum
 Pacuvium, quin illud ebur ducatur ad aras

little heirs. I should like to see who would lay out a sick hen, just closing her eyes, on so unprofitable a friend. But of a truth this would be too great an outlay; not even a quail will ever be sacrificed for one who is a father. If rich Gallita has begun to be sensible of fever, or Paccius—people who have no children—the whole portico is clothed with votive tablets affixed in the acknowledged way. There are people who start up and promise a hetacomb of oxen, since here there are no elephants even for sale, nor indeed is such a huge beast generated in Latium or anywhere under our sky; but procured from a swarthy nation, it grazes in the Rutulian forests and the pastures of Turnus, the herd of Caesar, prepared to serve no private individual, seeing that their ancestors were wont to obey Tyrian Hannibal and our generals and the Molossian king, and to bear on their backs cohorts,—no trifling part of the fight,—and a tower that went into battles. It is no fault of Novius, then, no fault of Hister Pacuvius, that that ivory is not led to the altars to fall a victim

et cadat ante Lares Gallitae victima, sola
 tantis digna deis et captatoribus horum.
 alter enim, si concedas mactare, vovebit 115
 de grege servorum magna et pulcherrima quaeque
 corpora, vel pueris et frontibus ancillarum
 imponet vittas, et, si qua est nubilis illi
 Iphigenia domi, dabit hanc altaribus, etsi
 non sperat tragicae furtiva piacula cervae. 120
 laudo meum civem, nec comparo testamento
 mille rates; nam si Libitinam evaserit aeger,
 delebit tabulas, inclusus carcere nassae,
 post meritum sane mirandum, atque omnia soli
 forsán Pacuvio breviter dabit, ille superbus 125
 incedet victis rivalibus. ergo vides quam
 grande operae pretium faciat iugulata Mycenis.
 vivat Pacuvius, quaeso, vel Nestora totum,
 possideat quantum rapuit Nero, montibus aurum
 exaequet, nec amet quemquam, nec ametur ab ullo! 130

before the Lares of Gallita, the only one worthy of such great gods and those that court their favours. Another of *these fellows*, indeed, if you will consent to his making the sacrifice, will devote the tallest and handsomest persons out of the flock of his slaves, and will place *sacrificial* fillets on his slave-boys and the brows of his maid-servants; and if by chance he has a marriageable Iphigenia at home, he will give her to the altars, although he does not expect the furtive substitution of the hind of the tragedians. I praise my fellow-citizen, nor do I compare a thousand ships to a will; for if the sick man escapes from Libitina, he will cancel his will, caught in the grasp of the snare, after a service so truly wonderful, and will perhaps summarily bestow his all on Pacuvius as sole heir. The latter will strut proudly over his defeated rivals. You see, then, what a great return for his trouble the slaughter of the Mycenian maid may bring him.

May Pacuvius live, I pray, even to the full age of a Nestor; may he possess as much as Nero plundered; may he pile his gold to the height of mountains—and love no one, and be loved by none!

SATIRA XIII.

EXEMPLO quodcumque malo committitur, ipsi
 displicet auctori. prima est haec ultio, quod se
 iudice nemo nocens absolvitur, improba quamvis
 gratia fallaci praetoris vicerit urna.
 quid sentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti 5
 de scelere et fidei violatae crimine? sed nec
 tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut mediocris
 iacturae te mergat onus, nec rara videmus
 quae pateris; casus multis hic cognitus ac iam
 tritus et e medio fortunae ductus acervo. 10
 ponamus nimios gemitus. flagrantior aequo
 non debet dolor esse viri, nec vulnere maior.
 tu quamvis levium minimam exiguanque malorum
 particulam vix ferre potes, spumantibus ardens

4. fallacia.

13. laborum.

SATIRE XIII.

WHATEVER act is perpetrated which serves as a bad example, is displeasing to its very author. This is his first punishment—that by his own verdict no offender is acquitted, though corrupt favour may win in the Praetor's lying urn. What do you suppose is the feeling of every one, Calvinus, respecting this recent act of villany and crime of violated confidence? Besides, neither is the fortune you are favoured with so slender that the weight of a small loss should sink you, nor do we witness but seldom what you are suffering. This kind of mischance is familiar to many, and commonplace by this time, and drawn from the mid-heap of the accidents of fortune. Let us lay aside excessive laments; the grief of a man should not be more vehement than is reasonable, nor greater than the wound received. You are scarce able to bear the smallest and most trifling particle of ills, however light, raging with your vitals in a foam, because your

visceribus, sacrum tibi quod non reddat amicus 15
 depositum. stupet haec, qui iam post terga reliquit
 sexaginta annos, Fonteio consule natus?
 an nihil in melius tot rerum proficis usu?
 magna quidem, sacris quae dat praecepta libellis,
 victrix fortunae sapientia; ducimus autem 20
 hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitae
 nec iactare iugum vita didicere magistra.
 quae tam festa dies, ut cesset prodere furem
 perfidiam fraudes atque omni ex crimine lucrum
 quaesitum et partos gladio vel pyxide nummos? 25
 rari quippe boni, numero vix sunt totidem quot
 Thebarum portae vel divitis ostia Nili.
 nona aetas agitur, peioraque secula ferri
 temporibus, quorum scelerei non invenit ipsa
 nomen et a nullo posuit natura metallo. 30
 nos hominum divumque fidem clamore ciemus,

18. proficit usus.

28. nunc aetas agitur.

friend does not restore to you a deposit that was sacred. Can one be amazed at such things who has already left sixty years behind his back, born in the consulship of Fonteius? or do you profit nothing by so great an experience of the world? Great, indeed, is philosophy, the conqueror of fortune, which sets forth its precepts in sacred books; but we deem those happy, too, who have learned to bear the inconveniences of life, and not to toss the yoke, with life *itself* for their teacher. What day so holy that it fails to bring forth a thief, perfidy, frauds, and profit obtained from every sort of crime, and money acquired by the sword or the poison-box? For rare, indeed, are the good; in number they are scarcely as many as the gates of Thebes, or the mouths of the rich Nile. It is the ninth age that we are passing through—times worse than the period of iron, for whose wickedness Nature herself does not find a name, and has given one from no metal. We are invoking the aid of men and gods, with a clamour loud as that with which his vocal

quanto Faesidium laudat vocalis agentem
 sportula. dic, senior bulla dignissime, nescis
 quas habeat Veneres aliena pecunia? nescis
 quem tua simplicitas risum vulgo moveat, cum 35
 exigis a quoquam ne peieret et putet ullis
 esse aliquod numen templis araeque rubenti?
 quondam hoc indigenae vivebant more, priusquam
 sumeret agrestem posito diademate falcem
 Saturnus fugiens, tunc, cum virguncula Iuno 40
 et privatus adhuc Idaeis Iuppiter antris,
 nulla super nubes convivia coelicolarum,
 nec puer Iliacus, formosa nec Herculis uxor
 ad cyathos, et iam siccato nectare tergens
 brachia Vulcanus Liparaea nigra taberna. 45
 prandebat sibi quisque deus, nec turba deorum
 talis ut est hodie, contentaque sidera paucis
 numinibus miserum urgebant Atlanta minori
 pondere. nondum aliquis sortitus triste profundum

hangers-on applaud Faesidius when he is pleading! Tell me, old man, most worthy of the child's boss, know you not what charms are possessed by another's money? know you not what a laugh your simplicity will excite in the herd, when you require of any one that he should not perjure himself, and should deem that there is some divinity in any temples or on blood-red altar? Once upon a time the aborigines used to live in this fashion, before Saturn in his flight took up the rustic sickle, after laying down his diadem; in the days when Juno was a little maiden, and Jupiter still a private individual in the caves of Ida, *when* there were no banquets of the celestials above the clouds, no Trojan boy, nor beautiful wife of Hercules at the cups, with Vulcan, after draining the nectar, wiping his arms black from his Liparaean workshop. Each god used to dine by himself, nor was the crowd of gods such as it is nowadays; and the heavens, contented with few divinities, pressed upon poor Atlas with less weight. No one as yet had allotted to him the gloomy

imperium aut Sicula torvus cum coniuge Pluton, 50
 nec rota nec Furiae nec saxum aut vulturis atri
 poena, sed infernis hilares sine regibus umbrae.
 improbitas illo fuit admirabilis aevo.
 credebant hoc grande nefas et morte piandum,
 si iuvenis vetulo non assurrexerat et si 55
 barbato cuicumque puer, licet ipse videret
 plura domi fraga et maiores glandis acervos.
 tam venerabile erat praecedere quatuor annis,
 primaque par adeo sacrae lanugo senectae.
 nunc, si depositum non infitietur amicus, 60
 si reddat veterem cum tota aerugine follem,
 prodigiosa fides et Tuscis digna libellis,
 quaeque coronata lustrari debeat agna.
 egregium sanctumque virum si cerno, bimembri
 hoc monstrum puero aut miranti sub aratro 65
 piscibus inventis et fetae comparo mulae,

54. credebant quo.

65. mirandis.

empire of the deep, nor was there a grim Pluto, with his Sicilian wife, nor the wheel, nor the Furies, nor the rock, nor the punishment of the black vulture; but merry shades without infernal kings. Improbability was a marvel in that age. They thought it a great impiety, and one to be expiated by death, if a young man had not risen up before an old man, or a boy before any one that had got a beard, although he himself might see more wild strawberries in his home, and larger piles of acorns. Such a claim to veneration was it to be senior by four years; to such an extent was the first down on a par with sacred old age. Nowadays, if a friend do not repudiate a deposit, if he restore the old purse with all its rusty contents, his good faith is a matter of prodigy, worthy of the Etruscan books, and such as ought to be expiated by *the sacrifice of a garlanded lamb*. If I see a man above the herd, of true probity, I compare such a monster to a boy, half man, half beast, or fish found under the astonished plough, or a pregnant mule; *as much*

sollicitus, tamquam lapides effuderit imber
 examenque apium longa consederit uva
 culmine delubri, tamquam in mare fluxerit amnis
 gurgitibus miris et lactis vertice torrens. 70

Intercepta decem quereris sestertia fraude
 sacrilega? quid si bis centum perdidit alter
 hoc arcana modo? maiorem tertius illa
 summam, quam patulae vix ceperat angulus arcae?
 tam facile et primum est superos contemnere testes, 75
 si mortalis idem nemo sciat. aspice quanta
 voce neget, quae sit ficti constantia vultus.
 per Solis radios Tarpeiaque fulmina iurat
 et Martis frameam et Cirrhaei spicula vatis,
 per calamos venatricis pharetramque puellae 80
 perque tuum, pater Aegaei Neptune, tridentem;
 addit et Herculeos arcus hastamque Minervae,
 quidquid habent telorum armamentaria coeli.

70. vortice.

alarmed as though a rain-cloud had poured forth stones, or a swarm of bees had settled in a long cluster on the summit of a temple; as though a river had flowed into the sea with unnatural eddies, and rushing on with a whirlpool of milk.

You complain that ten sestertia have been wrested *from you* by an impious fraud? What if another man has lost two hundred, privately deposited, in the same way? a third a still larger sum than that, which the corner of his broad strong-box would scarcely hold? So easy and natural is it to despise the witnesses on high, if no mortal be acquainted with the matter. See with what a loud voice he denies it, what the assurance of his made-up countenance. He swears by the sun's rays, and the Tarpeian thunderbolts, and the lance of Mars, and the darts of the seer-god of Cirrha, by the arrows and the quiver of the Huntress-Virgin, and by your trident, Neptune, father of the Aegaeon. He adds the bow of Hercules too, and the spear of Minerva, all the weapons that the armouries of heaven contain! If indeed

si vero et pater est, "comedam," inquit "flebile nati
sinciput elixi Pharioque madentis aceto." 85

Sunt in fortunae qui casibus omnia ponunt
et nullo credunt mundum rectore moveri,
natura volvente vices et lucis et anni,
atque ideo intrepidi quaecumque altaria tangunt.
est alius metuens ne crimen poena sequatur; 90
hic putat esse deos et peierat, atque ita secum:
"decernat quodcumque volet de corpore nostro
Isis et irato feriat mea lumina sistro,
dummodo vel caecus teneam, quos abnego, nummos.
et phthisis et vomicae putres et dimidium crus 95
sunt tanti. pauper locupletem optare podagram
nec dubitet Ladas, si non eget Anticyra nec
Archigene; quid enim velocis gloria plantae
praestat et esuriens Pisaeae ramus olivae?

86. Sunt qui in fortunae jam casibus.

he be a father as well, "I will eat up," he says, "the wretched head of my son, boiled and reeking with vinegar from Pharos, *if I lie.*"

There are those who range all things among the accidents of fortune, and believe the universe to be moving on with no power to guide it, Nature evolving the changes both of days and years; and so, without a tremor, they lay their hands on any altar. There is another who fears that punishment will follow his offence; this man believes that there are gods, and *yet* he commits perjury, and *reasons* thus with himself—"Let Isis decree what she pleases about my body, and strike my eyes with her angry sistrum, so long as I can hold possession, even with the loss of sight, of the moneys which I deny having received. Even consumption and putrid abscesses and a shrivelled leg are worth the price. Let Ladas himself, if poor, not hesitate to pray for the rich man's gout, if he does not stand in need of Anticyra or Archigenes. For what indeed does the glory of the swift foot bring him in, or the hungry branch of the olive of Pisa?

ut sit magna tamen certe lenta ira deorum est ; 100
 si curant igitur cunctos punire nocentes,
 quando ad me venient ? sed et exorabile numen
 fortasse experiar ; solet his ignoscere. multi
 committunt eadem diverso crimina fato ;
 ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema." 105
 sic animum dirae trepidum formidine culpae
 confirmant. Tunc te sacra ad delubra vocantem
 praecedit, trahere immo ultro ac vexare paratus.
 nam cum magna malae superest audacia causae,
 creditur a multis fiducia. mimum agit ille, 110
 urbani qualem fugitivus scurra Catulli ;
 tu miser exclamas, ut Stentora vincere possis,
 vel potius quantum Gradivus Homericus : " audis,
 Iuppiter, haec, nec labra moves, cum mittere vocem
 debueras vel marmoreus vel aeneus ? aut cur 115
 in carbone tuo charta pia thura soluta

107. confirmat.

115. debueris.

And after all, though the wrath of the gods be great, assuredly it is slow. If, then, they make it their business to punish all the guilty, when will they come to me ? Aye, and I may perchance find that the divinity is not inexorable ; he is wont to forgive these kinds of things. Many men commit the same crimes with different destinies. One receives crucifixion as the price of his villany, another a diadem." Thus they harden their souls, trembling with the fright caused by their dread offence. Then, when you summon him to the sacred shrine, he goes there before you, aye, even ready of his own accord to drag you along and harass you ; for when great impudence comes to the aid of a bad cause, it is taken by many for honest confidence. He is acting just such a farce as the runaway slave in witty Catullus. You, poor man, cry out with a voice to beat a Stentor, or rather as loud as the Gradivus of Homer, " Do you hear this, Jupiter, and don't even move your lips when you ought to have spoken out, though you had been of marble or bronze ? Or why on your altar-fire do we place the incense of piety from the opened

ponimus et sectum vituli iecur albaque porci
omenta? ut video, nullum discrimen habendum est
effigies inter vestras statuamque Vagelli."

Accipe quae contra valeat solatia ferre 120
et qui nec cynicos nec stoica dogmata legit
a cynicis tunica distantia, non Epicurum
suspicit exigui laetum plantaribus horti.
curentur dubii medicis maioribus aegri,
tu venam vel discipulo committe Philippi. 125
si nullum in terris tam detestabile factum
ostendis, taceo, nec pugnīs caedere pectus
te veto nec plana faciem contundere palma,
quandoquidem accepto claudenda est ianua damno,
et maiore domus gemitu, maiore tumultu 130
planguntur nummi quam funera. nemo dolorem
fingit in hoc casu, vestem diducere summam
contentus, vexare oculos humore coacto:

132. in occasu.

paper, and the sliced liver of a calf, and the white entrails of a pig? As far as I see, there is no distinction to be made between your images and the statue of Vagellius."

Hear now what consolations on the other side even he may have it in his power to bring, who has read neither the Cynics nor the dogmas of the Stoics, differing from those of the Cynics by a tunic *only*, who does not look up to Epicurus delighting in the plants of his tiny garden. Let patients in a ticklish state be attended by greater physicians: do you trust your vein even to an apprentice of Philippus. If you can show no *other* such detestable deed in the world, I hold my tongue, nor do I forbid you to strike your breast with your fists, nor to beat your face with flattened palm, since your doors must be closed, if you have sustained a *real* loss, and money is bewailed with a greater lamentation of the household and greater tumult than deaths. Nobody feigns grief in such a contingency as this, *nor is* content to tear the top *only* of his garment *nor* to torment his eyes with

ploratur lacrimis amissa pecunia veris.
 sed si cuncta vides simili fora plena querela, 135
 si decies lectis diversa parte tabellis
 vana supervacui dicunt chirographa ligni,
 arguit ipsorum quos littera gemmaque princeps
 sardonichum, oculis quae custoditur eburnis,
 te nunc delicias! extra communia censes 140
 ponendum? qui tu gallinae filius albae,
 nos viles pulli nati infelicibus ovis?
 rem pateris modicam et mediocri bile ferendam,
 si flectas oculos maiora ad crimina. confer
 conductum latronem, incendia sulfure coepta 145
 atque dolo, primos cum ianua colligit ignes.
 confer et hos, veteris qui tollunt grandia templi
 pocula adorandae robiginis et populorum
 dona, vel antiquo positas a rege coronas.
 haec ibi si non sunt, minor exstat sacrilegus, qui 150
 radat inaurati femur Herculis et faciem ipsam

forced moisture. The loss of money is deplored with real tears. But if you see all the courts full of like complaints, if, after their bonds have been read over half a score of times from the opposite side, people declare their notes-of-hand to be void and the tablets worthless, when their own writing and their own seal, the choicest of sardonixes, which is kept in an ivory purse, convict them—do you, after this, my fine fellow, think that you are to be placed outside the common lot? How is it that you are the offspring of a white hen, and we, vile chicks born from unlucky eggs? You are suffering a small matter and one to be borne with moderate choler, if you will turn your eyes towards greater crimes. Compare the hired bandit, fires commenced with the stealthy sulphur when the house-door concentrates the first flames; compare those, too, who carry off from the ancient temples huge cups of venerable rustiness, and the gifts of nations, or crowns deposited by some king of old. If no such things are there, there starts up a sacrilegious wretch on a smaller scale, who will scrape the thigh of a gilded Hercules and the

Neptuni, qui bracteolam de Castore ducat :
 an dubitet solitus totum conflare tonantem ?
 confer et artifices mercatoremque veneni,
 et deducendum corio bovis in mare, cum quo 155
 clauditur adversis innoxia simia fatis.
 haec quota pars scelerum, quae custos Gallicus urbis
 usque a lucifero donec lux occidat, audit ?
 humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti
 sufficit una domus ; paucos consume dies, et 160
 dicere te miserum, postquam illinc veneris, aude.
 quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus ? aut quis
 in Meroe crasso maiorem infante mamillam ?
 caerulea quis stupuit Germani lumina, flavam
 caesariem et madido torquentem cornua cirro ? 165
 nempe quod haec illis natura est omnibus una.
 ad subitas Thracum volucres nubemque sonoram
 Pygmaeus parvis currit bellator in armis,

153. stolidus (H. Vales).

very face of Neptune, who will strip a thin leaf of gold from Castor. Could he hesitate who is wont to melt down the Thunderer entire ? Compare, too, the compounders and purchasers of poison, and the man who deserving to be launched into the sea in a bull's-hide, *the man* with whom an innocent ape has the evil fortune to be shut up. How small a portion these of the crimes which Gallicus, the guardian of the city, listens to continuously from the rising of Lucifer till the sun sets ! If you wish to know the habits of the human race, a single house is enough. Spend a few days *there*, and dare to call yourself miserable after you have come thence ! Who marvels at grotto in the Alps ? Who, in Meroe, at the breast bigger than the coarse baby ? Who is astounded at the blue eyes of the German, at his yellow hair, at his twisting its tufts into a moistened curl ? Because, to be sure, this natural appearance is common to all of them. The Pigmy warrior runs in his small panoply to the suddenly appearing birds of Thrace and the resounding cloud of *cranes* ; before long no match for his foe, and

mox impar hosti raptusque per aera curvis
 unguibus a saeva fertur grue. si videas hoc 170
 gentibus in nostris, risu quatiare; sed illic,
 quamquam eadem assidue spectentur proelia, ridet
 nemo, ubi tota cohors pede non est altior uno.

"Nullane periuri capitis fraudisque nefandae
 poena erit?" abreptum crede hunc graviore catena 175
 protinus et nostro—quid plus velit ira?—necari
 arbitrio; manet illa tamen iactura, nec umquam
 depositum tibi sospes erit, sed corpore trunco
 invidiosa dabit minimus solatia sanguis.

"at vindicta bonum vita iucundius ipsa." 180
 nempe hoc indocti, quorum praecordia nullis
 interdum aut levibus videas flagrantia causis:
 quantulacumque adeo est occasio, sufficit irae.
 Chrysippus non dicet idem nec mite Thaletis
 ingenium dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto, 185
 qui partem acceptae saeva inter vincla cicutae

snatched away through the air by its curved talons, he is carried off by the savage crane. If you saw this among our people you would shake with laughter; but there, though combats of the same kind are continually being looked at, no one laughs, since the whole cohort is not more than a foot high.

"Shall there be no punishment, then, for the perjured man and the impious fraud?" Suppose him to be dragged off in the heaviest chains forthwith and put to death (what more can rage desire?) at our discretion, yet still that loss remains, nor will your deposit be ever restored to you; and a very little blood from a headless corpse will give you *but* an odious consolation. "But revenge is a blessing more enjoyable than life itself!" Of course the ignorant say so, whose breasts you see inflamed sometimes by small causes, or none at all. However trifling the occasion be, it suffices for their ire. Chrysippus will not say the same, nor the gentle-souled Thales, nor the old man who lived near sweet Hymettus, who would not have given his accuser a portion of the hemlock which he received in his cruel

accusatori nollet dare. plurima felix
 paulatim vitia atque errores exuit omnes,
 prima docet rectum sapientia. quippe minuti
 semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas 190
 ultio: continuo sic collige, quod vindicta
 nemo magis gaudet quam femina. cur tamen hos tu
 evasisse putes, quos diri conscia facti
 mens habet attonitos et surdo verberare caedit
 occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum? 195
 poena autem vehemens ac multo saevior illis,
 quas et Caedicius gravis invenit et Rhadamanthus
 nocte dieque sumum gestare in pectore testem.
 Spartano cuidam respondit Pythia vates,
 haud impunitum quondam fore, quod dubitaret 200
 depositum retinere et fraudem iure tueri
 iurando. quaerebat enim quae numinis esset
 mens, et an hoc illi facinus suaderet Apollo?
 reddidit ergo metu, non moribus; et tamen omnem

bonds. Happy philosophy by degrees strips us of most of our natural defects and all our errors of judgment; she first teaches what is right; for surely vengeance is ever the pleasure of a stunted and feeble and petty mind. You may infer this at once from the fact that no one delights in vengeance more than a woman. Yet why should you deem those to have escaped, whom their mind, conscious of a dreadful deed, holds awe-struck, and strikes with noiseless lash, while their tormenting soul brandishes the hidden scourge? Aye, it is a sharp punishment, and far more cruel than those which dread Caedicius and Rhadamanthus invent, to carry about in one's bosom by night and by day one's own witness. The Pythian priestess gave answer to a certain Spartan that he should not in time to come go unpunished for hesitating in the matter of retaining a deposit and backing his fraud by an oath; for he was asking what was the mind of the deity, and whether Apollo counselled him this bad deed. He made restoration, then, through fear, not through principle; and yet he furnished proof that every word from the

vocem adyti dignam templo veramque probavit 205
 exstinctus tota pariter cum prole domoque
 et quamvis longa deductis gente propinquis.
 has patitur poenas peccandi sola voluntas.
 nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum,
 facti crimen habet : cedo, si conata peregit ? 210
 perpetua anxietas nec mensae tempore cessat,
 faucibus ut morbo siccis interque molarēs
 difficili crescente cibo, sed vina misellus
 expuit, Albani veteris pretiosa senectus
 displicet ; ostendas melius, densissima ruga 215
 cogitur in frontem, velut acri ducta Falerno.
 nocte brevem si forte indulsit cura soporem
 et toto versata toro iam membra quiescunt,
 continuo templum et violati numinis aras
 et, quod praecipuis mentem sudoribus urget, 220
 te videt in somnis, tua sacra et maior imago
 humana turbat pavidum cogitque fateri.

208. saeva voluptas.

213. Setina.

shrine was worthy of the temple and true, by being exterminated, together with all his children and house and his relatives, from however remote a *common* stock derived. Such penalties does the mere wish to sin suffer ; for he who meditates any secret wickedness within himself incurs the guilt of the deed. Say, what if he has accomplished his endeavours ? His perpetual anxiety does not cease even at meal times, when his jaws are dry as in a fever, and the unwelcome food swells between his grinders ; yet the wretch spits out wines ; old Alban of costly age is distasteful to him ; show him still better, yet a crowd of wrinkles is forced upon his brow, as though produced by sour Falernian. By night, if haply care has indulged him with a brief torpor, and his limbs tossed over the whole bed at last repose, forthwith he sees the temple and the altars of the insulted deity, and, what presses on his mind with special terrors, *he sees you in his dreams !* Your image, supernatural and greater than human, disturbs the frightened wretch, and forces him to confess. These are they

hi sunt, qui trepidant et ad omnia fulgura pallent,
 cum tonat, exanimes primo quoque murmure coeli,
 non quasi fortuitus nec ventorum rabie, sed 225
 iratus cadat in terras et iudicet ignis.
 illa nihil nocuit, cura graviore timetur
 proxima tempestas, velut hoc dilata sereno.
 praeterea lateris vigili cum febre dolorem
 si coepere pati, missum ad sua corpora morbum 230
 infesto credunt a numine, saxa deorum
 haec et tela putant. pecudem spondere sacello
 balantem et Laribus cristam promittere galli
 non audent; quid enim sperare nocentibus aegris
 concessum? vel quae non dignior hostia vita? 235
 mobilis et varia est ferme natura malorum.
 cum scelus admittunt, superest constantia; quid fas
 atque nefas, tandem incipiunt sentire peractis
 criminibus. tamen ad mores natura recurrit
 damnatos, fixa et mutari nescia. nam quis 240
 223. fulmina. 225. fortuita.

who tremble and turn pale at every flash of lightning; when it
 thunders, frightened out of their wits at the very first grumblings
 of the sky, as though not by chance, nor through the violence of
 the winds, but in anger, the fire were falling on the earth and
 judging them. If that one has done them no harm, the next
 storm is feared with graver anxiety, as though but deferred by
 this lull. Moreover, if they have begun to suffer from pain in
 the side with watchful fever, they believe the disease to be sent
 to their bodies by an angry deity; they think these things the
 stones and missiles of the gods. They dare not vow a bleating
 sheep to the shrine, nor promise a cock's-comb to their Lares;
 for what can the guilty sick be permitted to hope for? or what
 victim is not more worthy of life? Changeable and varying is
 commonly the nature of bad men. When they commit a wicked
 act, they have resolution to back them up; what is right and
 wrong they begin to perceive too late, when their crimes have
 been completed. Yet Nature runs back to her reprobate habits,

peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit
 eiectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem?
 quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno
 flagitio? dabit in laqueum vestigia noster
 perfidus et nigri patietur carceris uncum 245
 aut maris Aegaei rupem scopulosque frequentes
 exsulibus magnis. poena gaudebis amara
 nominis invisi, tandemque fatebere laetus
 nec surdum nec Tiresiam quemquam esse deorum.

SATIRA XIV.

PLURIMA sunt, Fuscine, et famā digna sinistra
 et nitidis maculam haesuram figentia rebus,
 quae monstrant ipsi pueris traduntque parentes.
 si damnosa senem iuvat alea, ludit et heres

2. maculam et rugam.

fixed and incapable of change. For who has prescribed for himself a limit to sinning? or ever got back the sense of shame once ejected from the hardened brow? Who among men is there whom you have seen contented with a single crime? Our rogue will put his feet in the snare, and will endure the hook of the dark prison, or a rock of the Aegaeian Sea, and the crags swarming with great exiles. You will delight in the bitter punishment of the hated man, and will at last joyfully confess that none of the gods is either deaf or a Tiresias.

SATIRE XIV.

THERE are very many acts, Fuscinus, not only deserving a bad name, but also fixing a lasting stain on things bright *by nature*, which parents themselves show and teach to their boys. If baneful gambling delight the old man, his heir, *still* wearing his

bullatus parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo. 5
 nec melius de se cuiquam sperare propinquo
 concedet iuvenis, qui radere tubera terrae,
 boletum condire et eodem iure natantes
 mergere ficedulas didicit nebulone parente
 et cana monstrante gula. cum septimus annus 10
 transierit puero, nondum omni dente renato,
 barbatus licet admoveas mille inde magistros,
 hinc totidem, cupiet lauto coenare paratu
 semper et a magna non degenerare culina.
 mitem animum et mores modicis erroribus aequos 15
 praecipit atque animas servorum et corpora nostra
 materia constare putat paribusque elementis,
 an saevire docet Rutilus, qui gaudet acerbo
 plagarum strepitu et nullam Sirena flagellis
 comparat, Antiphates trepidi Laris ac Polyphemus, 20
 tunc felix, quoties aliquis tortore vocato

11. puerum.

13. cupient.

bulla, plays too, and brandishes the same weapons in his little dice-box. Nor will the youth permit any of his relatives to have better hopes of him, who has learnt to peel truffles, to season a mushroom, and to dip beccaficos swimming in the same sauce—a profligate parent and his hoary gluttony showing the way. When his seventh year has passed over the boy, ere all his teeth are born again, though you introduce a thousand bearded masters from this quarter, and as many from that, he will always want to dine in grand style, and not to degenerate from a great cuisine. Does Rutilus preach a mild temper, and a disposition indulgent to small faults? And does he think that the souls of slaves and their bodies consist of the same material as ours, and of like elements? or does he teach how to act cruelly, when he delights in the harsh sound of stripes, and deems no Syren comparable with the whip, the Antiphates and Polyphemus of his trembling household—then, indeed, happy as often as the torturer is summoned, and some one is branded with

uritur ardenti duo propter lintea ferro?
 quid suadet iuveni laetus stridore catenae,
 quem mire afficiunt inscripta ergastula, carcer
 rusticus? exspectas ut non sit adultera Larga? 25
 filia, quae numquam maternos dicere moechos
 tam cito nec tanto poterit contexere cursu,
 ut non ter decies respiret? conscia matri
 virgo fuit, ceras nunc hac dictante pusillas
 implet et ad moechum dat eisdem ferre cinaedis. 30
 sic natura iubet: velocius et citius nos
 corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
 cum subeunt animos auctoribus. unus et alter
 forsitan haec spernant iuvenes, quibus arte benigna
 et meliore luto finxit praecordia Titan, 35
 sed reliquos fugienda patrum vestigia ducunt
 et monstrata diu veteris trahit orbita culpae.
 abstineas igitur damnandis. huius enim vel

33. subeant.

the burning iron on account of a couple of towels? What does he inculcate on the youth who is pleased with the clanking of chains, whom branded slaves and a country bridewell marvelously delight? Do you expect that the daughter of Larga will not be an adulteress, who could never tell off her mother's lovers so quickly, nor string them together at such a pace, as not to have to take breath thirty times? When a girl, she was her mother's accomplice; now, at the dictation of the latter, she fills up her *own* little tablets, and gives them to the same wretches to carry to her lover. So nature orders; more rapidly and easily are we corrupted by examples of vices when they are in our homes, when they steal into our minds with great authority. Perhaps youths—here and there one—whose hearts the Titan has fashioned with kindlier art and of a superior clay, may spurn these habits, yet the rest are led on by the footprints of their fathers, which should be shunned, and drawn into the track, which has long been exhibited to them, of the old sin. You should abstain, then, from things to be condemned; for there is,

una potens ratio est, ne crimina nostra sequantur
 ex nobis geniti, quoniam dociles imitandis 40
 turpibus ac pravis omnes sumus, et Catilinam
 quocumque in populo videas quocumque sub axe,
 sed nec Brutus erit Bruti nec avunculus usquam.
 nil dictu foedum visuque haec limina tangat,
 intra quae puer est. procul hinc, procul inde puellae 45
 lenonum et cantus pernoctantis parasi.
 maxima debetur puero reverentia. si quid
 turpe paras, ne tu pueri contempseris annos,
 sed peccaturo obsistat tibi filius infans.
 nam si quid dignum censoris fecerit ira 50
 quandoque et similem tibi se non corpore tantum
 nec vultu dederit, morum quoque filius et qui
 omnia deterius tua per vestigia peccet,
 corripies nimirum et castigabis acerbo
 clamore ac post haec tabulas mutare parabis ! 55
 unde tibi frontem libertatemque parentis,

45. intra quae pater est.

52. morum tibi filius.

at any rate, one reason that enjoins this, that those born of us
 may not follow our crimes, since we are all of us docile in imitat-
 ing what is base and depraved, and you may see a Catiline in any
 nation, under any sky ; but there will be no nowhere a Brutus or
 Brutus's uncle. Let nothing which is foul to be spoken, or to
 be seen, touch this threshold inside which the boy is. Away
 from here, away from there, panders, damsels, and songs of the
 parasite making a night of it. The greatest respect is due to a
 boy. If you are contemplating anything disgraceful, do not you
 despise the boy's years ; but let your infant son be a check on
 the sin you are about to commit. For if, some day or other, he
 shall do anything to deserve the censor's displeasure, and shall
 show himself like you, not in form merely, or in face, but *as being*
 the offspring of your character, and one who exaggerates all your
 sins *as he goes* along your footprints, no doubt you will find fault
 with him, and reprove him with bitter outcry, and thereupon
 prepare to alter your will ! Whence your front *severe*, and license

cum facias peiora senex vacuumque cerebro
 iam pridem caput hoc ventosa cucurbita quaerat?
 hospite venturo, cessabit nemo tuorum.
 "verre pavimentum, nitidas ostende columnas, 60
 arida cum tota descendat aranea tela,
 hic leve argentum, vasa aspera tergeat alter,"
 vox domini furit instantis virgamque tenentis.
 ergo miser trepidas, ne stercore foeda canino
 atria displiceant oculis venientis amici, 65
 ne perfusa luto sit porticus; et tamen uno
 semodio scobis haec emendat servulus unus:
 illud non agitas, ut sanctam filius omni
 aspiciat sine labe domum vitioque carentem.
 gratum est quod patriae civem populoque dedisti, 70
 si facis ut patriae sit idoneus, utilis agris,
 utilis et bellorum et pacis rebus agendis.
 plurimum enim intererit quibus artibus et quibus hunc tu

62. hic lavet argentum.

of a parent, when you, an old man, do worse things, and the windy cupping-glass has long since been looking out for that brainless head of yours?

When a guest is coming, none of your people will be idle. "Sweep the pavement, uncover the bright columns, let the dry spider come down with all its web, let one polish the plain silver, another the embossed vessels," raves the voice of the master, urging them on and wielding his switch. So then, poor man, you are frightened lest your hall, fouled by the ordure of a dog, offend the eyes of your friend when he comes; lest your colonnade be splashed with mud; whereas a single little slave, with a single half measure of sawdust, can set all right; and yet you do not bestir yourself about this, that your son shall behold a virtuous household without any taint and free from vice. It is a subject for thanks that you have given a citizen to your country and to the people, if you take care that he shall be serviceable to the country, useful to her lands, useful in transacting the affairs both of war and peace; for it will make a very great

moribus instituas. serpente ciconia pullos
 nutrit et inventa per devia rura lacerta ; 75
 illi eadem sumptis quaerunt animalia pinnis.
 vultur iumento et canibus crucibusque relictis
 ad fetus properat partemque cadaveris affert ;
 hic est ergo cibus magni quoque vulturis et se
 pascentis, propria cum iam facit arbore nidos. 80
 sed leporem aut capream famulae Iovis et generosae
 in saltu venantur aves, hinc praeda cubili
 ponitur ; inde autem cum se matura levavit
 progenies stimulante fame, festinat ad illam
 quam primum praedam rupto gustaverat ovo. 85
 Aedificator erat Cetronius, et modo curvo
 litore Caietae, summa nunc Tiburis arce,
 nunc Praenestinis in montibus alta parabat
 culmina villarum Graecis longeque petitis

76. pennis.

83. levabit.

difference by what methods and moral discipline you train this same *youth*. The stork feeds her young on snakes and lizards found in sequestered fields ; they, when they have put on their feathers, go in quest of the same animals. The vulture, quitting the cattle and dogs and crosses, hastens to her brood and brings them a portion of the carcass. This, consequently, is also the food of the vulture when full-grown and feeding itself, *and* when it has begun to build a nest on a tree of its own. But the noble birds, the attendants of Jove, hunt after the hare or the kid in the forest ; hence *comes* the prey which is served up in their nest ; from this cause, also, when their offspring, grown to maturity, lifts himself *on his wings*, under the stimulus of hunger, he hastens to the same prey which he had first tasted on breaking the egg.

Cetronius was given to building, and at one time, on the curved shore of Caieta, now on the highest summit of Tibur, now on the hills of Praeneste, he reared the lofty roofs of his villas with his marbles from Greece, and fetched from afar, sur-

marmoribus vincens Fortunae atque Herculis aedem, 90
 ut spado vincebat Capitolia nostra Posides.
 dum sic ergo habitat Cetronius, imminuit rem,
 fregit opes; nec parva tamen mensura relictæ
 partis erat: totam hanc turbavit filius amens,
 dum meliore novas attollit marmore villas. 95

Quidam sortiti metuentem sabbata patrem
 nil præter nubes et coeli numen adorant,
 nec distare putant humana carne suillam,
 qua pater abstinuit, mox et præputia ponunt.
 Romanas autem soliti contemnere leges 100
 Iudaicum ediscunt et servant ac metuunt ius,
 tradidit arcano quodcumque volumine Moses,
 non monstrare vias eadem nisi sacra colenti,
 quaesitum ad fontem solos deducere verpos.
 sed pater in causa, cui septima quaeque fuit lux 105
 ignava et partem vitae non attigit ullam.

passing the temples of Fortune and of Hercules as much as the eunuch Posides surpassed our Capitols. While, then, Cetronius housed himself in this way, he diminished his property, he impaired his fortune; yet the amount of the portion left was by no means small. His insane son squandered the whole of this, while he raised up new villas of still finer marble.

Some, whose lot it has been to have a father paying respect to sabbaths, worship nothing except the clouds and the divinity of the sky, and think the flesh of swine, from which their father abstained, does not differ from that of human beings; before long they even undergo circumcision. Moreover, having been wont to despise the laws of Rome, they make themselves masters of, and observe and respect, the Jewish code, whatever Moses has taught in his mystic volume; not to show the way except to one who practises the same rites; to guide the circumcised alone to the sought-for well. But the father is to blame, to whom every seventh day was one of idleness, and was connected with no part of *the duties of life*.

Sponte tamen iuvenes imitantur cetera, solam
 inviti quoque avaritiam exercere iubentur.
 fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbra,
 cum sit triste habitu vultuque et veste severum, 110
 nec dubie tamquam frugi laudatur avarus,
 tamquam parcus homo et rerum tutela suarum
 certa magis quam si fortunas servet easdem
 Hesperidum serpens aut Ponticus. adde quod hunc de
 quo loquor egregium populus putat acquirendi 115
 artificem: quippe his crescunt patrimonia fabris:
 sed crescunt quocumque modo maioraque fiunt
 incude assidua semperque ardente camino.
 et pater ergo animi felices credit avaros,
 qui miratur opes, qui nulla exempla beati 120
 pauperis esse putat. iuvenes hortatur ut illam
 ire viam pergant et eidem incumbere sectae.
 sunt quaedam vitiorum elementa; his protinus illos

115. atque verendum.

Still, of their own accord, youths imitate the other vices; avarice alone they are bidden to practise, even against their will. For this vice deceives by an appearance and shadow of virtue, inasmuch as it is subdued in bearing, severe in countenance and attire, and the miser is praised unhesitatingly as a frugal person, as an economical man, and a protector of his own property, more sure than if the serpent of the Hesperides or that of Pontus watched over these same possessions. Add that the people deem him of whom I am speaking an extraordinary master of the art of acquiring; since patrimonies grow through such workmen as these—aye, they grow by all kinds of ways, and are made larger on an unceasing anvil and in a forge that is always burning. So, then, the father too considers misers to be happy in their disposition; *he* who admires wealth, who thinks there are no examples of a poor man who is blessed. He exhorts his youths to continue on that road, and to stick to the same school. There are certain elements of the vices; with these he imbues them at starting, and compels them to master

imbuit et cogit minimas ediscere sordes,
 mox acquirendi docet insatiabile votum. 125
 servorum ventres modio castigat iniquo
 ipse quoque esuriens; neque enim omnia sustinet umquam
 mucida caerulei panis consumere frusta,
 hesternum solitus medio servare minutal
 Septembri, nec non differre in tempora coenae 130
 alterius conchem aestivam cum parte lacerti
 signatam vel dimidio putrique siluro,
 flaque sectivi numerata includere porri:
 invitatus ad haec aliquis de ponte negabit.
 sed quo divitias haec per tormenta coactas, 135
 cum furor haud dubius, cum sit manifesta phrenesis,
 ut locuples moriaris, egentis vivere fato?
 interea pleno cum turget sacculus ore,
 crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crevit,
 et minus hanc optat qui non habet. ergo paratur 140
 altera villa tibi, cum rus non sufficit unum,

131. aestivi.

137. egentis.

139. crescit.

the smallest meannesses; soon he teaches them the insatiable desire of acquiring. He punishes the bellies of his slaves with short measure, while he himself is hungry into the bargain; he can never, indeed, bear to consume even the whole of the musty fragments of his mildewed loaf; *he is* wont to keep yesterday's mincemeat in the middle of September, and to put off to another dinner-time the summer beans, scaled up with a bit of sea-lizard or half a putrid shad, and to shut in with them the shreds, after they have been counted, of cut leeks. A beggar from the bridge invited to such a meal would decline. But to what end riches heaped together through such tortures, when the madness is indubitable, the insanity manifest, of living the lot of the destitute that you may die wealthy? In the meanwhile, when the small bag is swollen with its mouth full, the love of money grows as much as the money itself has grown. The man who has none is less eager for it. So another country-house must be procured for you, since one estate does not suffice,

et proferre libet fines, maiorque videtur
et melior vicina seges; mercaris et hanc et
arbusta et densa montem qui canet oliva.
quorum si pretio dominus non vincitur ullo, 145
nocte boves macri lassoque famelica collo
iumenta ad virides huius mittentur aristas,
nec prius inde domum quam tota novalia saevos
in ventres abeant, ut credas falcibus actum.
dicere vix possis quam multi talia plorent 150
et quot venales iniuria fecerit agros.
sed qui sermones, quam foede buccina famae!
"quid nocet haec?" inquit "tunicam mihi malo lupini,
quam si me toto laudet vicina pago
exigui ruris paucissima farra secantem." 155
scilicet et morbis et debilitate carebis,
et luctum et curam effugies, et tempora vitae
longa tibi post haec fato meliore dabuntur,

147. armenta; mittuntur.

152. foedae.

and you like to extend your boundaries, and the neighbouring corn-land seems *to you* larger and better *than your own*; you buy this too, and the plantations, and the hill which is white with the mass of olives; and if their owner will not yield to any offer, your lean oxen, and famished cattle with weary necks, are turned into his green sprouting corn by night, and do not go thence home before the whole crop has found its way into their ravenous bellies, so that one would think the work had been done with sickles. One can hardly tell how many people have to lament such losses, or how many estates injurious treatment has caused to be offered for sale.

But what talk there will be! How foully the trumpet of rumour *will blow*! "What harm does that do?" he says. "I would rather, for my part, have a bean-shell than that the neighbourhood in the whole district should praise me *on condition of my* reaping paltry crops off a small estate." Of course, then, you will be exempt from diseases and infirmity, and escape grief and care; and, after this, a long period of life will be

si tantum culti solus possederis agri,
 quantum sub Tatio populus Romanus arabat. 160
 mox etiam fractis aetate ac Punica passis
 proelia vel Pyrrhum immanem gladiosque Molossos
 tandem pro multis vix iugera bina dabantur
 vulneribus. merces haec sanguinis atque laboris
 nullis visa umquam meritis minor aut ingratae 165
 curta fides patriae. saturabat glebula talis
 patrem ipsum turbamque casae, qua feta iacebat
 uxor et infantes ludebant quatuor, unus
 vernula, tres domini; sed magnis fratribus horum
 a scrobe vel sulco redeuntibus altera coena 170
 amplior et grandes fumabant pultibus ollae.
 nunc modus hic agri nostro non sufficit horto.
 inde fere scelerum causae, nec plura venena
 miscuit aut ferro grassatur saepius ullum
 humanae mentis vitium quam saeva cupido 175

bestowed on you with a happier destiny, provided you are the sole possessor of as much cultivated land as the Roman people used to plough under Tatius. Afterwards, even to men broken by age, and who had been engaged in the Punic wars, and against fierce Pyrrhus and the swords of the Molossians, at the end, scarce two acres apiece were given in return for many wounds. This, the price of their blood and their toils, never seemed to any of them less than their deserts, nor *did* their country *seem* ungratefully wanting in its engagements. A little farm like this amply satisfied the father himself and the troop in the cottage, where his wife was lying pregnant and four children were playing, one a little house-slave, three of them masters; while for the big brothers of these, on their return from the trench or the furrow, there was a second larger supper and huge earthen jars smoking with porridge. Nowadays this measure of land does not suffice for our garden. Hence commonly the incentives to crimes; nor is there any vicious propensity of the human mind which has mingled more poisons, or attacks more frequently with the poniard, than this fierce longing for

immodici census : nam dives qui fieri vult,
 et cito vult fieri : sed quae reverentia legum,
 quis metus aut pudor est umquam properantis avari ?
 " vivite contenti casulis et collibus istis,
 o pueri ! " Marsus dicebat et Hernicus olim 180
 Vestinusque senex ; " panem quaeramus aratro,
 qui satis est mensis. laudant hoc numina ruris,
 quorum ope et auxilio gratae post munus aristae
 contingunt homini veteris fastidia quercus,
 nil vetitum fecisse volet, quem non pudet alto 185
 per glaciem perone tegi, qui summovet euros
 pellibus inversis. peregrina ignotaque nobis
 ad scelus atque nefas, quaecumque est, purpura ducit."
 haec illi veteres praecepta minoribus : at nunc
 post finem autumni media de nocte supinum 190
 clamorus iuvenem pater excitat ; " accipe ceras,
 scribe, puer, vigila, causas age, perlege rubras
 maiorum leges aut vitem posce libello.

an immoderate fortune ; for he who wishes to become rich
 wishes to become rich quickly too. But what respect for the
 laws, what apprehension or sense of shame is there ever on the
 part of the miser in his haste ? " Live contented with these
your cottages and hills, my lads," the Marsian and Hernican and
 Vestinian old man used to say in days of yore. " Let us seek
 with our ploughs bread which suffices for our tables : this the
 rustic deities approve, by whose aid and assistance, since the
 gift of the welcome corn-blade, contempt for the old oak has
 come upon mankind. He will not wish to do anything for-
 bidden who is not ashamed to wear the high country boot
 through the winter, who elbows away the east winds with skins
 turned inside out. This foreign purple, unknown to us *before*,
 whatever it is, leads to crime and impiety." Such were the
 precepts of the elders of those days to their juniors ; but now,
 after the close of autumn, immediately upon midnight, the father,
 with loud voice, calls up his reposing son. " Take your tablets,
 write, boy, watch, plead causes, read over the red-lettered laws

sed caput intactum buxo naresque pilosas
 annotet et grandes miretur Laelius alas. 195
 dirue Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantum,
 ut locupletem aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
 afferat, aut, longos castrorum ferre labores
 si piget et trepidum solvunt tibi cornua ventrem
 cum lituis audita, pares quod vendere possis 200
 pluris dimidio, nec te fastidia mercis.
 ullius subeant ablegandae Tiberim ultra,
 neu credas ponendum aliquid discriminis inter
 unguenta et corium. lucri bonus est odor ex re
 qualibet. illa tuo sententia semper in ore 205
 versetur, dis atque ipso Iove digna poeta,
 'unde habeas, quaerit nemo, sed oportet habere.'
 hoc monstrant vetulae pueris repentibus assae,
 hoc discunt omnes ante alpha et beta puellae."

199. *trepido.*208. *poscentibus assem.*

of our ancestors, or ask for the centurion's switch in a petition. But *mind* and let Laelius remark your head untouched by a comb, your hairy nostrils, and your stalwart shoulders. Destroy the huts of the Moors, the forts of the Brigantes, that your sixtieth year may bring you the lucrative 'eagle;' or, if it is irksome to you to bear the protracted labours of the camp, and the horns heard in company with the trumpets loosen your disturbed bowels, procure something to sell for more than half as much again, and don't let disgust for any *kind of* merchandise that must be relegated to the other side of the Tiber enter your head, nor deem that there is any distinction to be drawn between perfumes and hide. The odour of lucre is good from anything you please. Let that sentiment, worthy of the gods and of Jove himself as its poetical author, be always in your mouth: 'By what means you have become possessed, no one asks, but you need to possess.' This, old dry-nurses teach to boys before they can walk. This every girl learns before her Alpha and Beta."

talibus instantem monitis quemcumque parentum 210
 sic possem affari. dic, o vanissime, quis te
 festinare iubet? meliorem praesto magistro
 discipulum. securus abi, vinceris, ut Ajax
 praeteriit Telamonem, ut Pelea vicit Achilles.
 parcendum est teneris; nondum implevere medullas 215
 maturae mala nequitiae. cum pectere barbam
 coeperit et longi mucronem admittere cultri,
 falsus erit testis, vendet periuria summa
 exigua Cereris tangens aramque pedemque.
 elatam iam crede nurum, si limina vestra 220
 mortifera cum dote subit. quibus illa premetur
 per somnum digitis! nam quae terraque marique
 acquirenda putas, brevior via conferet illi:
 nullus enim magni sceleris labor. "haec ego numquam
 mandavi," dices olim, "nec talia suasi." 225
 mentis causa malae tamen est et origo penes te;

211. possum.

216. natirae.

Any parent whatever urging such instructions as these, I would address in this wise—Say, most senseless of men, who bids you be in *such* a hurry? I warrant the disciple superior to his master. Go your way, without fear; you will be beaten, just as Ajax outstripped Telamon, just as Achilles beat Peleus. Young people should be spared. The evils of mature wickedness have not yet permeated his marrow. When he has begun to comb his beard, and to apply the long razor's edge, he will be a false witness, he will sell his false oaths for a trifle, while laying his hand on the altar and foot of Ceres. Consider your daughter-in-law as good as buried if she passes your threshold with a death-bearing dowry. With what fingers will she be throttled in her sleep! For that *wealth* which you think must be acquired by land and sea a shorter way will confer upon him, since there is no trouble in *committing* a great crime. "I never enjoined this," you will say some day, "nor counselled such things." Nevertheless, the cause of this depravity of mind and its origin are with you; for whosoever has inculcated the love of a large

nam quisquis magni census praecepit amorem
 et laevo monitu pueros producit avaros,
 et qui per fraudes patrimonia conduplicare,
 dat libertatem et totas effundit habenas 230
 curriculo, quem si revoces, subsistere nescit
 et te contempto rapitur metisque relictis.
 nemo satis credit tantum delinquere, quantum
 permittas; adeo indulgent sibi latius ipsi.
 cum dicis iuveni stultum, qui donet amico, 235
 qui paupertatem levet attollatque propinqui,
 et spoliare doces et circumscribere et omni
 crimine divitias acquirere, quarum amor in te,
 quantus erat patriae Deciorum in pectore, quantum
 dilexit Thebas, si Graecia vera, Menoeceus, 240
 in quorum sulcis legiones dentibus anguis
 cum clipeis nascuntur et horrida bella capessunt
 continuo, tamquam et tubicen surrexerit una.

230. effudit.

241. quarum.

fortune, and by his sinister counsel brings up his boys to be greedy for gain [and who . . . by fraud to double their patrimonies], gives them their head, and abandons the whole reins to the chariot: if you are for calling back *the youth*, he can't stop, and is borne along in contempt of you, and leaving the goal behind him. No one thinks it enough to transgress just as much as you permit him: so surely do people indulge themselves more freely on their own account. When you tell a young man that he is a fool who gives to his friend, who relieves and raises up the poverty of his kinsman, you are likewise teaching him to rob, and to cheat, and to acquire by every kind of crime those riches, the love of which in you is as great as was that of their country in the breasts of the Decii, as great as was the love of Menoeceus, if Greece speak truth, for the Thebans, in whose furrows legions are born with shields from the teeth of the serpent, and engage in terrible war forthwith, just as if a trumpeter into the bargain had sprung up at the same time with them: so you will see the fire, the sparks of which

ergo ignem, cuius scintillas ipse dedisti,
 flagrantem late et rapientem cuncta videbis. 245
 nec tibi parceretur misero, trepidumque magistrum
 in cavea magno fremitu leo tollet alumnus.
 nota mathematicis genesis tua ; sed grave tardas
 expectare colus ; morieris stamine nondum
 abrupto. iam nunc obstas et vota moraris, 250
 iam torquet iuvenem longa et cervina senectus.
 ocius Archigenen quaere atque eme quod Mithridates
 composuit, si vis aliam decerpere ficum
 atque alias tractare rosas. medicamen habendum est,
 sorbere ante cibum quod debeat et pater et rex. 255
 Monstro voluptatem egregiam, cui nulla theatra,
 nulla aequare queas praetoris pulpita lauti,
 si spectes quanto capitis discrimine constant
 incrementa domus, aerata multus in arca
 fiscus et ad vigilem ponendi Castora nummi, 260
 ex quo Mars ultor galeam quoque perdidit et res

you yourself have furnished, flaming widely and seizing on everything. Nor will you, miserable wretch, be spared, and the lion you have reared will carry off with a loud roar his trembling master in his cage. Your nativity may be known to the astrologers ; but it is tiresome to wait upon the tardy distaff : you will die before your thread is broken off. Already, as it is, you stand in the way, and delay his wishes. Already your long and stag-like old age torments the young man. Make haste, and look up Archigenes, and purchase what Mithridates compounded, if you wish to pluck another fig, or even to handle other roses. You must get the antidote, which a father as well as a king should imbibe before food.

I can show you a surpassing amusement which you shall not be able to match by any theatres or any stage-boards of the sumptuous Praetor, if you *only* observe what a danger to life these additions to one's fortune cost, this quantity of treasure in the brass-bound strong-box, and the moneys to be deposited with watchful Castor, ever since Mars the Avenger lost even his

non potuit servare suas. ergo omnia Florae
 et Cereris licet et Cybeles aulaea relinquas,
 tanto maiores humana negotia ludi.
 an magis oblectant animum iactata petauro 265
 corpora quique solet rectum descendere funem,
 quam tu, Corycia semper qui puppe moraris
 atque habitas, coro semper tollendus et austro,
 perditus ac vilis sacci mercator olentis,
 qui gaudes pingue antiquae de litore Cretae 270
 passum et municipes Iovis advexisse lagenas ?
 hic tamen ancipiti figens vestigia planta
 victum illa mercede parat brumamque famemque
 illa reste cavet ; tu propter mille talenta
 et centum villas temerarius. aspice portus 275
 et plenum magnis trabibus mare ; plus hominum est iam
 in pelago ; veniet classis quocumque vocarit
 spes lucri, nec Carpathium Gaetulaque tantum
 aequora transiliet, sed longe Calpe relictâ

270. pingui.

helmet, and could not take care of his own property. You may desert, then, all the drop-scenes of Flora and Ceres and Cybele, so much better plays are the doings of mankind. Can bodies projected from the petaurum, or he who is wont to descend the tight-rope, furnish the mind with more entertainment than you who are always remaining on your Corycian ship and dwelling, constantly to be tossed by Corus and by Auster, the desperate and paltry salesman of a smelling bag of merchandise, who delight in importing rich raisin wine and wine-jars, the compatriots of Jove, from the shore of ancient Crete ? But he who plants his steps with doubtful tread obtains his living at this price, and avoids cold and hunger by that rope of his. You are foolhardy, for the sake of a thousand talents and a hundred villas. Behold the ports and the sea full of large ships ! The greater part of mankind are now on the main ; a fleet will come whithersoever the hope of gain invites, and will not only bound over the Carpathian and Gaetulian seas, but, leaving Calpe far behind, will hear the

audiet Herculeo stridentem gurgite solem. — 280
 grande operae pretium est, ut tenso folle reverti
 inde domum possis tumidaque superbus aluta
 Oceani monstra et iuvenes vidisse marinos.
 non unus mentes agitat furor. ille sororis
 in manibus vultu Eumenidum terretur et igni, 285
 hic bove percusso mugire Agamemnona credit
 aut Ithacum. parcat tunicis licet atque lacernis,
 curatoris eget qui navem mercibus implet
 ad summum latus et tabula distinguitur unda,
 cum sit causa mali tanti et discriminis huius 290
 concisum argentum in titulos faciesque minutas.
 occurrunt nubes et fulgura, "solvite funem!"
 frumenti dominus clamat piperisve coempti
 "nil color hic coeli, nil fascia nigra minatur,
 aestivum tonat." infelix hac forsitan ipsa 295
 nocte cadet fractis trabibus, fluctuque premetur

287. lacertis.

sun hissing in the Herculean waters. A grand equivalent for your labour it is that you be able to return home thence with distended purse and proud, with your swollen money-bag, to have beheld the monsters of the ocean and the youths of the sea. Not one madness *only* distracts *men's* minds. One, in his sister's arms, is terrified by the faces and the torches of the Eumenides; another, when he has struck the bull, thinks it is Agamemnon or the Ithacan that is roaring. Though he may spare his coats and his cloaks, the man is in need of a guardian who fills his ship with merchandise up to the very bulwarks, and is separated from the waves by a plank, when the incentive to such great misery and such danger as this is silver cut up into inscriptions and miniatures. Clouds and lightning oppose him. "Loosen the rope," shouts the owner of the bought-up corn or pepper; "this colour of the sky, this black belt of cloud threatens nothing. It is *only* summer thunder." Unhappy wretch! perchance this very night he will fall with his timbers shattered, and will be sub-

obrutus et zonam laeva morsuque tenebit.
 sed cuius votis modo non suffecerat aurum,
 quod Tagus et rutila volvit Pactolus arena,
 frigida sufficient velantes inguina panni 300
 exiguusque cibus, mersa rate naufragus assem
 dum rogat et picta se tempestate tuetur.

Tantis parta malis cura maiore metuque
 servantur. misera est magni custodia census.
 dispositis praedives hamis vigilare cohortem 305
 servorum noctu Licinus iubet, attonitus pro
 electro signisque suis Phrygiaque columna
 atque ebore et lata testudine. dolia nudi
 non ardent cynici; si fregeris, altera fiet
 cras domus, aut eadem plumbo commissa manebit. 310
 sensit Alexander, testa cum vidit in illa
 magnum habitatorem, quanto felicior hic, qui
 nil cuperet, quam qui totum sibi posceret orbem,

merged and overwhelmed by the billows, clutching his girdle with his left hand and his teeth. Moreover, he to whose wishes but lately all the gold would not have sufficed which Tagus rolls and Pactolus in its red sand, will have to be satisfied with the rags covering his cold loins and scanty nourishment, while shipwrecked, his bark sunk, he begs for a copper, and maintains himself by a painting of the storm.

What has been earned through such great hardships has to be guarded with still greater solicitude and fear. The custody of a large fortune is a wretched *business*. The millionaire Licinus, after disposing his water-buckets, orders a *whole* cohort of slaves to keep watch by night, in a wild fright about his amber and his statues and columns of Phrygian marble, and his ivory and broad tortoise-shell. The tub of the naked cynic does not take fire. If you break it, another home will be made to-morrow, or the same one will remain, patched up with lead. Alexander perceived, when he saw in that tub its great inhabitant, how much happier he was who wished for nothing, than he who demanded the whole world for himself, destined to undergo

passurus gestis aequanda pericula rebus.
 nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia; nos te, 315
 nos facimus, Fortuna, deam. mensura tamen quae
 sufficiat census, si quis me consulat, edam.
 in quantum sitis atque fames et frigora poscunt,
 quantum, Epicure, tibi parvis suffecit in hortis,
 quantum Socratici ceperunt ante Penates. 320
 numquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.
 acribus exemplis videor te claudere. misce
 ergo aliquid nostris de moribus, effice summam,
 bis septem ordinibus quam lex dignatur Othonis.
 haec quoque si rugam trahit extenditque labellum, 325
 sume duos equites, fac tertia quadringenta.
 si nondum implevi gremium, si panditur ultra,
 nec Croesi fortuna umquam nec Persica regna
 sufficient animo, nec divitiae Narcissi,
 indulsit Caesar cui Claudius omnia, cuius 330
 paruit imperiis uxorem occidere iussus.

315. abest.

316. te facimus.

perils equivalent to the exploits he achieved. You have no divine power where prudence exists. It is we, we who make a goddess of you, O Fortune! However, if any one asks my opinion as to what measure of property is sufficient, I will tell you. To the extent that thirst and hunger and cold demand; as much as sufficed you in your small garden, Epicurus; as much as the home of Socrates contained before. Nature never says one thing and philosophy another. Do I seem to confine you by examples that are too severe? Throw in, then, something from our manners; make up the sum which the law of Otho regards as fitting for the Fourteen Rows. If this, too, produces a frown, and makes you pout your lip, take two knights' fees—make it a third four hundred. If I have not yet filled your lap, if it is spread out beyond this, not even the fortune of Croesus nor the realms of Persia will ever satisfy your inclinations, nor the riches of Narcissus, to whom Claudius Caesar gave up everything, whose orders he obeyed when bidden to kill his wife.

SATIRA XV.

Q UIS nescit, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens
 Aegyptus portenta colat? crocodilon adorat
 pars haec, illa pavet saturam serpentibus ibin.
 effigies sacri nitet aurea cercopithecī,
 dimidio magicae resonant ubi Memnone chordae 5
 atque vetus Thebe centum iacet obruta portis.
 illic aeluros, hic piscem fluminis, illic
 oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam.
 porrum et caepe nefas violare et frangere morsu.
 o sanctas gentes, quibus haec nascuntur in hortis 10
 numina! lanatis animalibus abstinet omnis
 mensa, nefas illic fetum iugulare capellae,
 carnibus humanis vesci licet. attonito cum
 tale super coenam facinus narraret Ulixes
 Alcinoο, bilem aut risum fortasse quibusdam 15

7. caeruleos.

SATIRE XV.

Who does not know, Volusius of Bithynia, what kinds of
 monsters demented Egypt worships? One part adores the
 crocodile, another quakes before the ibis gorged with serpents.
 The golden image of a sacred long-tailed ape glitters where the
 magic chords resound from mutilated Memnon, and ancient
 Thebes lies in ruin with her hundred gates. There whole towns
 venerate cats, here a river-fish, there a dog, *but* no one Diana.
 It is impiety to violate and break with the teeth the leek and
 the onion. O holy races, to whom such deities as these are
 born in their gardens! Every table abstains from woolly
 animals; it is impiety there to cut the throat of a young kid;
 it is lawful to feed on human flesh. When narrating such a
 misdeed as this to the amazed Alcinoos over their supper,
 Ulysses had not improbably excited the anger or the laughter

moverat, ut mendax aretalogus. "in mare nemo
 hunc abicit saeva dignum veraque Charybdi,
 fingentem immanes Laestrygonas atque Cyclopas?
 nam citius Scyllam vel concurrentia saxa
 Cyaneas, plenos et tempestatibus utres 20
 crediderim, aut tenui percussum verbere Circes
 et cum remigibus grunnisse Elpenora porcis.
 tam vacui capitis populum Phaeaca putavit?"
 sic aliquis merito nondum ebrius et minimum qui
 de Corcyraea temetum duxerat urna; 25
 solus enim haec Ithacus nullo sub teste canebat.
 nos miranda quidem, sed nuper consule Iunio
 gesta super calidae referemus moenia Copti,
 nos vulgi scelus et cunctis graviora cothurnis;
 nam scelus, a Pyrrha quamquam omnia syrmata volvas, 30
 nullus apud tragicos populus facit. accipe nostro
 dira quod exemplum feritas produxerit aevo.

27. Junco.

of some of the guests as a lying babbler. "Will no one pitch into the sea this fellow, who deserves a cruel Charybdis and a real one, with his fictions of huge Laestrygones and Cyclopes? For I would sooner believe in Scylla or the Cyanean rocks clashing together, or the bladders full of stormy winds, or that Elpenor was struck with a light blow of Circe, and grunted in company with the crew turned into hogs. Did he suppose the Phaeacian people to be so void of brains?" So some one *may have spoken* with reason who was not yet drunk, who had quaffed but very little wine from the Corcyraean bowl. For the Ithacan was singing this alone, with no witness to corroborate him. We shall recount things, marvellous it is true, but which were *only* lately enacted in the consulship of Junius, above the walls of sultry Coptos; we *shall recount* the crime of a *whole* populace, and things surpassing in gravity all tragedies. For though you turn over all tragic themes from the time of Pyrrha, nowhere in the poets does a *whole* people commit a crime. Hear what a sample dread barbarism has produced in our own age.

Inter finitimos vetus atque antiqua simulas,
 immortale odium et numquam sanabile vulnus
 ardet adhuc, Ombos et Tentyra. summus utrimque 35
 inde furor vulgo, quod numina vicinorum
 odit uterque locus, cum solos credat habendos
 esse deos, quos ipse colit. sed tempore festo
 alterius populi rapienda occasio cunctis
 visa inimicorum primoribus ac ducibus, ne 40
 laetum hilaremque diem, ne magnae gaudia coenae
 sentirent, positis ad templa et compita mensis
 pervigilique toro, quem nocte ac luce iacentem
 septimus interdum sol invenit. horrida sane
 Aegyptus, sed luxuria, quantum ipse notavi, 45
 barbara famoso non cedit turba Canopo.
 adde quod et facilis victoria de madidis et
 blaeis atque mero titubantibus. inde virorum
 saltatus nigro tibicine, qualiacumque
 unguenta et flores multaeque in fronte coronae, 50

A long-standing and ancient grudge, an undying hatred, and a wound that can never be healed, still rages between *two* neighbours, Ombi and Tentyra. On both sides there is the utmost fury on the part of the vulgar, from this cause, that each locality hates its neighbour's deities, since it thinks those alone should be accounted gods whom it worships itself. At any rate, at a festival of one nation, the occasion seemed to all the enemy's chiefs and leaders one to be seized, in order to prevent their enjoying a happy and merry day, when the tables are placed before the temples and in the crossways, as also the couch that knows no sleep, which lying *there* night and day, the seventh sun sometimes finds. Egypt is savage, to be sure; yet, in luxuriousness, as far as I myself have remarked, the barbarous crowd does not yield to the notorious Canopus. Add that victory is easy even, over those who are drunk and stuttering and reeling with wine. On one side there were men dancing to a black piper; perfumes, such as they were, and flowers and chaplets in plenty on their brows; on the other, hatred with an empty

hinc ieiunum odium. sed iurgia prima sonare
 incipiunt animis ardentibus; haec tuba rixae.
 dein clamore pari concurritur, et vice teli
 saevit nuda manus. paucae sine vulnere malae,
 vix cuiquam aut nulli toto certamine nasus 55
 integer. aspiceres iam cuncta per agmina vultus
 dimidios, alias facies et hiantia ruptis
 ossa genis, plenos oculorum sanguine pugnos.
 ludere se credunt ipsi tamen et pueriles
 exercere acies, quod nulla cadavera calcent. 60
 et sane quo tot rixantis millia turbae,
 si vivunt omnes? ergo acrior impetus, et iam
 saxa inclinatis per humum quaesita lacertis
 incipiunt torquere, domestica seditioni
 tela, nec hunc lapidem quales et Turnus et Ajax, 65
 vel quo Tydides percussit pondere coxam
 Aeneae, sed quem valeant emittere dextrae
 illis dissimiles et nostro tempore natae.

51. genuinum.

64. seditione.

stomach. However, the first altercations begin to resound with
 souls all on fire; this is the trumpet of the fray. Then, with a
 like clamour, they charge each other, and in place of a weapon
 rages the naked hand. There are few cheeks without a wound;
 scarce any, or none, in the whole fight has a nose intact. You
 might see already, through all the ranks, mutilated countenances,
 faces that were no longer the same, bones gaping through the
 divided cheeks, fists covered with blood from the eyes. Yet
 they themselves think they are at play and engaged in a child's
 fight, because they are trampling on no dead bodies; and,
 to be sure, to what purpose a fighting crowd of so many
 thousands, if every one is to remain alive? So the onslaught
 grows sharper, and now they begin to hurl stones, which
 they have picked up with arms bent along the ground, the
 familiar weapons of sedition; no such stone, indeed, as those
 which Turnus and Ajax *hurled*, or of the weight of that with
 which Tydides struck Aeneas on the hip, but such as right

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 qui paupertatem levet attollatque propinqui,
 et spoliare doces et circumscribere et omni
 crimine divitias acquirere, quarum amor in te,
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 in quorum sulcis legiones dentibus anguis
 cum clipeis nascuntur et horrida bella capessunt
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230. effudit.

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I can show you a surpassing amusement which you shall not be able to match by any theatres or any stage-boards of the sumptuous Praetor, if you *only* observe what a danger to life these additions to one's fortune cost, this quantity of treasure in the brass-bound strong-box, and the moneys to be deposited with watchful Castor, ever since Mars the Avenger lost even his

et sua. quisnam hominum veniam dare quisve deorum
 viribus abnueret dira atque immania passis,
 et quibus illorum poterant ignoscere manes, 105
 quorum corporibus vescebantur? melius nos
 Zenonis praecepta monent; nec enim omnia, quaedam
 pro vita facienda putat: sed Cantaber unde
 stoicus, antiqui praesertim aetate Metelli?
 nunc totus Graias nostrasque habet orbis Athenas, 110
 Gallia causicos docuit facunda Britannos,
 de conducendo loquitur iam rhetore Thule.
 nobilis ille tamen populus, quem diximus, et par
 virtute atque fide, sed maior clade, Saguntus
 tale quid excusat: Maeotide saevior ara 115
 Aegyptus; quippe illa nefandi Taurica sacri
 inventrix homines, ut iam quae carmina tradunt
 digna fide credas, tantum immolat, ulterius nil
 aut gravius cultro timet hostia. quis modo casus

104. ventribus, urbibus.

or what god could refuse his pardon to strong men who had endured *such* dreadful and monstrous things, and whom the very manes of those on whose bodies they were feeding might have forgiven? The precepts of Zeno teach us better; he thinks, not, indeed, that all things, but some *only*, may be done for the sake of life. Yet how should the Cantabrian be a Stoic, especially in the age of old Metellus? Now the whole world has the Greek Athens and our own. Eloquent Gaul has instructed the British lawyers; already Thule speaks of engaging a teacher of rhetoric. Yet that noble people we have named, and Saguntum their equal in courage and fidelity, their more than equal in calamity, have an excuse to offer for a deed of this kind. Egypt is more cruel than the altar of Maeotis; since that Tauric inventress of the abominable rite (if, at least, you believe what the poems tell us to be worthy of faith) only immolates, the victim has nothing further or worse to fear than the knife. What mischance even impelled these men? What hunger so great, or arms threatening their ram-

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 hic bove percusso mugire Agamemnona credit
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 frumenti dominus clamat piperisve coempti
 "nil color hic coeli, nil fascia nigra minatur,
 aestivum tonat." infelix hac forsitan ipsa 295
 nocte cadet fractis trabibus, fluctuque premetur

287. lacertis.

sun hissing in the Herculean waters. A grand equivalent for your labour it is that you be able to return home thence with distended purse and proud, with your swollen money-bag, to have beheld the monsters of the ocean and the youths of the sea. Not one madness *only* distracts *men's* minds. One, in his sister's arms, is terrified by the faces and the torches of the Eumenides; another, when he has struck the bull, thinks it is Agamemnon or the Ithacan that is roaring. Though he may spare his coats and his cloaks, the man is in need of a guardian who fills his ship with merchandise up to the very bulwarks, and is separated from the waves by a plank, when the incentive to such great misery and such danger as this is silver cut up into inscriptions and miniatures. Clouds and lightning oppose him. "Loosen the rope," shouts the owner of the bought-up corn or pepper; "this colour of the sky, this black belt of cloud threatens nothing. It is *only* summer thunder." Unhappy wretch! perchance this very night he will fall with his timbers shattered, and will be sub-

naturae imperio gemimus, cum funus adultae
 virginis occurrit vel terra clauditur infans
 et minor igne rogi. quis enim bonus et face dignus 140
 arcana, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,
 ulla aliena sibi credat mala? separat hoc nos
 a grege mutorum, atque ideo venerabile soli
 sortiti ingenium divinorumque capaces
 atque exercendis capiendisque artibus apti 145
 sensum a coelesti demissum traximus arce,
 cuius egent prona et terram spectantia. mundi
 principio indulsit communis conditor illis
 tantum animas, nobis animum quoque, mutuus ut nos
 affectus petere auxilium et praestare iuberet, 150
 dispersos trahere in populum, migrare vetusto
 de nemore et proavis habitatas linquere silvas,
 aedificare domos, Laribus coniungere nostris
 tectum aliud, tutos vicino limine somnos

142. credit.

154. limite.

At nature's bidding we sigh when the funeral of an adult virgin meets us, or an infant, too young for the fire of the pile, is buried in the earth. For what good man worthy of the mystic torch, such an one as the priest of Ceres would have him to be, can deem any misfortunes to be foreign to himself? This it is that separates us from the herd of dumb creatures, and on that account we alone have had allotted to us a reverential spirit, are capable of containing divine things, and, fitted for practising and apprehending the arts, have received, transmitted to us from the heights of heaven, a moral sense, which *animals* bending downwards, and looking to the earth, are wanting in. In the beginning of the world the common Creator allowed them life only, to us a soul as well, that our mutual regard might bid us seek aid and afford it, draw the scattered ones into a community, migrate from the ancient grove, leave the woods inhabited by our forefathers, build houses, join on to our Lares another habitation, that united confidence might give us slumbers secured by a neighbour's threshold, protect with

ut collata daret fiducia, protegere armis 155
 lapsum aut ingenti nutantem vulnere civem,
 communi dare signa tuba, defendier isdem
 turribus atque una portarum clave teneri.
 sed iam serpentum maior concordia. parcit
 cognatis maculis similis fera. quando leoni 160
 fortior eripuit vitam leo? quo nemore umquam
 exspiravit aper maioris dentibus apri?
 Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
 perpetuam, saevis inter se convenit ursis.
 ast homini ferrum letale incude nefanda 165
 produxisse parum est; cum rastra et sarcula tantum
 assueti coquere et marris ac vomere lassi
 nescierint primi gladios extendere fabri;
 aspicimus populos, quorum non sufficit irae
 occidis aliquem, sed pectora brachia vultum 170
 crediderint genus esse cibi. quid diceret ergo
 vel quo non fugeret, si nunc haec monstra videret

168. extundere, excudere (Serv.)

arms a citizen who has fallen or is staggering under a severe wound, sound our war-signals on a common trumpet, be defended by the same towers, be enclosed by one key for our gates. But now there is greater concord among serpents; a wild beast of like kind spares his kindred spots. When did a stronger lion deprive of his life another lion? In what forest did a boar ever expire by the teeth of a larger boar? The Indian tigress lives with *each* rabid tigress in perpetual peace; savage bears agree among themselves. But to man it is not enough to have beaten out the deadly weapon on the accursed anvil, though the first smiths, accustomed to forge harrows and hoes only, and wearied with *making* mattocks and ploughshares, knew not how to hammer out swords; we behold nations to whose fury it does not suffice to have killed some one, but they think his breast, arms, face to be a kind of meat. What, then, would Pythagoras say, or, rather, whither would he not flee, if, nowadays, he witnessed such horrors—he who abstained from all animals

Pythagoras, cunctis animalibus abstinuit qui
tamquam homine et ventri indulsit non omne legumen?

SATIRA XVI.

QUIS numerare queat felicitis praemia, Galle,
militiae? quod si subeuntur prospera castra,
me pavidum excipiat tironem porta secundo
sidere. plus etenim fati valet hora benigni,
quam si nos Veneris commendet epistola Marti 5
et Samia genetrix quae delectatur arena.

Commoda tractemus primum communia, quorum
haud minimum illud erit, ne te pulsare togatus
audeat, immo etsi pulsetur, dissimulet, nec
audeat excussos praetori ostendere dentes 10
et nigram in facie tumidis livoribus offam

11. et tumidam in facie nigris.

as though from a human being, and would not allow his stomach
even all kinds of vegetables?

SATIRE XVI.

Who, O Gallus, can enumerate the prizes of happy soldiering?
But if, *in addition*, a fortunate corps is being entered, may its
gate receive me, a timorous recruit, under a favourable star.
For indeed the moment of a smiling fate is of more avail than
if we were recommended to Mars by an epistle of Venus, or his
mother who delights in the sands of Samos.

Let us first treat of the advantages common to all *soldiers*, of
which this is not the least, that a civilian won't dare to beat
you; nay, though he be beaten *himself*, will conceal it and
won't dare to show the Praetor his teeth that have been
knocked out, and the lump on his face, black with swollen

atque oculum medico nil promittente relictum. 1
 Bardaicus iudex datur haec punire volenti
 calcēus et grandes magna ad subsellia surae,
 legibus antiquis castrorum et more Camilli 15
 servato, miles ne vallum litiget extra
 et procul a signis. iustissima centurionum
 cognitio est igitur de milite, nec mihi deerit
 ultio, si iustae defertur causa querelae.
 tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipuli 20
 consensu magno efficiunt, curabilis ut sit
 vindicta et gravior quam iniuria. dignum erit ergo
 declamatoris mulino corde Vagelli,
 cum duo crura habeas, offendere tot caligas, tot
 millia clavorum. quis tam procul absit ab urbe 25
 praeterea? quis tam Pylades molem aggeris ultra
 ut veniat? lacrimae siccentur protinus, et se
 excusaturos non sollicitemus amicos,

21. officiunt; curabit ut sit.

22. vindicta gravior.

bruises, and the eye still left to him, but about which the doctor will make no promise. Those who wish to get redress for these things have a *centurion's* big boot assigned them for a judge, and a *pair of* huge calves under a stout bench, the ancient military law and the rule of Camillus being observed, that the soldier is not to be a party to a suit outside the trenches or at a distance from the standards. Most just, therefore, is the jurisdiction of the centurions over the soldier, nor will my revenge fail me if a cause in which the complaint is just be brought before them. But the whole cohort are your enemies, and all the maniples with great unanimity manage that your redress shall be such as you shall care for, and worse than the *original* injury. It would be worthy, then, of the ranter Vagellius, with his mulish understanding, when you have *only* two legs, to offend so many thick boots, so many thousands of hob-nails. Moreover, who would absent himself such a distance from town? who is such a Pylades as to come beyond the rampart-mound? Let our tears be dried forthwith, and let us not trouble our

"da testem" iudex cum dixerit, audeat ille,
 nescio quis, pugnos qui vidit, dicere "vidi," 30
 et credam dignum barba dignumque capillis
 maiorum. citius falsum producere testem
 contra paganum possis, quam vera loquentem
 contra fortunam armati contraque pudorem.

Praemia nunc alia atque alia emolumenta notemus 35
 sacramentorum. convallem ruris aviti
 improbus aut campum mihi si vicinus ademit
 et sacrum effodit medio de limite saxum,
 quod mea cum patulo coluit puls annua libo,
 debitor aut sumptos pergit non reddere nummos, 40
 vana supervacui dicens chirographa ligni,
 exspectandus erit, qui lites inchoet, annus
 totius populi. sed tunc quoque mille ferenda
 taedia, mille morae: toties subsellia tantum
 sternuntur, tum facundo ponente lacernas 45

39. vetulo.

friends, who are sure to excuse themselves. When the judge has said, "Produce your witness," let the man, whoever he be, who saw the fisticuffs, say, "I saw them," and I shall deem him worthy of the beard and worthy of the locks of our ancestors. You could more readily produce a false witness against a civilian than one to speak the truth against the fortune and against the honour of a soldier.

Let us note now other prizes and other advantages of military life. If a rascally neighbour has robbed me of a valley or a field of my paternal estate, and has dug up from the middle of the boundary-line, the sacred stone which my porridge has yearly honoured, together with a broad cake, or a debtor persists in not repaying the monies he has received, declaring his note-of-hand void and the tablets worthless, I shall have to wait a whole year, *the time* requisite for making *even* a beginning of the lawsuits of an entire people. But even then a thousand worries, a thousand delays have to be borne; so often the seats are merely cushioned; then, while eloquent Caedicius is taking

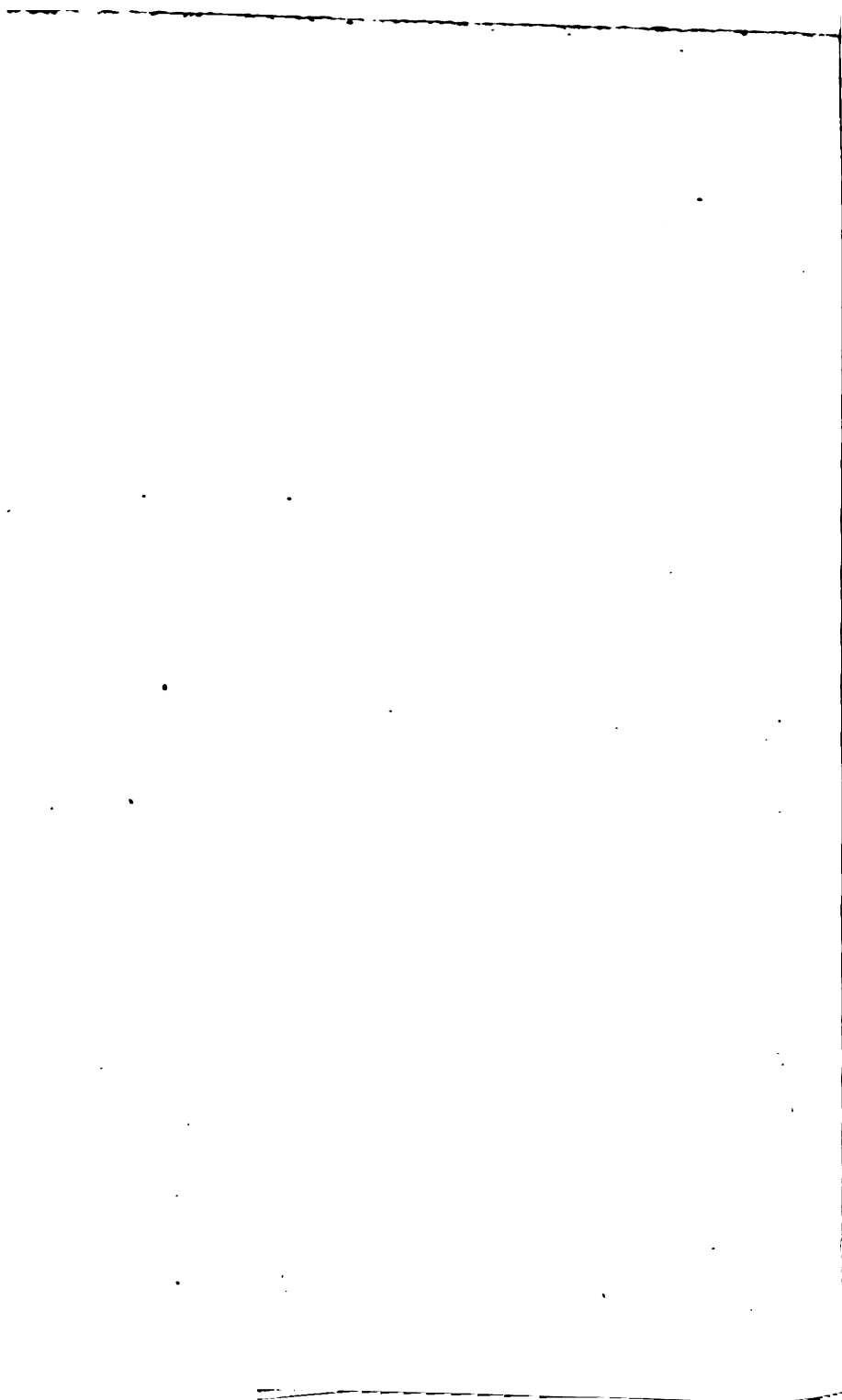
Caedicio et Fusco iam micturiente, parati
 digredimur, lentaque fori pugnamus arena.
 ast illis, quos arma tegunt et balteus ambit,
 quod placitum est ipsis praestatur tempus agendi,
 nec res atteritur longo sufflamine litis. 50

Solis praeterea testandi militibus ius
 vivo patre datur; nam quae sunt parta labore
 militiae, placuit non esse in corpore census,
 omne tenet cuius regimen pater. ergo Coranum
 signorum comitem castrorumque aera merentem 55
 quamvis iam tremulus captat pater. hunc labor aequus
 provehit et pulchro reddit sua dona labori.
 ipsius certe ducis hoc referre videtur,
 ut qui fortis erit sit felicissimus idem,
 ut laeti phaleris omnes et torquibus omnes— 60

off his cloak, and Fuscus has just gone out for another purpose, though all prepared, we must take our departure, and so we fight on the dilatory arena of the Forum. But to those who wear armour and are girded with a belt, their own chosen time for suing is insured, nor is their property ground down by the tardy drag-chain of a lawsuit.

Moreover, to soldiers alone is accorded the right of making a will in a father's life-time: for it has seemed good that what has been acquired by the labours of military life should not form part of the bulk of the property of which the father holds the entire disposal. So that Coranus, while following the standards and in receipt of army pay, is courted by his own father, though now trembling with age. His labours duly performed, advance the former, and he pays back its gifts to honest labour. Certainly this seems to be to the interest of the general himself, that whoever shows himself brave should also be most fortunate, that all, rejoicing in trappings and collars—

END OF VOL. I.



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